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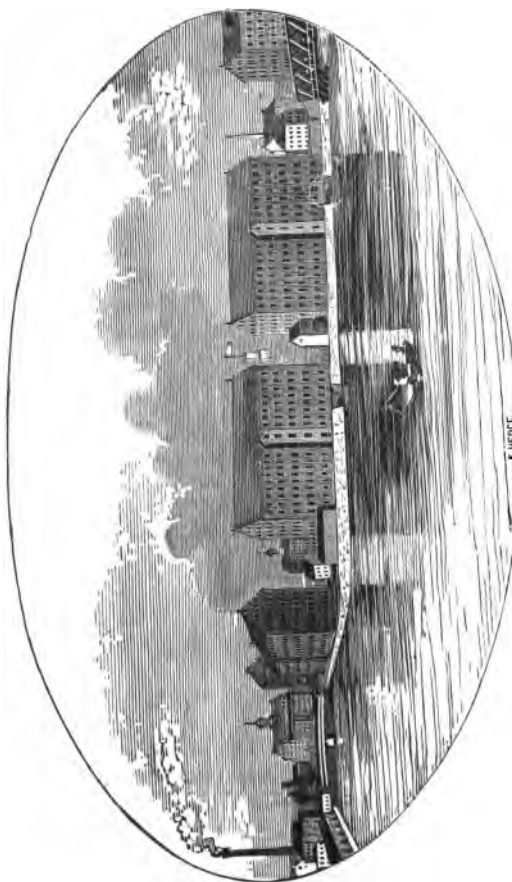
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THE

LOWELL OFFERING.

WRITTEN, EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
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Vol. V.

"Is Saul also among the Prophets?"

LOWELL:
MISSES CURTIS AND FARLEY.
1845.

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ERRATA.

Page 8, line 22d from the bottom, article *s* is omitted before *gentler*.

Page 40, line 22d from the top, should read "you have found a man directly inspired, who does love *his neighbor as himself*."

In June number, in the last sentence of the editorial, *ourselves* should read *ourself*; and the verses upon page 130, being original, should have no quotation marks.

Page 189, line 1st, read *unimaginative* brother and sisters, for *an imaginative, &c.*

Page 264, line 8th from the top, for *one read persons* or *writers*.

LOWELL OFFERING.

JANUARY, 1845.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

THANKSGIVING-DAY! Reader, if you are a New-Englander, you do not need to have that day described to you. The very mention of it brings a thousand pleasant remembrances brightly and warmly before you.

You remember, when you had scarcely emerged from the days of babyhood, how you listened to the proclamation duly read by the minister in the village meeting-house; and, though its general tenor was not so easily grasped by your limited comprehension, yet, to assure yourself that it was all right, how eagerly you caught and hoarded the words, "Thursday, the twenty-seventh of November next;" "Given at the Council-chamber;" "His Excellency the Governor;" and, with juvenile patriotism, you felt that you could gladly give an audible response to the closing words, "God save the Commonwealth!"

Then how you counted the days till that eventful one arrived. Perhaps if the old almanac, which used to hang by the fire-place, could be brought to light, there would still be visible, through the smoke and dust of years, sundry traces of indentures made by youthful finger-nails opposite each day in the calendar for a week or two previous. How, too, you silently noted the preparations that went on gradually in the kitchen, which soon exhibited a delightful picture, with a mountainous foreground of turkeys and plum-puddings, and vistas of pies of every hue and shape, in the perspective. And,—when you opened your eyes to the morning of *that day* which, contrary to your fears, had dawned without any mishap, after you had risen and witnessed the decapitation and amputation of fowls,

"Butchered to make a Yankee holiday,"

and seen your good mother in a delightful flurry of business,—how cheerfully you trudged along beside your venerated sire, toward the old weather-beaten meeting-house. There every body looked so calmly and gratefully good-natured, and the rustic choir tried so hard, despite the squeaking of fiddle and flute, to sing the anthem melodiously, and the gray-headed minister looked so benignly down from the pulpit, that, if you considered the matter at all, you were sure they were keeping the day in their hearts.

Ah! Thanksgiving-days *now* do not seem just as they used to;—ad-

vancing refinement brings more elegant festivities, but they lack the spirit of sober, homely pleasure which pervaded all things, "lang syne."

In these days of clairvoyance, reader, it will be nothing out of the way to transport ourselves backward, through a period of—no matter how many years—to the mansion of Uncle Zebulon Elliott, which stood on the sunny side of a little hill, in the pleasant town of Redville. It was a comfortable, ancient-looking house, but some rustivating city gentleman has by this time pulled down the little old porch, over which creepers and hops used to luxuriate, and placed a modern piazza in its stead. And, doubtless, those venerable walls, which had never suffered the approach of aught save the snow and the rain, those artists of the upper regions, are clad in a glaring coat of white paint.

But we have nothing to do with modern changes. It is Thanksgiving morning, and a cold one, too; so we will enter, *sans ceremonie*, the warm kitchen. There sits Aunt Lydia before the blazing wood fire, every thing around her as neat as wax-work; and herself, save that her face is rather more glowing than usual, seeming as easy as if this day was no more remarkable than any other. On the high-backed settee in the spacious chimney-corner, are the two boys, Isaac and Benjamin, whose duty it is alternately to "turn the spit;"—you cannot help seeing the enormous tin-kitchen stationed upon the hearth, concerning the tenant of which a conjecture may easily be formed. Farther back, in a rocking-chair by the window, sits Hannah, the "han'somest gal in Redville;" for so every body says. She has not her accustomed sewing-work, nor even her knitting, for Uncle Zeb, as they call him, will have none but *necessary* work on this day; which necessary work is included in getting and clearing away the one principal meal. She is looking dreamily out upon the glistening snow-banks; now and then a quiet smile flits across her face, and again she unconsciously looks serious. Her hair—it is

"Brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun;"

one would almost think that she was sitting there on purpose to show how well that streak of morning sunlight shades it. A word in your ear! She is to be married to-night; and her father and Parson Baldwin agree that she has chosen the very best evening in the year for her wedding. But hark! the clump of heavy boots at the door—and there is Uncle Zeb. He is a tall, gaunt man, with his whitened locks combed smoothly over his forehead, and his gray eyes looking sharply out from beneath his bushy eyebrows. Yet his face wears a benevolent expression, and you like him as soon as you hear him speak.

"Here, Isik," he says, depositing sundry articles upon the table, "do you take this ere tea and sugar and flour, and carry it down to Betsey Porter, and tell her I hope she wont be laid up with the rheumatis' another Thanksgivin'. And, Ben, do you carry these ere couple o' pair of shoes over to Widder Green's, and them chickens too, and tell her that I shall calc'late to see the children to meet'n' to-day." Here Aunt Lydia rises, and a nice pie, and a quart or two of new milk is added to each budget, when the boys are sent off with a charge from Uncle Zeb: "Mind, I say, be quick!—and none of your stoppin' to play on the road, for this day is sot apart for praise and worship." Then, lowering his voice, as if soliloquizing, "What we have aint our'n—it's the Lord's; and these poor cre'ters aint beholden to us for His bounty; they've as good a right to it

as we." Now he approaches the fire, and spreading out his huge hands to warm them, "Come, Hannah!" he says, "come and 'ficiate for the boys: your ma'am's tired, and you'd better help her till meet'n' time."

See how quick Hannah starts, as if from a dream, and hastens to her post. "O yes, father; and I'll stay at home and finish getting dinner, and mother can go to meeting with you."

"Now, did ye ever! I *should* laugh!" ejaculates Aunt Lydia.

"But, mother, you'll want me at home to help you, if you don't go; for sister Jane is coming with the children, and they'll be round in the way, and—and—"

"And why don't you speak right out and say you don't want to go, 'cause it's your weddin' day, and you're afeard folks'll be a noticin' you," says Uncle Zeb. "That's what you *think*; but do dear be independent, and not mind 'em. Gettin' married aint nothin' to be ashamed of—you know 'taint. It's a Bible ordinance. This ere's a day of *public* thanks, and how's any body goin' to know you're thankful, without you show it by goin' to meetin'. You *must* go, Hannah."

Hannah knows that her father's word is as unvarying as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and so, though crying almost, she equips herself in her "go-to-meeting" habiliments, and is ready to accompany her father and brothers at their return. Poor Hannah! we will only just for a moment add ours to the eyes which are fixed upon her as she enters the family pew, and which she fancies remain thus fixed, though she dares not cast a glance toward the inquisitive-looking old ladies in the opposite pew, nor to the row of grown-up boys in the front seat of the gallery; but she cannot help seeing,—and with all her reverence for the place, she is very near laughing at the sight,—a ragged urchin, who, with his fat double chin resting on the top of the railed seat, and his face turned toward her, fixes his round staring blue eyes first upon her, and then in the direction in which she knows that Asa Williams, her husband in prospect, is seated.

His eyes are fixed most perseveringly upon the minister; and you would not suppose him conscious of the presence of another person.

By the time service is ended, and all are safe at home, Aunt Lydia has arranged the table of feasting. Rather earlier than it is customary to dine on this day, but every thing must be cleared away and "slicked up" for the wedding. There they are all seated at the festive board;—the burden under which it groans it were vain to describe; and then every body knows what a Thanksgiving dinner is. But there they are: Uncle Zeb and Aunt Lydia, Hannah and the boys, Jane, with her husband and little ones, and an old-maid aunt. Asa is not present, for his mother wishes him to be with his brothers and sisters to-day, as it is the last time; and next year he expects to keep Thanksgiving in his own house.

Well, Uncle Zeb has devoutly "asked the blessing," and is doing his best to inspire the little circle around him with the gratitude which he feels himself. Let us listen.

"Our forefathers had to endure trials and persecution, and nobody knows what; but they trusted in the ALMIGHTY, and He preserved 'em, and their children after 'em, 'cordin' to His promise; and now here we're a reapin' what they sowed. But I'm afeared we haint half so much thankfulness in our sperits as they had, for all we've got so much more to be thankful for."

All present seem silently to acquiesce in this: but one of the grandchildren asks, "Who were our forefathers, grandsir?"

"Hush, Tommy," lisps his little sister, "don't you know? Adam and Eve, and Cain and Abel, they're the four fathers, for the Bible says they're the first that ever was."

Uncle Zeb cannot refrain from joining in the laugh at the little maiden's expense, while he gravely asserts that she'll be wiser one of these days, "afore she gets to be a woman."

Now the "men folks" are beginning to talk of "what an *awful* sight of apples Neighbor Somebody had," and how "the grandest lot of corn has been raised this year—and *sech* smashin' pumpkins you never did see." Aunt Lydia quietly remarks that it does seem as though we'd *ort* to be thankful when Providence is *so* good," and the sentiment is responded to by all, as they rise from this "feast of fat things."

It is evening. Shall we go to the wedding? Ah, yes! to be sure! The best "fore room," with its bright yellow floor partly covered with curiously shaped mats of Aunt Lydia's own braiding, is filled to overflowing with uncles, aunts and cousins: so we shall be obliged to take a seat with the boys on the stairs in the front entry. There! Asa and Hannah have come! She, as blushing as a rose-bud, and trembling like a dew-drop, stands between her stalwart bridegroom and bouncing red-cheeked bridemaid. The ceremony is concise enough, and the twain are quickly made one. Heaping plates of wedding-cake now make their appearance, with frosting that for whiteness can only be compared with the bride's own brow, and which her own hands have helped to make; with it, an indispensable accompaniment in these days, some bountiful slices of Aunt Lydia's cheese; and then sweet wine for a beverage, for the sun of total abstinence had not yet reached its meridian.

The company at first are very staid and demure; but by and by Hannah's harum-scarum cousin Ned, impatient for a frolic, thumps his next neighbor, whose face is turned from him, with his elbow, whispering, "Is the minister gone?" "Well, I can't say as I've seen him go," is answered; and poor Ned recognizes the voice, and catches a side glance at the face of Parson Baldwin himself, as he sinks back, abashed, into the crowd.

But now the minister is really gone, and a voice full of roguery is heard calling across the room, "Here, Hannah,—Mrs. Williams, I mean,—come here a minute."

Hannah rises, and a general rush instantly ensues among the young spinsters, for the seat she has vacated. Whoever is so lucky as to reach it, may be sure that she will be the next bride herself. Soon the merriment deepens; every one has a joke to pass, or a bright speech to make; and Uncle Zeb sits comfortably in his arm-chair, making neither interruption nor opposition; for he says, "Young folks must sow their wild oats sometime."

Time passes so cheerily, that before you think of it, it is nine o'clock, and the jingling of bells is heard at the door; and there is the horse and sleigh all ready and waiting to carry the new-married couple to their new house, about a mile from Uncle Zeb's. Two or three pairs of cousins volunteer to go "a piece" with them; Hannah is at the door, all muffled for the ride; we hear Uncle Zeb saying, "There, good-by!—be a good gal, and mind your husband; and do you, Asa, take good care on her. But, Hannah, do be still a makin' b'lieve cry; how silly you be;" while, as he turns back into the house, you see a tear twinkling in the corner of

his own eye, which he brushes off, exclaiming, "How bad the snow does blow to-night." Aunt Lydia does not try to hide her grief at the loss of her child—. But lo! while we gaze, the spell is broken—the vision melted away! It is again November, 1844. But a day or two before Thanksgiving, and no sparkling snow or ice in the moonbeams,—no prospect of sleighing or sliding, or any old-fashioned amusements! O mother Nature! thou thyself art making innovations upon Thanksgiving-day!

JENNY.

THE HEATHEN WIFE.

They answered and said unto Ezra, "We have trespassed against our God, and have taken strange wives of the people of the land; yet now there is hope in Israel concerning this thing. Now, therefore, let us make a covenant with our God to put away all the wives, and such as are born of them, according to the counsel of my lord, and of those that tremble at the commandment of our God; and let it be done according to the law."

MENA.

AND now the evening's light, like garment pale,
Hangs o'er Jerusalem. The arching heavens,
Without one cloud to break the stern deep blue,
Enclose the scene; as though, its pure embrace
Within, it held a purer earth than skies
Of distant lands e'er look upon. That moon afar—
See how, like a thin burnished shred of clouds
Once there, she in the ether hangs—as she
Were but a lone and modest guest in that
Far sky, and gives to us her placid smile
That Earth may holier if not brighter seem.
The breezes now sing pensively their hymn
To the hushed earth, and Jordan's waves send back
A murmur of response. Save these I hear
No sound but breathings faint of my hushed babe.
I wish the boy would wake, for e'en his cries
To still were better far than here to sit
So fearfully alone. This is, mayhap,
As I have often heard, a sacred land;
But ah, to me its holiness is gloom;
Its temple is a place for awe and fear;
Its priests are solemn men, whose glances fierce
Strike in my soul deep dread. Those, too, whom once
I pitied much, and cheered and smiled upon,
The daughters of the land, look on me cold
And proud; not as mine eye fell then on theirs
When strangers they in a strange far-off land.
Yet this would nothing be were Hanan's eye
The same, his tones unchanged, his love as firm
And strong as when he poured, by Babel's streams,
Upon my ever-willing ear, those hopes
And fears and vows which then were love.

'Tis gone—

Oh, no, it is not gone, that cherished love.
My heart still riseth up, and pleads for his,
Whene'er a doubt intrudes. Yet passing strange

It seems that he so often now doth leave
 My side, nor telleth e'er why thus away;
 And seems as pained whene'er I speak of this.
 Why may I not his trouble share? Ah me!
 There have been new-born thoughts my soul within,
 On which I would not look; and whose faint cry
 I stifled quick. They tell me that—But here
 He comes, and now himself shall tell me all.

HANAN.

Meena—at this late hour—in this lone spot!
 Why here? I bade thee wait me not. Thy couch
 Hath long awaited thee. The shadows fall
 Upon thine eyes, and their bright lustre veil.
 The hues of eventide with thy cheek's glow
 Now darkly blend, and hide from me, from all,
 Thy loveliness. Now to thy couch—for though
 Thou beauty hast, and grace, yet both increase
 With day's bright beams, and I will look on thee,
 And on thy babe, with morrow's dawn.

MEENA.

Hanan!

On me, and on my babe, why not now look?
 From us why turn? But I to thee must speak
 Ere my couch greeteth me, and thou must hear,
 And thou must speak to me of that thy heart
 Within that lieth hid. The light fond words
 I heard but now are not the ones which press,
 In thy full heart, for utterance first.
 At times like this the lightest words weigh down
 Upon my soul more than the heaviest may.
 Now tell me, in this midnight hour, with stars
 Hung brightening o'er us both, and moonlight calm
 In all the air, o'er all the earth, and here
 Our babe in happy sleep upon my knee—
 Now tell me solemn words, such as my love,
 Earnest and fond and true, hath merited
 From thee.

HANAN.

Meena; affection, such as thine,
 So constant, pure and deep, should win for thee
 Love in return such as I may not give.
 A husband is not all I've been to thee,
 But thy divinity, thy god. Such love
 I might not e'er return, except with one
 Which would be falsehood to my God. I may
 Not now be true to Him and thee. Meena;
 With falsehood to my God I too am false
 To self and thee. With truth to Him I still
 Am true to all on earth. From me shrink not;
 But let thy true love be thy strength.
 In wedding thee I sinned; but to persist
 In wrong can ne'er repair the fault. And now—
 Amidst the jubilee we shout, the praise
 We sing for Israel's deliverance—
 Ascend the notes of lamentation deep
 In that we turned aside from Moses' law,
 And Abraham's God. We sing hosannas loud
 That we from bondage now are free, but we
 Repent with prayer and sacrifice for sins
 Like this, and earnestly beseech that He

Will turn aside His wrath, His vengeance spare,
 Though we have sinned so fearfully this once ;
 Though we have taken aliens to our sides,
 And heathen wives unto our hearts. Meena !
 'Twas cruelty to thee in that thy love
 I wooed, yet not a meditated wrong.
 When we were taken captives to thy land
 There was a death of hopes—high hopes, that thou
 Canst ne'er conceive. We by our God were now
 Forsook ; our land no longer ours ; our homes
 To strangers all were given—Jerusalem
 Sat like a widow desolate, in tears.
 Then Zion mourned upon her holy hill—
 We midst the Gentiles dwelt—strangers our lords.
 And yet we lived—on us the morning dawned ;
 The bright sun rose, and set, and rose again.
 Night came with darkness wished, and then away
 It passed. We lived—but still to us no life
 Was in our life, for hope and joy were dead.
 'Twas then I first met thee : I was alone.
 There was no one to wish me joy, or strive
 To share my woes. The daughters of our race—
 They sat them down by Babel's streams and wept ;
 Their harps upon the willows hung ; their songs
 Of praise were mute. Their countenances sad
 I could not look upon. Yes, then I saw
 Thee first. Thy face was bright with hope ;
 And when thy smile upon the captive fell,
 'Twas bright as morn to him. Sadness at times
 Was on thy brow ; but only when from mine
 A shadow darkly passed, and rested there.
 But then how soon 'twas light and peace again !
 The floweret frail looks upward to the sun—
 And the bruised reptile seeks the softest moss—
 The heart-pierced bird flies to his downy nest—
 The wounded beast hies to the thicket's shade.
 Thus sought I thee ; my heart was never thine—
 'Twas in Jerusalem ; and in the void
 It left was never love, but thy affection there
 Was as a roseate veil hung o'er a recess dark,
 And how I prized that beauteous shroud. With thee,
 As in a fitful dream, passed life awhile—
 And then I woke. Awoke to find that God,
 Our Great and Holy God, still cared for us ;
 That He would turn to us, if we would but
 Return to Him—that all past promised joys,
 And blessings great, should be vouchsafed to us,
 If we His law would still obey, and still
 JEHOVAH God would worship and adore.
 But He a sacrifice will ne'er accept
 From hands unclean, or hearts untrue.
 His last commandment we must all obey—
 All who in this have sinned, and wed strange wives,
 And in this thing have sinfully forgot
 The daughters of Jerusalem. This day
 We all have met, confessed our wrong, and sworn
 To put from us what in His sacred eye
 Is an abomination foul.

MEENA.

This was the thought I would not think ;
 The fear I would not dread ; the ill I hoped
 Against so long. The mystery is solved.
 And yet it was not this ; for he, who thus

Can speak, Hanan, is surely never thee.
 Thy words upon mine ear have fallen now,
 And yet I do not take their import strange.
 Husband! I dream that thou hast been unkind.
 Forgive; for oh, I struggle 'gainst the dream.
 Speak, love; and break this spell. Support me—I am stunned—
 'Twill soon be o'er, and I will smile on thee,
 And dissipate thy gloom; yes, here, in thine
 Own land, how happy we will be.

Yet, no!

'Tis not a dream. She who upon thy breast
 Her head hast laid is now "*strange wife*"—her love
 An unclean thing, her words "abomination foul."
 And thou hast *never* loved—but 'twas well feigned,
 Or I was very weak. You sought a bride
 As the worn traveller takes a cordial cup;
 Or he who fain would sleep an opiate;
 Or as the Bacchanalian seeks his wine,
 And drew affections forth, as bright skies win,
 The new-fledged birds, to send them back, as soiled
 And wounded things, to the heart's home; now left,
 By the rude storm o'erswept, so desolate.
 My love for you went forth as morning prayer,
 E'en in departure bringing purity;
 And while its memory will ever live
 Within my heart, giving each word its tone,
 Each look its woe, each dream, by night or day,
 The all of which our dreams are ever made,
 'Twill nothing be to thee. Full well I know
 'Twill be my thought at morn, my word at noon,
 And aye at eve my meditation be.
 Mem'ry, with thee, will be but that o'er which
 To reign triumphantly; yes, to exult
 As when beneath thy feet a scorpion
 Lies crushed. Hanan! if thy great fearful God
 Demands of thee a purer holier love
 Than that which erst has blest our lives—
 If He has that for thee, which better is
 Than to make happy those, whose happiness
 Upon thy love and kindly deeds depends,
 Then art thou now forgiven by that God.
 I to gentler shrine will now return.
 But ah! I ne'er can kneel as I have knelt.
 I ne'er, until I gave my heart to thee,
 But happiness had known. Then first my soul
 Felt sadness, like soft shadows o'er it steal,
 And learned to love the fascinating gloom.
 Kind deeds, like summer showers, upon thy race
 Were poured by me, and mine. Thou hadst still more.
 Thy lofty grief my heart impressed with sense
 Of high and rarest worth. For thy sad lot
 I mourned—such pity is akin to love.
 Thy converse gave my admiration won;
 And soon in thee I worshipped all my heart
 Had pictured forth as good, and great, and pure.
 When on me fell the shadow of thy grief
 It changed to light within my heart.
 And then, as time passed on, to think my voice
 Alone was music to thine ear—that step
 Of mine was waited for—and my least glance
 Was to thy heart as sunshine on the stream.
 To know I linked my fate with one as dark
 As thine was my first grief; my first true joy.

Thou knowest that mine was e'er a happy lot
 In that first home—how I was loved, admired,
 Caressed, and guarded tenderly. My heart
 Was sought by lovers true, of mine own race,
 And sought in vain. My love for them was like
 Some merry bird, which from its nest, in green
 And fragrant bowers, may not be wooed—but still
 Amidst its blossoms sings, and flutters o'er
 The hands that vainly to imprison strive.
 My love for thee was like that gentle dove
 Of which I've heard thee speak; which left the ark
 So long its sheltering home, and forth it went
 O'er wild and stormy waves. At first a leaf,
 An olive branch, it plucked; and, on its stem,
 A promise bright it saw in embryo there.
 Full soon the happy bird saw mountain heights,
 Then forest tops, then hills, and plains, and then
 The waters all had passed away, and earth
 Again was beautiful and bright and new.
 The bird has built her nest; and a sweet one,
 A tender fledgling there, has centred all
 The mother's heart within that little spot.
 Shall waves of bitterness that world o'erflow,
 And that creation new a flood destroy?

HANAN.

Nay, nay, not so! the boy is all thine own—
 We both have watched with joy his little limbs
 Expand—have waited his first smile—outvied
 Each other in caresses fond, and we
 Have triumphed in his infantile exploits.
 Now he is thine—all thine!—take, take him hence;
 Let him love thee, and only thee! and thou
 For us shalt love and guard and cherish him.

MEENA.

The child is mine—there is then in my night
 One star, and oh, how bright—in Life's wild waste
 One sparkling stream—one verdant spot within
 A desert track. Must I now give to him
 The all of love I've felt for him and thee?
 Then do I fear that I may love too well.
 Affection, such as mine, must be to him
 Like offerings heaped upon an altar frail.
 May they not crush the shrine. He's like a bough,
 A slender withe, o'er which luxuriantly
 A vine has thrown its weight of tendrils soft,
 And clustering fruit. May they not break the stem.
 Or like a harp, o'er which uneasy fingers pass,
 With restless constant sweep. May they not mar
 The tones, or break the strings. My boy! my boy!
 From my excess of love mayst thou no sufferer be.
 But to be wholly mine, and all that's mine—
 Yet *I am not deceived*. Hanan; for this
 I thank the heathen blood that in these veins
 Courses its way, not *thee*. And did thy God require
 That this child's blood should feed his altar fire,
 These limbs upon a gory shrine would soon be laid,
 And I by thee a childless widow made.
 Farewell!

HANAN.

Turn not away, my wife!—the night is dark,
 And now 'tis surely time to seek thy rest:
 Let's to our home and couch.

MEENA.

Our home! our couch!

Nay, I am not thy wife! I am divorced;
And oh; the deed is thine. Ne'er at thy side
Again may I seek rest—I wish not sleep—
Israel may sleep, and dream bright gladsome dreams;
But not a Persian wife or mother here
Should close an eye this night. I go from thee,
To those who now are partners in my grief.
Nay, touch me not—not one embrace—but thou
Mayst kiss the boy—there, gently, on his brow;
And where thy lips in this embrace shall rest,
There, too, in coming time shall mine be pressed.
Hanan, again farewell!

HANAN.

Yes, she is gone!

Of all I swore to do I have not spared—
GOD OF MY FATHERS! I have yielded all
A sacrifice to thee. Bless THOU the deed.
On me, and all who with me greatly sinned,
And have with me repented of their guilt,
Pour THY rich blessings down. Let thine eyes look
With favor on thy servants here, and smile
Upon Jerusalem. Oh let her glory shine
Unto the farthest lands; and people of all climes
Fear us, and also serve and worship THEE.
And on THY servant, LORD, who now before
THEE kneels in humble penitence, look down.
Look graciously, Great GOD! May all my sins
Forgotten be, and blotted from THY book.
Bless her, whom as a partner I shall I take—
One now who as her God will worship THEE.
May she like Rachel loved and lovely be;
Like Leah mother of a household band,
As many olive plants around our home.
And from my loins may promised Shiloh come,
To whom all nations, at some future time,
Shall gathered be. Let Him, King of all kings,
Lord of all earthly lords, Messiah he,
Of thy long-chosen race, thy Israel—
GOD OF MY FATHERS! let me parent be
Of Him, Immanuel, the Holy One—
But what! Meena! hast thou returned?

MEENA.

I left thee in an angry mood, or one
I justly feared might seem as such to thee.
I know not well what I should think or speak.
But I would e'er be kind, nor leave with thee
The memory of bitter parting words.

I looked behind

And saw thee on thy knees in earnest prayer,
My heart quick told me this, that thou didst plead
For me and mine—for strength to bear this stroke
And blessings on our lot. Unjust to thee
I will not ever be; and will, methink,
That e'en in this thou hast been true to HIM
Whom thou hast worshipped e'er—true to thyself,
The Israelite I loved. And I will still
Be true—true to myself, our boy, and thee.
No; I will not be sad—not when this stroke,

In its first bitterness and pain is o'er.
 Yes, I will learn to smile upon my boy,
 And I will tell him of his father's God,
 Of Abraham's faith, and Moses's rites and law,
 Of all which I have learned in life with thee;
 And if it meet his heart, as it has ne'er
 Met mine, and he shall come to worship here,
 And kneel beside the children of thy wife,
 Thy blessed and happier wife—then lay thine hand
 Upon his head, and from a father's lips
 Let a rich blessing sink into his heart,
 And think, think kindly once, of her who then
 Will be no more.

ELLA.

IMPROVEMENT CIRCLE.

WHEN anything transpires out of the common course of events, or any new idea is brought before the world, it is generally ascribed to some master spirit, or considered as the workings of a mind of more than ordinary intelligence; when, would we trace the stream to its source, we might find it to originate among persons unknown to fame, and whose names had never been enrolled upon history's page, but who lived unnoticed and unknown, unconscious even of themselves that the world were any wiser for their having lived in it.

On one of the corporations of this city, about eight years ago, might have been seen, on a summer evening, a company of four or five young females, who through the day had labored at their several employments in some one of the factories connected with the corporation. Perhaps they were not ambitious above others of their sex; the blast of fame had never been sounded in their ears, for was not theirs a life of toil? But, wishing to improve the few talents God had given them, they proposed the formation of a society of young ladies for mutual improvement. An evening was appointed for the proposed purpose; and having invited a few others to join them, they met at the time appointed. They, who think that in a woman's tongue they have found perpetual motion, would, had they been present at our first meeting, have immediately given up that theory. Each waited for the other, till it seemed as if the evening would pass away without any advances being made towards the object of their meeting. But the silence was after a long time broken, and then business proceeded more rapidly. A president, vice president, and secretary were chosen, a constitution drafted, and by-laws formed, to which each of the members affixed their names. Well do I remember our first regular meeting. The scene is as plain before me as if it had been enacted but yesterday. It was opened by an address from one of the members; one who has since added much to the interest of the Offering, and who is still one of its ablest contributors. Between two of the young ladies a correspondence was held; another gave an account of a visit to the home of her childhood, and in a very touching manner recounted the changes that had taken place in the home of her youth. A dream was the subject of another communication; and one whose organ of mirthfulness was pretty largely developed, gave

us an amusing description of our first business meeting. For my own humble self, this was my first initiatory lesson into the mysteries of composition; and well do I remember my first efforts. After much study and thought I concluded to write "A FRAGMENT;" and *a fragment* truly it was. I had always looked upon the art of composition as suited only to the capacity of great minds, and deemed not that my own humble powers would ever be called in requisition for such an object. But the evening passed away pleasantly and profitably to all.

Such is the history of our first meeting. Years passed away, and we had still a habitation and a name, although in a place like this where constant changes are taking place, it could not be expected that we had always the same members. At length a circle on a more extensive scale was formed by a gentleman of this city, and a plan conceived of bringing before the world the productions of inexperienced females; of showing that intellect and intelligence might be found even among factory operatives. It was then the Offering was published, and many of those who were present at the first meeting of our Improvement Circle were contributors to its pages. That little band is now scattered. Five of them have entered upon the sober realities of life—the married state. She, who wrote "A visit to the home of my childhood," has found a home where no change dwells—a home in heaven. Of the two that remain one is now a resident of the "city of spindles," and is still wielding her pen in behalf of literature and science; the other is myself. I shall therefore be excused from giving my own history. We may learn from this not to despise the day of small things.

M—.

KINDNESS.

"All cannot be greatest, but all can be kind."

"Speak kindly to thy fellow man,
Lest he should die while yet
Thy bitter accents wring his heart,
And make his pale cheek wet."

SPEAK kindly to thy brother man, for he has many cares thou dost not know; many sorrows thine eye hast not seen; and grief may be gnawing at his heart-strings, which ere long will snap them in sunder. O, speak kindly to him! Perhaps a word from thee will kindle the light of joy in his o'ershadowed heart, and make his pathway to the tomb a pleasant one. Speak kindly to thy brother man, even though sin has marred the spirit's beauty, and turned into discord the once perfect harmony of his being. Harshness can never reclaim him. Kindness will. For far down, beneath all his depravity, there still lingers a spark of the spirit's loveliness, that one word from thee may kindle to a flame, which will eventually purify the whole man, and make him what he was designed to be, the true spiritual image of his God. Speak kindly, act kindly, to all, without asking who it may be. It is enough for thee to know that he belongs to the common brotherhood of man, and needs thy sympathy. Then, give it to him freely!—ay, freely as thy FATHER, who is in Heaven, giveth to thee.

J. L. B.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER IV.

SUFFERING by his separation from those who by kindness had won his deepest sympathies—lacerated by the prudence, prejudice and injustice which had severed him from one who had made earth almost a Heaven, Truth bowed with a chastened spirit to the WILL which still propelled him forward, a wanderer among strangers. Like the dove sent forth upon the wild waste of waters, he neither found the olive leaf of promise, nor was yet permitted to return to the Ark of Peace, from whence he had departed.

The ship, in which he embarked, was wafted, without storm or detention, to the port of its destination. No cannon, nor display of rejoicing, heralded his approach in the harbor, nor proclaimed the noble visitor's landing upon the shores of America. As he had approached and landed at Rome upon the day of a religious festival, so his arrival in America chanced to be the eve before a warmly canvassed election of one of its rulers was to take place. Weary of his long confinement within the narrow boundary of the vessel, he disembarked immediately, although it was evening before the ship gained its moorings.

He had passed through one street, and was turning into the second, when his attention was arrested by the passage of a long and brilliantly lighted procession, bearing in its ranks banners, devices and emblems. He paused by an illuminated arch in simple bewilderment at its meaning. To him it was more problematical than significant.

He who in every act of his existence recognized the ONE CAUSE OMNIPOTENT, might well pause where every emblem, each insignia, was but expressive of the animal man. The beasts of the forest, the birds of the air, and the trees which had given them shelter, were duly represented. Old Ocean had sent his mimic ship and miniature sailors, and perchance *sharks* might have been there, dressed in broadcloth and beavers. The husbandman in his pent-up cart busily swung his flail; while in another the tailor plied his needle. The tinker soldered broken wares, and the smith beat iron into ploughshares. The house-builder reared his mimic edifice; and the shoemaker industriously continued his occupation. The hatter was busily plying his press-iron, and the currier finishing the process of curing leather. The merchant exhibited his wares, and the printer was setting his types. Every grade, trade and profession was duly represented, either literally or emblematically, save those three which are termed the "learned" professions. No minister from the pulpit inculcated the lessons of love, faith and duty; no lawyer was at the bar advocating the cause of justice, or the supremacy of the laws; and no doctor was lecturing upon the rules of health, nor exhibiting the impressive wonders of physical organization. It was a pageantry to minister to the senses, not the reason; to incite the passions, not enlist the judgment; to excite admiration for the novel and wonderful, as the nurse exhibits the rocking-horse to the baby-man to purchase his obedience.

As each phalanx, triumphal car, and emblem, passed under the arch where Truth stood spell bound, the old men cried, "Three cheers for ———!" And the little boys, with the rest of the multitude, flung up their hats, and shouted, "Hurra! hurra! hurra!"

A tall and slender tree, with graceful foliage, was supported upright in one of the cars, and was greeted as it passed with enthusiastic, and almost frantic, rejoicing and cheering. Truth immediately conjectured this to be some new and very valuable species of vegetable not incidental to the climate, but transported hither from distant and more favored regions, and the cultivation of which would contribute very essentially to the well-being of humanity.

"What is it?" he asked of a by-stander.

"What?" returned the man whom he had interrogated.

"The tree," replied Truth, pointing towards it.

"You must be green," answered the man, "to speak the language and wear the coat you do, and ask what a 'hickory pole' is."

Truth was prevented from further exposure of his ignorance by the tremendous shouts of "log-cabins and hard cider forever!" and he saw round the turning of the street, a small house composed of the bodies of small trees laid one upon another, and grooved at the ends to fasten them and form the angle. At the door was a small animal hung up in a cage, and beneath it rested a small barrel with a tin cup tied to the spigot. The din of the cheering as this passed was deafening.

Immediately after the tree, Truth had caught the glimpse of a full-length portrait of a commanding but venerable-looking man, dressed in the uniform of an officer, borne high aloft as if the presiding genius of the throng. And again, immediately in the rear of the cabin, there was another full-length portrait of a noble but younger-looking man in a military uniform, as highly and proudly reared as if to dispute or divide the palm of victory with his predecessor. A word in explanation of the seeming incongruity of the heroes of the procession. We well know that the opposing candidate of him whose insignia in that election was a "log cabin," was not entitled to a military officer's uniform, although he might have claimed the device of the "hickory tree." But as both of the two great political parties celebrated that evening their hopes for the morrow, in *that* city, either by accident or design the one crossed the line of march of the other, and as the only turning in that street was already filled by the party who had come from the opposite direction, and reached the corner first, the other, to prevent a confusion and collision, quietly fell into the rear of the rival procession. The marshals of the first procession, amused that their enemy should attack them in the rear, sent the proud towering insignia of their party, with the likeness of him who had always commanded success, to oppose the front advance of their foe, while their candidate led the van of their own forces. The quiet good-natured insinuation of this manœuvre was well understood by the multitude, and received with loud huzzas, to which even their rivals were almost disposed to respond. *Military* glory has a fascination for the American populace, which almost amounts to a monomania. The hero of a successful battle possesses a charm with which it is vain for a mere civilian to contend. The question they do not make one of mere talents or superiority; but for success, a chivalrous enthusiasm is excited in the public mind; and then "hurra" for the favorite candidate. We do not refer to the military glory of these two (whom, without names, every American will recognize,) as a disparagement to their worth or fitness for that office for which both were successful candidates, as both were favorites with us. But it is vain for even their warmest friends to deny that the enchantment which their military spirit threw

around them, was a stronger magnet to attract popular favor than even their great and acknowledged worth. The populace worship the demi-god who wears the glittering trappings of gaudy show; they adore him who has bravely exposed his person and life in defence of their rights; and more because he has *defeated* and brought shame to their common foe, than for the protection he has yielded to their own fireside.

"Undoubtedly," said Truth, musingly, "these men were the saviors of their country; but why is the God of battles, and the Strength of the arm of the just forgotten?"

"I guess you *forget*, mister, that this is a political, not a religious, procession," answered a by-stander at his elbow.

"And do not the fundamental principles of your government recognize the RULER OF THE UNIVERSE?" continued Truth.

"To be sure, mister," rejoined the man, "but we are not such heathen as to mix our religion with politics."

"What?" responded Truth, quickly, "is the altar, the emblem of daily acknowledgment, of dependence upon ЖЕHOВАН, always excluded your civic processions?"

"Why, no, mister; you will see them exhibited in the gala processions of the Sunday schools. *They* have altars and crosses, and all that sort of thing. That," continued he, exultingly pointing to the American flag, "is our nation's emblem, and I rather think you'll find its stripes and stars pretty well known; and these which follow it, are the *insignia* of the different states, and what they have upon their great seals, with which the governors bind the states' contracts and finish the states' laws."

The procession moved on, and our stranger eagerly scanned each motto and device. When the last had passed, a shade of disappointed expectation shadowed his countenance. "And not even the symbol of Him who died to ransom the transgressor from his transgressions."

"Why, mister, you would not have us carry an altar, cross and meeting-house in our military and political parades, would you?" interrupted his loquacious neighbor, interrogatively.

"Where every thing in earth is represented I would not have Him who created it forgotten—the symbol of Him whose life was an offering to give life to those who 'were dead in trespasses and sins.'"

"I guess, mister," responded the man, "that you are a Roman Catholic—they are fond enough of all such images and signs. But one sect don't rule this country; our religion is free; we all worship God as we please in our meeting-houses; but, as I said before, we don't mix our religion with our politics, as they do in Catholic countries."

"What," said Truth, in a sorrowful tone, as he turned to pursue the direction pointed out to him as the way to the hotel where his baggage was to be sent, "is even the emblem of the sufferings of the Redeemer of mankind *sectarian in this country!*"

The next morning, at an early hour, Truth arose, and after performing his orisons and toilette, went forth to view by morning light the novelties of the city where he had landed. Upon his return, some two hours after, as he was ascending the steps of the hotel, a ragged urchin pressed forward with—

"Have a 'Sun,' sir?"

"Thank you," replied Truth, receiving the daily sheet thrust into his hands, with astonishment at the little fellow's courtesy.

"And here's the 'Times,' the 'Express,' the 'Advertiser,' the 'Patriot,' the 'Journal,' the 'Post,' the 'Morning News'—have 'em, sir?" continued the urchin, running over the list of his paper wares.

"Thank you—thank you, my little man," returned Truth, more and more surprised at the boy's generosity and forethought in supplying him with the latest news. He turned to enter the hotel.

"But stop, sir," said the boy, interrupting the movement, "you have not paid me—it is thirty-one cents."

Before Truth could reply, one of the waiters who stood behind him, aware of his recent arrival in the country, and his probable want of the small currency, stepped forward: "If you please, sir," said he, "they will pay the boy at the bar; and you will also find any paper which you may wish to see in the reading-room."

Truth bowed his acquiescence and went to his chamber to seek the bias of the new country, now his refuge and the area of his efforts. Keen was the pang of agony which thrilled his bosom as he learned, from the first sheet which he perused, that the refuge of the oppressed, and the home of the free, was in immediate danger; that one portion of its sons, by fostering misrule, sacrificing honor, truth and independence to the claims of party and the dictation of demagogues, were also sacrificing their country's best interests, and its last hope of salvation from disorder, confusion and dissolution; that the candidate for its highest office, was but the low, intriguing, aspiring leader of those who would sacrifice their country's freedom and independence to foreign dictation and party faction.

With a heart saddened by the thought that the last effort of humanity to assert its "inalienable rights," should be so soon destroyed, through the selfishness and ambition of those who would sell their birthright of freedom for "a mess of pottage," he took up another sheet, and in that found the same leader lauded in the highest terms as the most patriotic, philanthropic, enlightened and exalted of modern statesmen, and his rival (who in the first paper had been described in the most laudatory manner that language was capable of expressing,) denounced as weak and imbecile, the mere tool of a few leading men of his party, who made him their "cat's-paw to pull *their* roasted chestnuts from the fire." A third paper condemned both the men and measures of the two popular parties, and appealed to all lovers of their kind, to all good and true men, and to the gentle but all-pervading influence of woman to save their country from the ruin of its own laws and institutions, and from the vengeance of HIM who "spared not the cities of the plain" from the penalty that their transgressions and iniquities had brought upon them.

Truth was not wont to be suspicious; but the unmeasured and unqualified abuse bestowed by each editor upon the candidate whom he opposed, and the hyperbole of praise and adulation with which he canvassed the merits and claims of his favorite, created a doubt in the mind of our simple wanderer of the authenticity of either the praise or blame thus lavishly conferred. A quiet smile displaced the shade of anxiety which had shadowed his brow while he read. "Ah," said he, "it would be well if even political editors would remember that—

'Lest men suspect the tale untrue,
Keep *probability* in view.'

He had passed several days in his excellent lodgings, missing none of

the comforts which had contributed to his repose in the aristocratic household from whence he had been banished, save that of quietness. The hurry, the constant passing through the halls, and the decided and audible closing of the doors, at first annoyed and constantly reminded him of the elegant but unostentatious abode which had so long been his home. Still, unbiased by the prejudices of that refinement which make these annoyances the actual evils of life, he soon became accustomed to the daily routine of bustle and hurry, *perhaps* inseparable from these large establishments for public accommodation. If the advertisements of this and similar houses are to be received as announcements of positive facts, he was "served like a gentleman, and lived like a prince."

It will be remembered that, when he left his noble patron, he, in his simplicity, refused the pecuniary aid which the nobleman had proffered as an expression of his esteem.

During his residence in England the delicacy of consideration which had supplied his every want had left him ignorant of both the value and necessity of that "universal equivalent" for almost every earthly good, as well as for commodities of barter and exchange—*money*.

His previous experience in earth had been equally unfortunate in giving him knowledge of its actual utility; and it was with unfeigned surprise that, about two weeks after his arrival at the hotel, he received a princely bill sent him by the landlord in account for his "princely fare," with a modest request for its "immediate payment." The bill was in proportion to the extra entertainment which he had received as the friend of the Right Honorable Lord B——, of which fact the captain of the packet in which his voyage had been performed, had given the landlord due information.

Truth, astonished and confounded, asked to see the landlord. His whole possessions were confined to a well-supplied wardrobe, furnished by the thoughtful benevolence of his late friends, and a few valuables forced upon him as tokens of esteem from the same source.

The landlord was a gentlemanly and generous man; but impositions upon the better qualities of our nature are too frequently perpetrated upon his peculiar class, not to create suspicions in the breasts of the most noble of them of intentional wrong and deception. He listened to Truth's explanation of his finances, half convinced of the facts by the truthful and earnest manner of the speaker, and half incredulous at the simplicity which he could not understand. It was but justice that his claim should be cancelled, and he hesitated to suggest to one of his guest's dignity and urbanity, that it must be, or that he should retain the wardrobe and valuables as security, while he ejected the penniless intruder from the haunts, welcome only to gentlemen with well-filled purses. But the delicacy of creditors who will have their dues, does not long keep their debtor in suspense, and, in as well-chosen terms as the circumstances would admit, he informed his anxious guest of the alternative which justice to himself demanded. But he also suggested to Truth the propriety of delivering letters with which he was charged, and remarked that he doubted not but that the well-known hospitality and benevolence of the individuals, to whom these letters would give him introduction, would devise some proper method of relieving him from his present embarrassments.

"But you informed me, when I asked you for information of these gentlemen, that their residence is several hundred miles hence," remarked Truth, in a tone of inquiry.

"True," returned the landlord; "but I will advance you sufficient money to pay your expenses to reach them, and for which you can repay me when you redeem your trunk and watch."

Truth accepted the offer with thankfulness; and thus commenced his knowledge of a country where he had anticipated meeting that charity and love which regards its neighbor's weal as its own, but in which every thing demands its equivalent of value in exchange, and whose hospitality is freely extended to every man, who has—*money to pay for it.*

A FAMILIAR COLLOQUY.

"It is said Henry Clay is defeated, beyond the shadow of a doubt, and that we may expect nothing but reduction of wages, hard times, and harder work!" was the exclamation of one operative to another, as they entered their chamber after having hastily finished their evening repast.

"Do sit down, friend Susan," was the answer, "and tell me *why we* should expect all these evils merely because James Polk is elected instead of Henry Clay. But first let me kindle a fire, and fetch a basket of those nice apples which were sent me all the way from Vermont; with these extra comforts before us, we shall be better prepared to listen to the evils sounding in the distance."

"Oh! yes," replied Susan, "enjoy all the comforts you can grasp now, for perchance the prediction may not be untrue, and then, whatever of 'comforts extra' you get will be at the expense of a greater exertion, and more wearisome hours; or perhaps we may be obliged to renounce our seats in church, which, as a young lady remarked to me to-day, already cost more than one month's wages out of twelve."

"Going to church is an advantage I hope not to be obliged to relinquish, were it to take a larger proportion of my wages than it now does," said her friend, as she disappeared from the room.

"Neither should I be willing to abandon going to church, but if our means are cut short, our expenses must be also; I can see no alternative unless our ministers consent to live in a less expensive manner, and thereby diminish our pew-tax," murmured Susan, as she sat with her eyes fixed upon the fire.

"Now don't form plans at present, for curtailing expenses," said her room-associate, hearing the last few words as she entered the room; "we have not one enjoyment or convenience with which we can dispense, nor to which our protracted toil does not fully entitle us; if any of mine are abridged, I shall hie to that precious old homestead of mine; yes, to the very soil which brought forth these apples," continued she, placing the dark red fruit before the gratifying yellow blaze she had lighted upon the hearth.

"Not only very wise, but truly agreeable is the course which you prefer to take if you get disappointed with your employment here; if all had so 'precious an old homestead' to which to flee, the cry of reduction and hard times would not produce a distressing thought. You are aware tha

the present protective tariff on a portion of foreign goods, is said to be imposed chiefly for the benefit of manufacturers; that it is opposed to the policy of the party which has lately obtained the ascendancy; consequently its removal will diminish the profits of our employers, and result in a reduction of our wages, and in the increase of our portion of labor."

"We know, Susan, that the latter is impossible—yes, *absolutely* impossible, unless they can provide us with another pair of hands, together with a little more health and sinew; as to the former, I am not conversant enough with the politics of the day to give an opinion. We are all inclined to be selfish—to wish for that course which will result in our own immediate prosperity; but I am sufficiently patriotic to-night to hope that some scheme may be adopted which will increase our prosperity as a nation."

"Well, my disinterested friend, as we, New England operatives, compose a part of the nation, and as not only our prosperity, but our *living* is in danger of being wrecked, suppose we send a petition to the legislature of the United States, *not* to have the duties removed."

"But, Susan, were the tariff allowed to remain, I can't see that we should be more secure, unless this factory-building spirit should stop where it is, and that would not be until the profits were divided among so large a number of manufacturers as to be no longer an inducement to the business. Really, I don't think we have any reason to look for a lower price of labor here, whatever be the plan adopted in politics. Those who have wealth are not more independent of us, than we are of them. If they wish for the benefit of our industry and strength, they must give us, in exchange for it, a living, even if it be at the cost of a few of their luxuries. Dear Susan, trouble yourself no more about the tariff, and all that sort of thing; recollect that health and industry are our security for a livelihood; if these can't procure it for us by toiling twelve hours out of twenty-four in a factory, we will try something else; perhaps test the utility of some of Fourier's propositions. Now, Susan, please amuse yourself the best way you can, while I, for the want of something better, scribble 'the sum and substance' of our evening's conversation for the Improvement Circle, to-morrow evening.
E. J.

APPEAL FOR THE OFFERING.

Why do we hear the just complaint that a majority of the mill girls in Lowell do not contribute to the support, or evince any interest in the welfare of *their* Offering? So *strange* is the problem, that, with all the credulity mother Nature has bestowed upon me, I could not believe it, were it not daily demonstrated. As an apology for not patronizing the Offering, we frequently hear it said, that it is deceptive, that it does not give correct impressions of our situation, employment, and so forth. Doubtless those who make these remarks are sincere and honest, but they forget that we do not all see through the same eyes; that we have different feelings, tastes and modes of thinking, and hence different individuals might relate their trials and enjoyments, and not coincide, though each aimed to be truthful. Well has the poet said,

"It is the soul's prerogative, its fate,
To change all outward things, to its own state;
If right within, then all without is well,
If wrong, we make of all around a hell."

Not that "all without" is as we could wish. We have our trials, but what situation is free from them; and could each have the power to remodel the "without," according to their own ideas of what would be best, it is a question whether order would not be converted into confusion. Those who are so *wordy* in disclaiming against the dressing of truth in the Offering, have no hesitation in patronizing the Lady's Book, Lady's Companion, and like "literary sugar-plums." But are they consistent? Do similar publications represent life, at large, as it is, any more correctly, than the Offering does life in the mills? No one can think they do, and still how much of the "filthy lucre" is annually expended among us, for such publications, and how empty is the treasury of the Offering! If there were no other subscribers, "factory girls" alone should sustain their own publication. Has it not done more than any other one thing, or, in fact, all combined, to dispel that wide-spread prejudice, which has hitherto existed in the community in regard to our class—a prejudice which we have all felt, and some of us keenly too. None of us esteem our reputation valueless, and Justice says, "Pay what you owe;" Selfishness echoes back, "Support your Offering."

Many think that because *they* do not contribute to its pages, it is none of theirs—that it belongs to the few and not the many, but it is not so. True, all cannot be *editors*, nor is it necessary, nor have all of us the ability to contribute to its pages, but *we have* the ability to do something, and that something we are under obligations to do. But shall I say that

"Base envy," that "withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach,"

is here among us? Humiliating is the thought, but "'tis true nevertheless." We will, however, pass them by, for,

"They number few, their souls are small,
And reason folly to them all."

I would merely suggest, that *if they are* more capable of taking the direction of the Offering than those who have hitherto guided it, if they will prove it by *deeds* as well as *words*, we will have more confidence in their clamor. I never have had the honor of contributing to the pages of the Offering, but I would not withhold the meed of praise from those who so richly deserve it. They have my gratitude and sympathy too, for well do I know that their pathway has not been unobstructed, nor have they gathered only flowers. For one, I confess I am heartily ashamed, that the report must go abroad that we manifest no more interest in the success of this, our unpretending sheet. It will have more weight, as it should, in proving our want of intelligence and worth, than all other *facts* which could be made known. Have we not sufficient energy to make the Offering what it should be, and might be, by a very little effort on the part of every one?—not to benefit others, but in justice to ourselves. I would not lightly esteem newspaper literature, nor, if I was able, dissuade any one from aiding in sustaining valuable publications, but I would have the Offering *first* on our list, *first* in our hearts, and the strongest magnet to attract the contents of our purses.

R. H.

A PANACEA FOR SOCIAL EVILS.

THE sage, the philosopher, and the philanthropist of every age, have sought to ameliorate the condition of suffering humanity. Society exists, and with it, or rather upon it, seem entailed pain, care, want, and desires never gratified. And, with the desire for happiness, there also exists in every mind a wish to escape physical suffering. To improve the condition of the sick and maimed, the benevolent have erected hospitals and asylums. To give security to the well disposed, and to punish the vicious, our body politic have erected prisons and penitentiaries. We have houses of Refuge and Magdalen Asylums for those who would return to the path of right. And yet, with all, our streets are still the asylums for the cold and hungry. Still there are those who are grateful for "cold victuals," and "old clothes." Still the wretched and miserable surround us; those for whom no provisions are made; those whose souls must be capacious indeed (if the theory of some ancient philosopher be true) to fill the empty prison-house of their stomachs; those whose tattered garments advertise the forms they cover "to let."

Must this continue? In the advancement of civilization, the fine arts, and science, has nothing been discovered to remedy the evils we deplore? To give to the destitute food and clothing? Perhaps it may not be. Still, would it not be well, if we could not give them the real, to give them the semblance? Let the wretched, at least, bask in the smiles of imagination; and let them be *willed* to eat and be warm. Instead of soup-houses and poor-houses, let the wise administrators of our laws engage some willing well-clad and well-fed Mesmeric Professor to exercise his skill, and will, for the benefit of the destitute. Let him *will* the hungry to revel in feasts, and picture to their imagination their own wishes. Let the sad be made glad, and rejoice in the *belief* that they are happy. And let the cold, influenced by his compelling power, wander beneath green bowers, and fragrant shades, in sunny climes.

True; this may sustain the animal functions; but will it not be as well to let the machinery of the body wear out while the only consciousness is of repose or bliss, as for the miserable to die with the sufferings of both mind and body? Unacquainted as I am with Mesmeric experiments, I am unable to suggest how many subjects one professor could keep in a state of somnambulism at one time. Yet, I think that were computation made, and the experiments I have suggested put in execution, it would be found, that upon no other principle could one man make so many fellow-beings happy. As economy and prudence are virtues first appreciated, this manner of supplying the wants of those who suffer would cost less to our body politic than the inadequate ones now in operation. Also, the vicious might be *willed* to be good and virtuous; and, perchance, the conscientious Mesmeric professor in the pulpit, might *will* their congregations to feel and act as Christians, as well as to profess so to be. And when disease has prostrated the body, and the soul shrinks from entering into that state of existence where care, pain and parting cease to be, then let visions of faith and confidence in the GREAT LOVE cheer the fainting spirit onward to its eternal home.

JESSIE.

EDITORIAL.

THE AIM OF THE OFFERING. What is the aim of the Offering? is a question frequently asked, and one which we have often answered. But, as the commencement of each volume brings us in communion with a large proportion of new patrons, we trust our old friends will not be impatient if they then meet with a "twice-told tale."

"What the object is, which we would fain accomplish, need not be particularly specified. All our readers are aware of the prejudice, which has long existed, against the manufacturing females of New England—a prejudice which, in this country, should never have been harbored against any division of the laboring population, and that many circumstances, and the exertions of many different classes of individuals, had contributed to strengthen this prejudice. We were not surprised that, when *THE OFFERING* first appeared, so many were astonished; but we were surprised that so many should, for so long a time, withhold from it their confidence. In spite of these, however, *THE OFFERING* has done much good. The involuntary blush does not so often tinge the faces of our operatives, when mingling with strangers, as when they claimed no place amid the worthy, and the educated."

Thus we wrote more than two years since, and, as then stated, our aim was to remove unjust prejudice—to prove that the female operatives of Lowell were, as a class, virtuous and intelligent; this could not be done more effectually than by publishing not only their own opinions relative to their peculiar occupation, but also their thoughts and feelings with regard to life in any of its real or imagined aspects. Their little essays and stories may not be, intrinsically, of any great value or interest, but, as indications of the mental and moral condition of a large class of females, they cannot be without a meaning. The Offering may be looked upon as a sort of intellectual barometer, though the complaint has been made that it always tells of "fair weather."

The charge of deception is not a light one, but we trust it is unmerited—wilfully we certainly have not erred. If we have pictured the fair side, it was because, to us, that *overshadowed* the darker phase. And is not that a wise philosophy which

"Seeing only what is fair,
 "Sipping only what is sweet,
 "Still dost mock at fate and care,
 "Leaves the chaff and takes the wheat."

We have published all the fault-finding communications which have been sent us, have expressed our readiness to receive more, and have even desired our contributors to write freely their own views of the wants, evils and temptations to which they and their companions are subjected, hoping always that subjects like these would be treated by females with good temper and good taste. If there is now just cause for complaint, it must be because the writers for the Offering see through magic glasses, which convert the desert to a paradise—or perhaps, while faint and perishing, they revel in the ecstasies of gay delirium.

But it may be asked, is it right that the contributors to a factory magazine should be regarded as representatives of a factory population? We reply, Yes, with as much justice as any other writers are regarded as representatives of their people or age. We readily admit that they are but a very minute proportion, but writers are usually in the minority. An eminent school teacher said to us recently, "In a school of one hundred and fifty pupils, I seldom found more than six or eight who enjoyed that highest intellectual effort, composition." And, allowing all other things to be equal among us, the number of those who would appreciate this enjoyment would be diminished by physical fatigue. Then, again, it is not true that the writers are always the most intellectual. Excellent judgment, fine critical taste, strong powers of connected thought and acute analysis, frequently exist without a love for composition. Then, again, we do not receive the contributions of all the factory operatives here who write for the public. We know of many who can and actually do write for other publications than the Offering. In truth, our contributors, taken as a class, have been the simple and unpretending among their associates. When our magazine was first published, its writers were only known through their fictitious signatures, and hundreds were fixed upon, in some cases, as the real author

of some particular article, while the true one remained unsuspected. Indeed, it was considered astonishing that this, that or the other young lady who had been so prominent upon her corporation for intelligence, and so forth, should not consider herself capable of writing a single article for the Offering.

But if by our writings we have misled any, and caused our distant readers to believe that Lowell is an Eden, and that we are all—not Eves, nor angels, but—Sapphos, then have we been deceptive in the impression created. Yet no error of this kind can more than offset the false impressions of a darker hue that have long existed.

Still, may we not guard against false impressions of any kind? We do not think our local stories have idealized factory life so much as fiction generally does its subject. We have had but few of these stories. One of our contributors, when asked to furnish something of this sort, replied, "I never think of factory life as distinct from other life, and of factory operatives as distinct from other laborers. We are just like others. We come here and stay awhile, and then go back to the little world, or little out-of-the-world, from which we came. Our hopes, fears, joys and sorrows are those to which all are subject."

There are, however, evils and temptations peculiar to our life, and causes for fear of a darker future. Why have we not treated of them? When we first wrote for "the august public," it was sufficient for us that we wrote. The choice of a subject, and that a familiar one, must be our own. We were not adequate to a judicious treatment of philosophical subjects, and, in truth, thought little about them. We could have written of some petty grievances, but these are not the ones which are of paramount importance even to us. The great evils from which we suffer, are those which press upon the laborer in all other occupations, in this and every other country. The great thoughts upon this subject which, within a few years, have been promulgated, and rapidly circulated, were at first very new to us. Some views we could quickly apprehend, but how to reconcile the constitutional rights of the capitalist, and the natural rights of the operative, was more difficult. With time our powers of vision increased, but Alps on Alps would still arise; though our horizon receded, its limit was still a dim distant expanse.

But some things we know, and "know certain," and some neglected subjects shall yet receive our attention. Our aim is the good of our fellow-operatives in particular, and of all operatives in general; and it gratifies us exceedingly to learn that THE LOWELL OFFERING is creating deep interest in other countries, and that those who hail it the most joyfully are the reformers and philanthropists; those whose thoughts and lives are dedicated to the welfare of their fellow-men. We have incidentally advocated the doctrines of the dignity of labor, the benefits of universal education, the elevating tendencies of republican institutions, and the idea that respectability is to be conferred upon our employments, not received from them. We have incidentally done this; we can also do it directly, and, in future numbers, will treat of the topics not yet discussed.

We insert in this number two articles not written by females at present employed in the mills, besides our own contribution. But all are from those who still call themselves "factory girls," and none but such will continue on our contributing list. One is "The Improvement Circle," and this is of interest as giving an account of an intellectual effort which has not been generally known. The honor of establishing this circle has been conferred upon him who revived and enlarged it. It should now be transferred to her who originated it, and who is, at present, one of the publishers of the Offering. We were not of that noble little band. When they met, and revealed to each other the bright webs of thought which—not in their leisure, but—in their working hours they had woven, we were then eagerly and perseveringly endeavoring to initiate ourselves into the mysteries of weaving cotton. We were in the regions of stern reality, not of bright romance—the actual, not the fanciful, then claimed our every thought. But, honor to that little band! and to the two with whose intellectual labors we are herein favored.

The other writer is the author of the "Appeal," or remonstrance, addressed to the females of Lowell. We are sorry that there is any reason for an article of this kind, and can hardly allow ourselves to believe them influenced by the motives sometimes insinuated. There are many reasons which influence the different characters among them. Some are too penurious; some, in reality, too poor; some honest in their belief that a work, which does not make the subject of wages a prominent one, unfaithful to them—untrue to their interests. And many, who look upon the Offering in its true light, care little for its aim.

"What," they say, with true Yankee independence, "do we care for the prejudices of the distant and ignorant. We know what we think of ourselves, we know what those, who do know us, think of us, and we would not give a copper to enlighten those who are stupidly, if not wilfully, ignorant of our true characters."

Where there is distrust, envy, or ill-will excited, we can only trust that it will be removed by the very instrument which has called it forth. Our efforts shall still be to raise them to us, rather than to sink ourselves back to them. Frankly admitting that there is much in Lowell which is not as it should be, that there are many here who are not models of perfection in female character, we still conscientiously send the Offering forth, for one year more, as the true symbol of a moral and intellectual level, to which many are unwilling to allow that, as a class, we have attained. That this may be an ascending plane long after our little magazine shall have ceased its efforts, is the sincere wish of its editor. H. F.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

From Powers & Bagley we have received *THE LAUREL WREATH*, a collection of prose and poetry, very neatly printed and gilded, and bound in a beautiful little cover. It is entirely written by New England ladies, natives too of the Old Bay State; and this, to some, may give it a preference over the many pretty little works which claim the attention of Christmas and New-Year donors. The articles are mostly new to the public, and from a hasty glance at them, we should think there was nothing in the book which could offend the most fastidious taste. Published by *T. P. Collins, Philadelphia*.

From the same bookstore we have also *KRISS KRINGLE'S CHRISTMAS TREE*, one of the most beautiful and appropriate gift books for children which we have ever seen. The cover, paper, printing and embellishments are exceedingly handsome, and the stories, in prose and verse, must find favor in the eyes and hearts of all little boys and girls, excepting those who cannot love a book. The title-page tells us that it is published by *E. Ferrett & Co., Philadelphia*, but the envelope bears the name of *B. Walker, Phil.*, as publisher. If any good little boys and girls are forgotten on the first day of Christmas, we hope this may be obtained for them as a Twelfth-Day Gift.

Judging from the little pile, sent in to us, no one in Lowell has a better assortment of gift books than *J. Judson Judkins, No. 29 (formerly 18) Central street*.

THE YOUNG MAN, published by *N. L. Dayton*, of this city, is an excellent little work. We know not who is the author or compiler, but, if he accomplishes all the good at which he aims, he will be a benefactor to that class of our population who sadly need his admonitions.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF DOMESTIC LIFE, or Home the Centre of the Affections, is also a very good little book, and appropriate as a family gift. Published by *Ch. C. P. Moody, Boston*.

THE MOURNER'S CHAPLET, an offering of sympathy for bereaved friends, is a selection from American poets, by *John Keese*; and the name of this editor is a sufficient guaranty that his fine taste, and extensive knowledge of all American poetry, must render this a valuable and useful little gift to the bereaved, and sad in heart. Published in Boston, by *Gould, Kendall & Lincoln*.

THE ALBUM OF LOVE is a collection of poems, and extracts from poems, similar to the *Poetry of Love*, noticed some months since in *The Offering*.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grave,
"And men below, and saints above,"

is the motto of the book; and it is natural to suppose that, where this is the inspiring theme, the poems must be gems. Published by *Isaac Tompkins, Boston*.

WISH YOU HAPPY NEW YEAR is a very pretty little book for children. With its gilded leaves, silk binding, and large type, it must be a grateful addition to any child's library; and all the above-mentioned books have the extraneous merit of beautiful printing and binding.

LOWELL OFFERING.

FEBRUARY, 1845.

A STORY.

WITH MORALITY and PATRIOTISM uppermost in my good intentions, of what incidents can I manufacture a tale, that will gain even a perusal? *Patriotism* is nearly obsolete, and *morality*, most of our divines tell us, will not give even an earnest of bliss beyond the tomb. Two duller subjects could not have been selected, from which to weave a story. The grave will pass it, for they condemn fiction. The gay will not read it, for it is too sedate. The minister, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, and the mechanic, will leave it for some "novel-turned miss;" and *she*, ten chances to one, will not peruse it, as I have half-betrayed in the first line, that love, "unchanging love," "blue-eyed heroines," and "dark-eyed heroes," do not alone fill my cranium. Alas! my thoughts run faster than my pen, and not one can I find disposed to read, to censure, or to praise.

What! shall this, with all its excellence, its genius, and its extra cleverness, remain unnoticed, unread, and unknown, save by the author of its existence? Well! sad is my contemplation; but my consolation must be, that great geniuses seldom earn the laurel wreath but to adorn their graves; and that it is by the posthumous fame of a writer that posterity judge him. But let others tell their tales of the "sunny climes of Italy and France"—let them tell of "wars and deeds of valor"—of the halls of the noble, and the *boudoirs* of the beautiful. Let them describe the change of battles, and the glories of the warrior. I leave all these themes of romance and poetry. No country's banner ever greeted my eye, save the stripes and eagles of my own land; and no motto, save "*E pluribus unum*," do I hold sacred.

My country.—But what has my country to do with my story? And I will leave that to be descanted upon by travelling scribblers, dinner-eating politicians, and turn-coat editors. Let them tell of its customs, and domestic manners; of the liberality of its institutions, and the virtues and vices of its statesmen. Patriotism is—But, pshaw! there is not a boy in our happy land but can tell you, that patriotism is not love of country, but adhesiveness to *party*; that the patriots of the present generation "hurra" for their favorite candidate, instead of pledging "their lives and

sacred honor" to defend their country's rights, and their country's good. And our code of ethics I may as well hand over to the moral reformers of the age, until the problem is solved, whether a man is to be judged by the intrinsic worth of his character, or the excellence of his tailor.

But, as the sailors say, I have "boxed the compass" of my intentions. Still, I must write a story; and if it may not be, to make my readers braver, better, or wiser, I trust, at least, that I shall satisfy them as well as the Hoosier orator did his hearers in a political caucus, not many centuries since. If the truth must be told, he was a much better jockey than statesman; could decide a bet better than a question of political economy, and had more bluster than courage. But he was popular as a "real good fellow" in his "diggins," and, like many other geniuses, had gained much notoriety by his flippancy upon his favorite subject, and the credit of knowing as much upon all other questions. The call for him was so vociferous, that, in the noise, without well knowing how, he found himself upon the stand bowing and acknowledging the honor done him with his most energetic genuflections. "Gentlemen," he says; "gentlemen, the Bible is a good book, and our children ought to study it—but Deacon Jones knows more about that than I do. I think that the Roman Catholic Pope had not ought to govern us, and our wives and children—but Esq. Davis knows about that, and has told you all about it. But, gentlemen, I can tell you about a good horse as well as any man;"—and he proceeded to enlighten his audience upon the subject which he did understand. And, like him, if I cannot tell you a story about the great and noble, I can, at least, tell you about

OUR SCHOOLMASTER,

AND HOW HE CAME TO BE MARRIED.

Every body knows the position of a country schoolmaster in New England, and that it is but second to the minister; while at the same time, he is considered a more marketable and come-atable commodity. The minister is, almost ever, a married man; and if he is not, he has failed in setting the most essential example before the rising generation of his congregation. But a married schoolmaster is proof positive that "the committee" have consulted their own taste, instead of the grown-up girls of the district.

But our schoolmaster was not a married man; and whether the fact that the head committee-man had three marriageable daughters, not pledged to vow constancy to any swain, had any thing to do with the selection, is a question which never has been solved for public benefit. The schoolmaster had not been long among us before the old school-house was filled to overflowing. And it is a remarkable fact, that that winter there were more large girls in school than there ever had been before, or have been since. The importance of education seemed particularly appreciated by all who had hopes, or even wishes, of becoming wives. And Uncle Bill, who was something of a wag, seriously declared that "grandma'am White," who was "the oldest inhabitant," wanted to go to school too, if she could only get a place to board near the school-house. In truth, the schoolmaster was a "proper nice young man," and somehow all the girls found out the same fact. Not a quilting, or party, was perfect without his presence; and the samples of good cooking, which came under his inspection, would have won the heart of any man, if, as some of the ancients supposed,

that article had any immediate connection with the palate. Pies, puddings, cakes and tarts, of all which the preparation was ascribed to Polly, Sally, Betsey, or Margaret, or whichever the favorite daughter might be, who had the best chance to please the schoolmaster's taste. If the blind god, like flies, was to be trapped with sweets and molasses, he would have been caught in every house but one in the district.

The schoolmaster remained impregnable to the assaults, both upon his heart and his stomach. He never suspected the mines which were preparing to explode in every direction. The girls began to think that surely he was engaged; and that is almost as bad as being a married man. But they were mistaken. His heart was free and unfettered. And what they lacked was a quick discernment of his weak side. Every person is assailable, and the whole tact of the affair is to discover and humor their weak point, or peculiar whim. But the girls were all at fault—they smiled and pouted in vain; their mamas made cookies and sweetmeats for their credit without advancing their interest in the least; as the schoolmaster's eccentricity was so closely connected with his scholastic duties that it was not mistrusted. But his mind was the abstract of a mathematical problem. There was not a puzzle in "Thomas's Almanac" but he could decipher; and he never was happy or satisfied without a fractional anxiety. But the girls were all so anxious about the dividend of his affections, that it never occurred to them that the square of his partiality could only be obtained by the addition of a slate and pencil to their own charms. At last, one wiser, or with more tact than the rest, suspected the truth, and finding that the usual methods of captivation had failed, suddenly became deeply interested in all mathematical puzzles, and often invited the master home with her to finish the "sums" and solve the problems which she had gathered together in a file of old almanacs as long as a century. He was at ease; and, without inquiring *why*, his feet would almost involuntarily turn to where he was sure to find a cheerful fire, a bowl of apples, and a slate and pencil ready for his amusement. Jane Baker was elated with her stratagem, and the result was all she wished, and what might have been anticipated. For, make a man happy—show him that you sympathize with and understand his foible, and there must be some strong reason *why*, if he does not reward you with his love, or what, in his estimation, is the same thing, the privilege of wearing his name.

Jane did well: she caught the schoolmaster, and then had her life to learn that a mathematical husband was even more tedious than a mathematical lover.

Some five years after, I paid them a visit at their own domicile. I found Jane with as ready tact as ever, and her husband puzzling over "Greenleaf's last edition." Three chubby children had been given them; and, from the energetic manner in which the youngest used its lungs, I drew the conclusion that it inherited its mother's activity, instead of its father's love of science and quiet.

The schoolmaster, with his usual dignity, bade me welcome, and began to solicit my opinion of the probable merits of a book on geometry, which was to be published sometime. But Jane interrupted him with

"John, the fire is minus, and you will particularly oblige me to solve the problem of how many sticks of wood it would take to make a good one."

He mechanically turned to his black board for the answer; but she again interrupted the train of his thoughts with

"Please, husband, give us a practical illustration, and then, by the warmth, we will prove its correctness."

Like an obedient husband he proceeded to comply with the request, and then returned to his favorite amusement. He was scarcely seated before Jane again propounded a puzzle for his solution.

"Husband," said she, "supposing one dead chicken would make a comfortable meal for three, how long would it take to make two live chickens dead?"

"Yes, yes, my dear," he returned, "but don't interrupt me now, as I am just finishing the equation of this problem, which never has been solved by any mathematician. If I can get it arranged correctly, the solution will be positive."

"But a hungry family and squalling children are problems which must be solved first," she returned, laughing.

He cast one look at his black-board of saddened sorrow, and, if I did not mistake, one of anger at his wife; but he was too well trained to dispute the command insinuated.

I looked a puzzle, but I did not dare propound it; yet she was too well versed in the root of the query not to understand it.

"He is good and kind," said she, in explanation, "but he loves a problem of figures and signs better than that of living. He never knows hunger or cold while in his abstractions of fractions; and I always must propose my questions decidedly, or have them forgotten."

"But—" said I. But I did not dare propound the question.

She laughed, and said, "Oh, I understand: you want to know why he is so obedient. It is a long story in all; but the conclusion of it was, that after I had suffered neglect—seen myself rivalled by an old black-board, and my children requiring some interest from their father, I was obliged to come to an open rupture, and say that it should not be—that he never should do a sum in the house until he attended to my requests first."

"But how could you effect this?" I inquired.

"Easy enough," she returned: "I only seated myself by him, and rubbed out his figures and signs as fast as he could make them; and then we came to an agreement that he should do my bidding always, and I would leave him in quiet when possible."

"Why," said I, in astonishment, "I thought he loved you."

"Love me!—he loves nothing but his problems; and we came to the compromise from no other desire of his, but to save his darling signs and demonstrations. And," she continued, energetically, "if you marry, marry a rowdy; marry any thing but a quiet man in love with abstractions, fractions, equations, roots, factors, binomials, and trinomials."

JESSIE.

How often a thoughtless and careless expression wounds the feelings of another. The matter may be harmless, the manner innocent, but the time, or the persons to whom it is spoken, unfortunate. Naught should be more indelibly impressed upon our minds than always to remember to whom we are speaking—what inferences may be drawn from our remarks, and the place, or contingent circumstances, connected with what we are saying.

C.

What though thou didst silence the tune of the rill,
And make it so motionless lay ;—
It will sound all the sweeter, that once it was still,
When Spring sets it dancing away.

Do the fair blossoms die, by thy rude fingers torn ?
No ! they sleep in their drapery white,
Till the sun shall awake them, some shining May morn,
To bathe in the dew and the light.

Let them talk of the zephyrs, of verdure and bloom,
And for Summer so dolefully sigh.
A warm heart is better than Flora's perfume,
Though it beats 'neath a blustering sky.

Blithe Health is thy handmaiden, Winter ! We see
How she paints the young cheek rosy red ;
And the bright eyes of children are sparkling with glee
As lightly the snow-drifts they tread.

Thy frownings are never unfriendly, though stern—
In kindness each tempest is given,
And, grateful, from sunshine and storm, we will learn
How good is our FATHER IN HEAVEN.

There are mortals who, roughly and Winter-like, go ;
And the world calls them heartless and cold.
Yet deep in their hearts, like the flow'rs under snow,
Fresh germs of affection they hold.

Why should they be counted unworthy of love,
And branded "unfeeling" for aye,
When the first beam that shines from the Spirit above,
Will wake in them beautiful day ?

But hark ! for old Boreas loudly without
Is whistling response to my song.
Ho ! up and away then, and echo his shout,
And do honest Winter no wrong !

L. L.

AN AFTERNOON RAMBLE.

SEVERAL long years had elapsed since my eyes had beheld the scenes of my childhood, yet many of them were as fresh in my mind as if but a few days had passed. Oft, in my lonely moments, have I visited my native town in imagination. Tired of my present amusements, and wishing to spend a few weeks away from my domestic employments, I thought to visit some of my old play and school-mates. It was a pleasant morn in September when I took leave of my friends at home, anticipating a pleasant ride and visit. I arrived at the house of an old friend, a little before sunset. Happy to meet my old acquaintance where I had spent many happy days, many were the inquiries I made concerning my former associates. But few of them could I find. Some had gone to distant lands ; some had been consigned to the narrow grave ; a few still remained, but time had wrought a change in them. Their rosy cheeks had begun to fade ; their once sparkling eyes were not so bright. I went to the graveyard where I had often been in former years. There I could read the

names of many that I had hoped to see. The little grave-yard had also become a large one. Feeling somewhat sad at the many changes, I thought to wander alone, one afternoon, to the places where I once spent my play hours. I went in search of my play paths, but not a trace could I view. My favorite shade trees the axeman had long since leveled; my bower also had sunk to decay; the river (by whose brink I had so often sat, and watched the nimble trout as it swam so carelessly along through the water,) seemed more dull in its music, more sad in its song, more tardy in its motion, as it rolled to the far-off ocean. One thing is dearer yet!—it is the old oak that grew beside the pebbly brook. I hastened to the spot. It was still there, but so much larger I could hardly believe it the same old oak. I sat down beneath its broad-spreading branches to watch the ruffle of the little brook which kept its ceaseless motion. While sitting there I gave full scope to my thoughts. "Here," thought I, "is where I have spent my happiest days; beneath these branches I have played with many that I shall never see again; many that have long since been laid in yonder church-yard. How changing are the things of earth—nothing can I find but is fast passing away."

While I was thus indulging in a melancholy reverie, sleep insensibly stole upon me. I thought a form of divine beauty and loveliness stood before me; I gazed at her with amazement; she invited me to accompany her in search of something that changed not; I arose, and soared high above the busy world. I could see its multitudes in almost every direction. I saw cities and thrones sink to ruin. I saw generations rise and fall. I saw the poor raised to affluence; the affluent become the poor. Kings and rulers were housed in the tomb. I saw those who flourished in prosperity, and were surrounded by friends, overtaken by adversity, and forsaken by all. I saw a mother, all clad in rags, weeping for an erring son.

While I was thus gazing, my conductor directed me to look in another direction, where was a scene I had not before noticed. It was a steep hill, covered with a multitude of people, of all ages, from the infant to decrepit old age. The hill was covered with paths: some were adorned with flowers and fruits, while others were bestrewed with thorns and brambles. Some appeared smooth, while others were rough and uneven. Some of the people appeared happy, while many were unhappy. Some would hurry along over the brambles, others would wholly stop; while yet a few would keep a steady course, valiantly removing every obstacle. Many I noticed, who started with the rest, would faint and die; a few were near the bottom, but with a feeble gait. My conductor then asked me what I saw; any thing that changed not? I could think of nothing but a mother's love. "What seest thou on the hill?" she asked. "Dost thou see any thing desirable there? Go with me to the mansions of contentment—my temple is the bower of ease, and hermit's cell. I cheer the faint on yonder hill, but few are my admirers."

I stretched out my arms to embrace my conductor, and secure her for a friend, when I awoke, and found it a dream. The chill dews of evening were falling around me. I arose, and hastened to my friends with food for thought for the remainder of life. I resolved to be content with my lot; and long shall I remember the afternoon ramble and reverie beneath the oak.

S. T.

THE DREAM-LAND.

I.

THERE'S a beautiful land—'tis the land of dreams;
 'Tis watered by sparkling though ideal streams,
 'Tis blessed with a balmy and unchanging clime,
 Has vales of green beauty, and mountains sublime;
 'Tis laved by an ocean ne'er tossed by rude storms,
 'Tis peopled with slight and aerial forms,
 'Tis shadowed by clouds, of all-glorious dyes,
 Which sail o'er the depths of cerulean skies;
 Its sun shines unclouded o'er cities of gold,
 The wealth of its temples may never be told,
 Its palaces glow with the radiant light
 Of diamonds and rubies and gems ever bright;
 Its groves with rich fragrance stand ever arrayed,
 Its flowers are of brilliance that never may fade,
 Its fountains send upward their unbroken gleams,
 And a beautiful land is the land of dreams.

II.

I love from earth's toils, from its sorrows, to hie,
 And, on Fancy's light wings, to the dream-land I fly,
 To hear the low hymns of the soft waving trees,
 And the anthem the waterfall sings to the breeze,
 The loud hallelujahs which constantly rise
 Where the cataract lifteth its voice to the skies;
 But sweeter than these are the musical tones
 Of the joyous, the cherished, the beautiful ones,
 Who come to me there with unfaltering voice,
 And bid me be fearless, take heart, and rejoice.
 Oh, these are the friends who can never grow old;
 And theirs is the love which can never seem cold;
 I hear the glad tones of affection, which fall
 On mine ear with an accent which never may pall,
 And my heart swelleth high as it lists the kind word
 Which save in the dream-land it never hath heard,
 There the ties which we form Death never may break,
 There the friends are all true—they never forsake,
 They turn not away—they never seem strange,
 In the dream-land is friendship which never may change.

III.

Yes, I go to the dream-land—and there I grow strong
 To bear the sad burden of sorrow and wrong,
 Which Earth presseth hard on the neck of her child,
 And leaveth it seldom by gladness beguiled.
 I never hope here for the joys of that land,
 But midst its dark tempests more firmly I stand,
 For I think that at times from its storms I can flee
 Where there's brightness, unmingled with darkness, for me;
 I hear with more calmness the edicts of fate
 When I think of the pleasures which still can elate;
 I look with a tenderness on the lost friend
 Whose affection I early had mourned at an end,
 For I find in the dream-land the sympathy lost,
 The love which or death or estrangement had crossed.
 Then my heart is renewed as it bathes in the bliss
 Which it finds in that land, but expects not in this,
 And mine eye drinketh in the full brightness which streams
 In an unfailing flood o'er the blessed land of dreams.

IV.

There are times when my soul, with a purer delight,
 Plumes its wings for another, and holier flight;
 When it seeks for its joy and its strength at the throne
 OF THE HIGH AND THE HOLY ALL-GLORIOUS ONE;
 When it looketh afar, o'er the shadows of earth,
 And over the land where dreams have their birth,
 It craveth a foretaste of heavenly joy,
 Of bliss which is real, yet hath no alloy;
 Where our dear ones have life, but death never know;
 Where all, which in fondness we cling to below,
 Is transferred in beauty to regions on high,
 Where the bright is the fadeless—the frail may not die,
 Where the fair and the noble are all that they seem,
 And truth, love, and gladness, are aught but a dream.

CONCEALED LOVE.

On the day following, as the party assembled, all was life and animation. Mary's spirits were never more buoyant than when she descended to the drawing-room. As she entered, her eye at one glance distinguished the young artist, of whom her father had spoken the night preceding—that proud and lofty bearing, and the keen glance of that eagle eye, could not be mistaken. He was just then earnestly engaged in conversation, and Mary, after an introduction, passed on, and joined a group in another part of the room. As the sun poured his parting effulgence over hill and slope, the party sallied forth on a ramble to the grassy bank of a river near by. The blue waves were gently gliding on, making low-toned music as they kissed the flower fringe on its margin. The songster poured a volume of melody across the tide as he bade farewell to the setting sun, and every thing, from the rose which the zephyrs rocked to sleep, to the tall tree in the dense forest, breathed of gladness and beauty. Mary stood apart from the others, watching the gorgeous array of clouds, that, glowing in the warm sunlight, hung in glorious drapery around the portals of the west. Such a scene as this harmonized well with her better feelings, her pure and holy nature. Recollections of the past awoke in her bosom, mingling with glorious visions of the bright and holy. Her bosom swelled with deep emotion, and, half-unconsciously to herself, her voice rose on the still air in strains of seraph-like music, wild and capricious, yet full of deep and impassioned feeling. As the last strain died upon her lips, she, blushing, turned hastily aside as she perceived, at a little distance, the young artist leaning upon the trunk of a decayed tree, and looking earnestly upon her.

"Nature has assumed her sweetest mood to-night," said he, approaching her; "and the mantle of her gladness seems also to have fallen upon your spirit."

"And who," replied Mary, thoughtfully, "could inhale the balmy freshness of the scene, without feeling their spirits buoyed by its inspiration? Is there not always enough in nature to admire and love, which may prove an antidote to worldly care, if our spirits are rightly attuned?"

"Most surely," replied he, smiling, "provided we possess the rare gift of extracting sweet from bitter under all circumstances. But this scene," continued he, gazing pensively upon the limpid lake, "reminds one of the poet's description of the glorious Eden land."

"True," said Mary; "and even a poet's imagination, I think, could hardly picture a lovelier scene than this."

The rest of the company now coming up the conversation became general, and, as the shades of night stole over the water, they bent their steps towards the villa. The party soon after took leave, but young Crandon, our artist, did not so without turning for a parting look at Mary, as she stood upon the terrace, her white dress contrasting strongly by moonlight with the luxuriant shrubbery. Her loveliness, simplicity, and, above all, her deep and impassioned devotion to nature, which a congenial spirit only might feel, had in truth impressed Edwin Crandon more deeply than he was aware, and he imagined it was only a fondness for the romantic scenery of the spot, which made him resolve to visit it again at an early period. And, on the other hand, Mary, although she never questioned her heart as to its real sentiments, could not help acknowledging to herself, that he was one of the very few who could understand her feelings, and whose spirit might soar with hers through the regions of sublimity and purity.

The succeeding day found Crandon at Mr. Elston's, and again and again he sought the shade of his friendly roof, until his visits came to be regarded as a matter of course, and surprise was expressed if he came not. Mr. Elston was charmed with the vivacity, wit, and intelligence of the young artist, and spared no pains to render his visits pleasant, while Mary felt that in his society she could be understood, without the fear of being deemed romantic or visionary. His favorite poets were also hers; they dwelt with delight upon the same passages, and together marked the sublimity of the same thoughts and ideas. Days, and even weeks, rolled on, while he remained apparently forgetful that his journey did not terminate here. He was still a frequent visitor at Mr. Elston's, where all things remained as usual, save that Mary wore, at times, an air of abstraction, and a constantly increasing coldness and reserve, for which her friends and even herself could hardly account. She, at first, met Crandon as a brother, and with all freedom did she communicate to him her thoughts and feelings; but, as time rolled on, and she saw more and more of his high and noble character, she found her feelings vary towards him. At the same time his manner, as she thought, was cold and indifferent towards her, and her pride revolted at the idea that any one should know that he had excited more than ordinary interest in her bosom. Her feelings she might not conquer, but she could at least conceal them, although her heart should break in the struggle.

And, Edwin, his proud heart, and proud it most certainly was, keenly felt her increasing coldness and reserve towards him, but he imagined it proceeded rather from dislike and aversion, than from any concealed emotion. Feeling that she was one whom he must adore, even if not permitted to love, he contented himself with assuming the mantle of careless indifference, while he continued to observe her narrowly, hardly conscious that he did so. Mary was truly miserable, and often when her heart was full almost to bursting, would her feelings find vent in song; and once, when Edwin had just left her in a fit of abstraction, during which she could hardly appear with composure, she breathed the following simple strain,

Often when the heart is swelling
With keen anguish, vain yet deep,
Though the tongue refuse its telling,
Still the heart its woes will speak.

Tell-tale blushes, quickly rising,
Tell what lips refuse to speak,
And warm tears, the eyes baptizing,
Roll in torrents o'er the cheek;

All may see and read their language,
None these tokens can mistake,
Yes, the heart will bear no bondage,
It must tell its woes, or break.

Mary's feelings were soothed by the melody, and with half a smile playing over her lovely features, she turned towards the open window. The moon's pure beam inspired her with devotion, and she felt no longer miserable. "I will forget," she cried. "Ah, Edwin, no longer will I bear thine image on my breast." Vain resolve!—she had yet to learn that love has iron bands, and resistless chains. As she was turning from the window, she fancied she heard a rustling among the shrubbery without. She started, but it was only the breeze playing among the leaves, and she turned away and composed herself to study. She was interrupted by the entrance of a young Italian, whose preference for Mary had been sufficiently marked of late, but whom she regarded merely as a friend. This evening he was unusually lively and animated, and, during the hour he passed with her, the conversation turned upon young Crandon, and some particulars in his history were mentioned by the Italian. While in Naples, said he, last summer, I was so fortunate as to see Lady Clarence D., who has Crandon's heart in safe keeping. She was, in truth, a glorious creature—just such a being as a poet might love. Mary turned to the window, and began hastily to gather the flowers of a fragrant geranium which stood there. And the young Italian soon after took leave.

Not many days passed away, and they again met at a brilliant ball. The gay and the fair were there, and the light of beauty fell softly upon the scene, yet it brought small share of joy to Mary's weary heart. And yet she mingled with the crowd with a free light step, and a beaming smile, which only spoke of gladness, for she had sternly resolved that the secret chambers of her heart should never be laid open to public view, cost what it might to conceal them. This evening Edwin seemed not to seek Mary's society, but rather avoided it; yet their eyes often met, and, whenever they did so, Mary turned coldly away, lest that searching glance should read the truth she most wished to conceal. During an interval of the dance her gay and laughing partner led her to a seat near a window, where he left her for a moment; and, as Mary gazed upon the scene without, she forgot the festival within, and thought only of Edwin. Her thoughts reverted to the time when, in his company, she had last visited this spot, and she sighed heavily. She seemed to hear its echo, and starting up, beheld Edwin standing near, apparently quite at ease and narrowly observing her.

"You seem to prefer the quiet that reigns without, to the bustle and animation within: it is perhaps more congenial to your spirit?" said he, as she turned towards him.

Mary struggled with suppressed emotion, as she calmly replied, "I in-

deed enjoy the beauty without, but I cannot profess myself averse to an evening of gaiety, when it is passed in the society of friends."

"Which is, undoubtedly, the case this evening," interposed he, archly.

"It is," replied Mary—"at least, I trust it is so."

She blushed deeply as she uttered the finishing sentence; while Crandon, who applied it to her partner in the dance, said carelessly,

"You would then prefer the gaiety within to a ramble without?"

Mary replied that she was engaged for the next dance, and turned abruptly away to smother her feelings in music and mirth. She knew not that a wound was inflicted on Edwin's heart which time might never heal. Her seeming indifference to him he attributed to fondness for another, and resolved that he would never throw himself at that proud girl's feet to be rejected. The idea that she loved another was to him madness, yet he could not doubt it, supported as it was by the assurances of the Italian above mentioned, who, apparently in all confidence and friendship, had poured into his ear a tale of his love for Mary and of its warm return.

The scene was over. One by one the guests departed; and Mary returned home and sought her pillow with a heart bursting with sorrow. She woke in the morning with a weight of weariness and desolation resting upon her, yet applauding herself for her resolution and firmness. She busied herself about her daily pursuits, endeavoring to forget the past, and to live only in the present. Heavy task!

A few days after this her father informed her that the young artist, having finished his sketches, had left their vicinity, and "I marvel much," added he, "that his former pursuits have so soon become tasteless to him; that he should thus enter upon another field of action. He goes, as he says, to join the army, that he may win the 'meed of glory.' Heaven preserve him from danger, but, should the tug of war come on, it is not improbable that the warrior's gory bed may be his."

Why was it that Mary's cheek blanched, her lip quivered, and she retired to her chamber? Days, weeks rolled on, and Mary passed among the members of her father's household, their light, their life, their joy, and yet how altered! A "change had indeed come o'er the spirit of her dream." That sunny smile still lingered on her face, yet mingled with something so sad and mournful that it would cast a shadow over the spirit, like the twilight of approaching death. And death was indeed approaching. Her form grew frail, and her silver voice, once ringing like the glad notes of a bird, now gushed forth in mournful sweetness, like some funeral melody.

She felt that she was wasting away, and she loved that it should be so. The wide world was dark to her, and she longed to cast off the sorrow which weighed upon her heart whenever she thought of Crandon. She thought of him as wearing the laurels that crown the brave, but she knew not that the greenness of those laurels was withered by constant recollections of her. It was at that memorable period when Napoleon had left Elba for France, and all Europe was in commotion, that Crandon found himself holding a commission in the English army, on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. The day came, and the murky cloud of smoke above the field, the thunder of the cannon, and the roll of the drum, mingled fearfully with the groans of the dying, and the shouts of victory. It is all over, and where is Crandon? Found buried beneath a heap of the slain, he had been removed, wounded and bleeding, to a hospital near by, where

he lay with no prospect before him but speedy death. And on a couch near him lay the young Italian before mentioned, on whom also death was soon to do its work. He too had enlisted in the army of the allies, and had been mortally wounded in battle. Deeply embarrassed by his losses at the gaming table, and finding his suit rejected by Mary, he had sought to drown his sorrows in the din of war. It was just at sunset that Edwin was brought in; and as the Italian looked towards him, a cloud of remorse passed over his dark features, and he buried his face convulsively in his hands. Towards midnight he aroused from an uneasy slumber, and called in a hollow tone to Edwin. He wished, he said, while his strength would allow, to ask his pardon for the wrong done him, and proceeded to state in substance the following. He could make no pretensions to Mary's love, and had but too good reason to believe it was bestowed upon Edwin, "for once," said he, "as I stood near her window, just after you had left her, she sung in mournful strains of suppressed feeling; then I started, as I heard her breathe your name, together with a vow to forget, for I knew that your image was enshrined in her breast. I turned in bitterness away, and instantly formed a plan to supplant you in her affections. I breathed into your ear the avowal that I was Mary's favored lover, while I told her of a high-born English maiden, whose charms had captivated your heart. In part, my plan succeeded. It has stretched us both in desolation upon a bed of death, and Mary, when we last met, it was but too plainly to be seen that her noble heart was blighted and broken. Jesu Maria! forgive me!" he exclaimed, as he sank upon his pillow, and his eyes closed in the sleep of death.

Overwhelmed with unutterable emotion, Edwin groaned and turned away. From his heart he forgave the wretched being before him whose soul had passed to its Maker, but himself he could not. Keenly did he reproach himself for not having made an open and direct avowal of his love to Mary, and bitter were his reflections.

"At length," he said, arousing from a long reverie, "the bitterness of my sorrow has passed away; it is bliss to feel that I am loved, compared with my former misery. Instantly he called for paper and pen, and began a letter to Mary, although his strength was hardly adequate to the task, and he felt that the tide of life was "ebbing fastly to its finish." The work at length is done. He calls his faithful servant, and, as he places the letter in his hand, bids him sever from its fellows a single lock of his dark hair. His command is obeyed; and, as he twined the glossy curl around his thin fingers, an unearthly light illumines his classic features, "Bear this to Mary," he said, placing it in the folds of the letter, "and tell her that my last thought was hers."

It was evening—a gorgeous summer evening. Again Mary sat in her bower on the margin of the lake, but how sadly changed! Her features, pale and emaciated, bear the impress of wasting care and wounded feeling. That proud bright grace, which had formerly marked her every movement, was gone, and in its stead there was a calmness, so meek, subdued and touching, that it was saddening to look at her. Yet strangely beautiful, even in decay, was she, with her soft sweet smile and her dark eyes' light, which spoke of a depth of feeling which none but earth's most gifted ones may know. As her eye wanders over the scene around, and marks the fair stars looking down, one by one, she seems holding communion with some pure spirit, who is whispering to her of peace and joy.

But Memory is there, with her faithful torch vividly illuminating the past, and a sigh escapes her. Listen! that sigh is but the prelude to a song.

I would that I had never seen
A being formed for love,
That my affections e'er had been,
Like Noah's wandering dove,
Without a resting place on earth,
Or home by friendship given,
Then had they, from their early birth,
Turned to their home in Heaven.

As she finished, her father appeared, bearing in his hand a package. "Here, my child," said he, handing her the letter which Edwin's trusty servant had just brought. This, if I mistake not, brings news from our friend, the artist."

Mary's heart beat violently as she broke the seal, but as she perused it, she could hardly credit her senses. The lock of hair fell from its folds, but Mary heeded it not; she could not lift her eyes from the page before her. It unfolded a truth hitherto unsuspected, and brought with it a weight of woe too heavy for her young heart to bear. She did not faint; her agony was too intense; the blood seemed curdling in her veins, her brain was on fire, and her heart almost ceased to beat. When she had finished, with one mighty effort she placed the letter calmly in her bosom, and, turning to her father, said, with a faint smile, "I am very weak to-night, my dear father; carry me to my chamber; to-morrow you shall know all."

Her request was complied with, and no questions were asked; but, as her father bent in anguish over her couch that night, he perceived that her lips often moved; and once, as he drew near to catch the sound, she murmured, "Edwin, God bless you!"

The wretched father groaned heavily, for the truth now flashed upon him, that his child was dying of a broken heart. As that long night passed away, and early morning dawned, it was evident that a mighty change was taking place in that young sufferer, and that her hold on life was breaking. She was the first to perceive it, and, calling her father to her bed-side, she placed the fatal letter in his hand, bidding him read it when she was no more. "I am dying," she said, "of a broken heart, but the struggle is now over. I strove to conceal the cause from you, but in vain. This letter, and some papers you will find in my cabinet, will explain all. Mourn not for me, my father; I leave this world without a sigh, to join my mother and him for whom my heart is broken, in the realms of eternal light. I have only one request to make; it is, that you will, if possible, see that Edwin's remains repose near mine. And now, farewell, dear father; may Heaven's own blessing rest upon you, Edwin. I come!" she added, as, with a placid smile stealing over her gentle features, her spirit winged its flight.

They hollowed for her a grave in a pleasant quiet spot, where the golden sun looks timidly through the quivering boughs of the tall trees that guard her rest; and here Edwin's remains also repose. At a little distance a silver stream goes singing on its way, and the shadow of lofty hills is cast upon it when the moon is in the west; and often then, it is said, when Luna pours her softest radiance, the wind, sighing through the trees, wafts to the ear a strain of mournful music from the grave of the broken-hearted.

M. A.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER V.

WEARY, weary is the stranger's fate. He may find those, who, from the nobleness of their own natures, may deal kindly by him—those who will minister to his wants, but the heart which has not learned the antagonism of humanity and divinity, will crave more. Those who recognize not in their own natures the attribute which prompted JEHOVAH to send a Savior into the world—those who exercise benevolence *only* as a duty—those whose feelings extend but over the little space which surrounds their own persons, may deem this desire for sympathy but “mawkish sensibility,” derogatory to mankind and reason. Yet, what were Heaven without that love which feels for another's being? And if Heaven contains a plurality of spirits, could there be happiness without unity and oneness of feeling? And what dethroned an archangel, but that he learned, or permitted his self-love to out-balance that which purity and holiness claimed for others? Did *he* aspire for love, or *power*? And was the aim he sought, to bless, or *rule*? Proud in his mighty intellect, without one pang of regret, he would have usurped the throne of Heaven. *His* own aggrandizement secured, and the ruin of creation would not have stayed his hand. No weak sensibility would have unnerved his purpose. *His* position attained, and it was of no moment what wreck and destruction followed in the wake of the act. In the pride of his intellect, the sternness of his will, and the power of his purpose, he had risen superior, in his own estimation, to the DEITY that was LOVE!

The contradistinction between him who rebelled, and those who remained obedient to the laws of their being, was, that angels could *feel*, while he who had sacrificed to ambition the angelic purity of his nature, also sacrificed the bond of union which unites men, angels and God—LOVE! And men, even thus, sever themselves from the unity intended in their creation. All sin involves self above other considerations, which have equal demands upon attention by the laws of obedience and creation. “Love thy neighbor as thyself” is a command as strongly inculcated in the precepts of Him who “came to save the world,” as to “fear God and keep His commandments.” “Love thy neighbor as thyself” is an imperative counsel from the “GREAT I AM,” as “thou shalt not steal,” or any of the commands delivered by God to Moses. Who doubts that Jesus' instruction to mankind was as much inspired as any delivered by the patriarchs and prophets of old? And yet, even the civil law provides for the observance of the one “under the pains and penalties made and provided,” while even Christians violate the other with glory rather than shame! Ah! the world are still Jews! They still look for a Messiah to come, instead of receiving the testament which He has given them sealed by His own blood! They respect the law of Moses—(is it for fear of the pains and penalties?)—but trample the gospel of Jesus under their feet!

“LOVE ONE ANOTHER!”—and if ye do not this, call not yourselves disciples of the blessed Master who taught the divine truth. To “love one another” is not merely to care for the brethren united under one roof, or held together by one code of government. “Love one another,” Greek and Gentile, as well as Jew. And Truth, with this law constituting the

very essence of his nature, had sought the earth, and now was wending his way to sectarian New England. Not that New England is more strongly imbued with the spirit of sectarianism, than other portions of America—perhaps it is less so—but there was his first induction in America to the spirit which caused an angel to rebel—selfish exaltation.

In his own estimation, every man is right in his religious views and observances; and by the same logic every one who differs from him is wrong; and they treat the error of their brother, not in the spirit of love and forbearance, but with denunciation, sometimes bitter and violent, and almost ever wanting in the spirit which the Great Teacher taught, of humility and charity. And wheresoever you may meet the more bitter, unkind and harsh condemnation of another's faith, or views, you may with justice charge the source from whence it emanates as wanting in the first principles which Jesus taught. In the great essentials of goodness and religion men agree, but stop and differ about ceremonies, forms and expression. Man is not so far from his brother man as he himself believes. If he would sometimes crawl out of his shell of self-conceit, (although, like the snail, he might still be necessitated to carry it upon his back for fear of losing it!) yet he would find his neighbor a brother man, and not so far from himself as his blindness in his shell had conceived. They all profess to "fear God and keep His commandments," but you have found a man directly inspired when you find one who *does* "love himself!"

The letters which Truth bore from his *titled* patron, were received with all consideration and attention by those to whom they were addressed. The letters procured him the patronage and esteem that his merit might have sought in vain. His wants were liberally supplied. His trunk and watch were restored to him. But with all this kindness, he was sad. There was still something wanting. Confined to earth as he was, his heart yearned for that sympathy with which Heaven and earth are allied. Is love a flower which but once blossoms in an earthly pilgrimage? or will it again bloom upon another soil, nurtured by the same kindly care? He visited each place worthy of a stranger's attention, contrasting in his own mind the different tastes and prejudices which swayed the inhabitants of countries but slightly separated, and constantly commingling. In America, in New England, as well as elsewhere, he found his mission rendered futile by the prejudices of education and association.

Men cannot learn truth when they already know *more* than the GREAT TRUTH! The evil is, the world knows too much, rather than too little. They have learned, like the rebel angel, to be above the fetters of feeling. The head in the nineteenth century is cultivated at the expense of the heart. The reason is cultivated with every appliance of aid, while the feelings are cramped, shaded, killed. Worldly wisdom will tell us in reply, that reason is given to regulate our passions and affections—that it is the distinguishing trait of man above the animal creation. True: reason was bestowed to *regulate* our sympathies and appetites and emotions; to give the blind instincts eyes—not to kill them. The gardener trains and *prunes* his luxuriant vines and shrubs—does not cut them up, because he *knows* how to prevent their running to wild waste by beginning their destruction at the root.

Truth had been in New England for several weeks, and with his friends had visited most of the churches distinguished for the ability displayed in their pulpits. That he never was surprised at the manner which the peace-

ful messages of Christ assumed in some of them, would be useless to deny.

"Why," said he to his friend, as they were returning from hearing a popular and favorite author, "was that man teaching faith and duty? He inculcated any thing but love and charity, and the people turned their eyes to each other as if they approved his tirade of abuse. Has mankind strayed so far from the first precept taught by Him they worship, that they are pleased when others are harshly and bitterly denounced."

"To be sure," replied his friend, "we do not approve of all that Mr. — sometimes says. He is what we call a strong preacher—he draws large audiences—creates an excitement, and turns the attention of the multitude to the consideration of these things."

"And do you seek to do good," replied Truth, sadly, "by means which you condemn? Does hatred and unkindness beget love? Can the clear waters of peace flow from the turbid pools of contention?"

"But," interrupted his friend, "did not Christ denounce the Jews?"

"Did he instruct his apostles to do so?" responded Truth.

And the conversation was discontinued.

As Truth began to understand the spirit which surrounded him, he found that to receive public favor it was necessary that every man should do something which would earn money. And his patron, working hard each day in his counting-room, seemed a reproach to his idleness, and he made inquiry in what manner he could avail himself of his knowledge and capability to earn "his bread," like the descendants of earth's first son, "by the sweat of his brow."

His friend promised due inquiry, and the result of his mission was, that Truth was engaged to edit a newspaper, "devoted to the improvement of our social condition."

[NOTE. To make a variety, we are obliged to give Truth piecemeal, and sometimes in very small pieces. But if we, in this number, carry him through his editorial duties, it will occupy more space than can be spared from other correspondents.]

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Tired with the dull monotony of every-day life, its varied cares, and its unsatisfying joys, I wandered forth to spend a few moments by *my mother's grave*. It was a beautiful autumnal eve. The sun had made his exit, but his golden mantle still floated in the west. The pale empress of night had just emerged from her eastern home, and commenced her nocturnal march through the boundless, trackless ether. All nature looked lovely, and yet to me it wore a melancholy aspect. The beautiful flowers of summer had faded and gone. The green carpet of earth had passed away, and the music of the evening breeze, as it sighed mournfully through the leafless trees of the forest, united with the low murmurings of distant waters, all conspired to make me sad and lonely. I sat me down by the side of my mother's grave, hoping that the holy influences of that sacred spot would calm the troubled waters within, and restore to my mind that peace and joy for which I sighed.

Nor was I disappointed. I felt that the spirit of my sainted mother still hovered near me. I fancied I could hear the music of her sweet voice, and see her smile upon me, as she was wont to do in the sunny hours of my childhood, ere I was fated to write myself an orphan. I thought, too, of her dying council, and took courage. "I commend you," said she, "to that BEING who has promised to be the orphan's FATHER. Go to HIM at all times, and in all circumstances, as to an earthly friend. Are you tried and tempted? HE will pity and comfort you. Are you prosperous and happy? Fail not to return thanks to HIM who giveth you all those blessings which you so richly enjoy; and, finally, cast all your care upon HIM, for HE careth for you. Should you do right, you will doubtless find many friends; but ever remember, that love, disinterested love, must be the ruling principle of your life." She paused, and taking from her pillow a small Bible, presented it to me, bidding me make it the man of my counsel, and the guide of my youth. Then, commending me renewedly to my heavenly FATHER, her happy spirit winged its way to the bosom of its God. Kind friend! perhaps you too now mourn the loss of some loved one, who sleeps beneath the cold sod of the valley: go, then, and commune with the spirit of the dear departed one, and take courage.

E. W. J.

THE WIFE.

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

It was a freezing cold night in Dec., 1838, that the young wife seated herself beside the dying embers of her cheerless hearth. Her face, deeply marked by care and grief, was deadly pale. She wrung her hands in agony, as she glanced around her cheerless room, which bespoke poverty and wretchedness; all was drear and desolate in the dimly lighted apartment, but it was not this that brought anguish to the mother's heart, and caused her cheek to pale. Death had laid his icy hand upon her first-born, and snapped in twain the silver cord of life. She had closed its eyes, and folded its little hands to rest; and when her task of love was done, she sat herself down to wait the return of her husband, who, though an outcast from society, and degraded by his own folly, she still clung to with untiring devotion.

Hour after hour passed, yet he came not. The bereaved mother rose from her seat, and uncovering the dead, gazed long on the cherub face of her babe. A smile still lingered on its sweet features, and the long silken lashes fell lightly over the upturned eye, revealing its heavenly blue. The little dimpled hands lay folded on its peaceful breast, from which the spirit had winged its way, far beyond the bright blue skies to its native home. She kneeled beside the little one, and breathed forth a prayer to the Giver of all good, to strengthen her in this trying hour, and pour the rich balm of consolation into her wounded bosom. But O! more earnestly she prayed for her wretched, erring husband, that he might return to the path of rectitude, and find that peace which passeth knowledge. In

the fervor of supplication, her own misery was forgotten ; the howlings of the storm without were unheeded ; of him alone she thought ; the being that had brought her to shame and degradation, that had heaped reproaches and curses upon her.

She arose from her knees, and approached the window ; the storm still raged in unabated fury, and the wild whistling winds, as they swept through the leafless branches of the old elm before the door, seemed in unison with the conflicting emotions in her own bosom. She listened till the distant bacchanalian shout, warned her that the revellers were returning to their homes ; the sound drew nearer and nearer, and a well-known step was at the door. She hastened to admit her husband. The unsteady step, and wild expression of his eye, made the young wife shrink instinctively back.

"What," he cried, seizing her rudely by the arm, and shaking her with violence, "has it come to this ? next, you will be learning your brat to shun me also." She endeavored to free herself from his grasp, and pointing to the bed, almost inaudibly articulated "Our child !"

"Curse you and *the* child !" he exclaimed, maddened by her attempt to escape, "I'll teach you better things," and dragging her to the bedside, he seized the child, but started back, appalled at the death chill that met his grasp. A loud laugh burst from the lips of his wife, and fell on the startled ear of the now sobered man. Words are inadequate to express the anguish and remorse of the wretched husband during that dreadful night, over the ruin he had caused in the sanctuary of his home. He had dethroned, with his own hand, his household gods ; and crushed with cruelty the flowers that had bloomed to make him happy. Amid the gnawing remorse of his conscience, he exclaimed, like one of old, "My punishment is greater than I can bear." With the earliest dawn of morning, he rushed from the presence of his maniac wife, and lifeless babe, to drown in the intoxicating bowl, the reproaches of the inward monitor. Miserable man ! didst thou think to take coals of fire in thy bosom, and not be burned, or walk upon hot coals, and thy feet not be scorched !

Isabella Christy had left her early home but three short years previous, the happy bride of Frederick Preston, to share with him, to whom the wealth of her young heart had been given, the checkered scenes of life. Like hundreds of others, scattered over the length and breadth of our land, she had wedded with every prospect of domestic happiness. And, for a while, not a wish was left ungratified. Frederick was the kindest of husbands. But gradually and almost imperceptibly, a change came over him. He grew morose and unkind ; his wife and child were neglected ; article after article of furniture disappeared under the ruthless sweep of Intemperance, and poverty, cold and cheerless, stared the young wife in the face. Fallen and degraded as the once gifted and noble Frederick Preston had become, his abused and neglected wife never thought of leaving him, although she knew that the warm arms of love would be ready to welcome her back to the home of her infancy. Not a word, not even a murmur escaped her lips, to tell, to her distant friends, the tale of her husband's shame and degradation ; her letters she could not divest of the deep sadness that preyed upon her heart, but they breathed throughout, an earnest and untiring affection for the father of her babe.

Although she was silent respecting the cold penury and want, mingled with abuse, that she endured for his sake, rumor, ever on the alert, sped

to her paternal home; and her situation, too miserable to need exaggeration, was but too truly depicted. Her aged father, bowed down by grief at this intelligence, started in quest of his child, that, if possible, he might bring her back, like the wearied dove, to the ark of rest and peace. With difficulty, he succeeded in tracing her to the miserable dwelling they occupied in the outskirts of the city. A funeral train was at the door; and here and there an assembled group were speaking of the event that called them together. The old man pressed forward with sad forebodings as to his daughter's fate. Perhaps she was dead, and they were assembled to bear her to her last long home. The thought was agony, and with trembling steps he entered the abode of misery. A few friends were there, drawn together by the common ties of humanity, to pay the last sad tribute to the dead, and comfort the *one* lone mourner; but their sympathy could not reach her soul, or call forth a tear from her eye. Her heart seemed turned to stone within her, and like a statue, she gazed vacantly on the little coffin that contained the remains of her babe. She followed it mechanically to the grave, and saw it consigned to its mother earth, without a sigh. Extreme misery had deadened every feeling, and she viewed, with utter indifference, the preparation for her removal home; and when the hour arrived for her departure, she went forth passive as a child.

Six months had elapsed, yet reason had not resumed her throne. It had been hoped that change of scenery and early associations would break the spell that was woven around her. But in vain. Grief had done its worst, and she moved like a spectre amid the living. Her form grew more light and airy, and her cheek thin and pale. Sorrow was unbinding the vital cords, and hurrying her to the dim and shadowy tomb. During this period of agony to her parents, not a word escaped her lips, save, "Poor, poor Frederick!" It was a beautiful morning in June; the soft summer air, loaded with the sweet perfume of flowers, stole into the sick room, and kissed the pale cheek of the sufferer. The hum of bird and bee mingled in sweet melody, to woo away the weary spirit from earth.

"Father, mother," murmured the dying woman, in a low, sweet voice. They drew near, and with yearning hearts, bent over their child. Reason had returned, as life flickered in its socket, ere it went out forever. "Mother," she murmured again, "I have had such wild and fearful dreams. I thought a fiend snatched my little Adelaide from me, and bore her away. They said it was Frederick; but I would not believe them, though it looked strangely like him. And, O! I have seen a bright, beautiful land! There the birds with golden plumage sung so sweetly, and the flowers bloomed all around; little Adelaide was there, clothed in radiant white, with a halo of glory encircling her snowy brow; and she beckoned me away to that blest world, and called 'Mother, dear mother, come away.' And Frederick, poor Frederick! O, I have had such a wild and fearful dream of him, as made my heart grow sick, and set my brain on fire; but he came to me at last, and smiled as he used to do, and I was happy again."

While she was yet speaking, a carriage drove rapidly to the door, and Frederick Preston alighted. He stood at the bed-side of his dying wife. With a cry of joy, she threw her arms around his neck, and feebly pressed her lips to his. It was the seal of reconciliation, and with it the spirit passed away from earth. The repentant husband pressed to his bosom the inanimate form of his wife. He had heard of her illness, and deeply reproaching himself as the cause, he hastened to her, that he might re-

ceive forgiveness for the wrong done to her, and, if possible, save a life, now dearer to him than his own. But, as we have said, he came too late. Grief and disease had rapidly done their work, and it needed only the shock of his abrupt arrival to loose the cords of life, and set the sufferer free.

O, who shall tell the bitterness of heart caused by wrong done to a fellow being, when, turn whichever way we will, we see no door open for reparation, though we would make it with our heart's best blood. When the grave has closed over the injured one, shutting out the sweet face and gentle tones, that have so often thrilled the heart, now so crushed by remorse, that repentance, though steeped in prayers and tears, cannot assuage it. So it was with the conscience-stricken husband, while bending over the lifeless form of his deeply injured wife. But it might not be. He had filled the cup with bitterness and gall, and conveyed it slowly but surely to his lips to drink. He knelt, with one cold hand clasped in his, in the still chamber of death, in the presence of those he had most injured, and called upon God for strength to pass through the fiery ordeal, and come forth a better man. By the affections he had crushed, the hearts made desolate, and his own intense suffering, he pledged himself to abstain from the poisoned chalice. The vow thus made, was borne on angels' wings to heaven, and registered in shining characters there. From that moment, Mr. Preston was an altered man. The lesson he had learned, was purchased at too dear a price to be easily forgotten. He now labors untiringly in the great work of love, that has raised so many from shame and degradation, and which still marches onward to the rescue, and will, till the last deluded wanderer is restored.

J. L. B.

H O M E .

I DREAM of home, and much rejoice,
For then I hear my father's voice
Ascend again in prayer;
I see again my mother's face,
Return each sister's kind embrace,
And meet a brother there.

And then I wake alone, alone,
And hear no kind familiar tone,
Nor form of kindred see;
They vanish all with that sweet dream,
For hills and vales now lie between
My distant home and me.

And Autumn winds shall cease to wail
Among the groves of that fair vale
Where rolls the Chicopee;
And Winter stern, all pale and cold,
About the earth his robe shall fold,
Ere I my home shall see.

But when shall come the vernal queen,
With floral crown and mantle green,
To bid rude Winter flee,
Then all my weary exile o'er,
I'll seek with joy my home, where roar
The falls of Chicopee.

A. M. S.

THE FORSAKEN.

I'm like a withered bough
Torn from its parent tree ;
Where are those blissful visions now
That once deluded me ?
Alas ! are they all dead ?
All either dead or flown—
My fondest hopes lie withered,
And I am left alone.

And who hath stole my flowers,
And strewed with thorns my way ?
Who hath despoiled my sunny bowers,
And made their sweets decay ?
'Twas either man or fiend—
Which I can hardly tell—
But my whole soul upon him leaned,
I loved him passing well.

He came in virtue's guise,
To win my youthful heart ;
And I beheld, with trusting eyes,
Only the fairest part.
All of a darker hue
Was with a mask concealed ;
Semblance he seemed of honor true,
The rest was unrevealed.

And, when I found his heart
With grief was darkened o'er,
In all woes I bore a part,
And loved him still the more.
Had he been banished
To India's farthest clime,
E'en there I would have followed,
To spend my youthful prime.

Such was my love for one
Who hath requited me
By leaving me thus sadly lone
To mourn his perfidy.
My babes—my hapless ones—
With strangers doomed to dwell ;
The very ones he hath undone
He should have guarded well.

They tell me that his smiles
Are all another's now ;
Too well I know those artful wiles,
That fair deceitful brow.
But tell her to *beware* !
His fickle heart may change,
And leave her then a prey to care,
This heartless world to range.

MINERVA.

THE GOLD-ENSLAVED.

A MAN lived in a quiet cottage in a valley. Merry children were gathered around him. They gamboled with the squirrel and lamb, and sang with the lark and the robin. At evening they climbed their father's knee, and told him of the pastimes of the day, ere their gentle mother gave her good-night kiss, and sang them to sleep with a zephyr-like lullaby.

The man labored at seed time, and gathered the rich fruits of the earth in their season. But his spirit grew restless within him. One night as he lay sleepless and tossing on his bed, the moon poured a sheet of golden light through the casement, and bright in the radiance stood an angel.

"What aileth thee, O man !" he said, "that when all creation lieth in sweet repose, thou disturbest the quiet of midnight with thy sighing."

"Behold me !" replied the man ; "I labor for bread from the first peep of the rising sun, till he sets behind the hills at the west ;—and thus must my children after me. We live, but for what ? To toil—to sweat—and then—to die ! On yonder eminence rises the mansion of a more favored one. I gaze upon it daily from my low cottage door. His every wish is gratified almost without exertion ; and his children rise to happiness and honor, because—he has *gold* ! Give me also this, and I shall be at peace."

A shadow passed over the countenance of the angel, like a summer-cloud crossing the sun. He spoke with mild severity.

"Hath not HE who determined thy lot, done all things well? Thou hast not wished wisely, yet shall thy desire be granted. May it not prove a curse to thy soul! Follow me!"

They went forth, the man and the angel, into the clear calm moonlight. They paused at a sequestered nook in the valley, where an aged yew drooped its branches, and a rivulet trickled softly over the yellow sand, as if it wept. At the bidding of the angel, the man pressed his foot upon the earth, which rang at his tread. The soil seemed to part, and immense masses of gleaming ore appeared;—an abyss of wealth, stretching far down beyond his sight.

"Behold!" said the angel, "the treasures of the earth are before thee! but beware! Venture not too far into this dazzling cave. There are fiends here concealed, in whose horrid snares, if thou art once enthralled, thou mayest never hope to escape!" And he departed.

Day after day, year after year, the man haunted the cave of gold. At length his coffers overflowed. He destroyed his cottage home, and in its place a stately palace arose. But the frolicksome caresses of his children had no longer any charm for him; and they grew up in idleness and dissipation. His peaceful wife pined in silence, like a forsaken dove.

His spirit was more restless and gloomy than before; for it was now in fearful bondage. Heedless of the angel's warning, he had descended deep into the glittering pit, and the fiends had bound him with chains of his own beloved gold, whose links were riveted to his heart's core. And wherever he went, they would surely draw their victim back to their den. He heard no more the carol of the birds at morn or eve; but one sound was musical to his ear; it was the clank of his own fetters. His clear eye was never raised to greet the sun in its glory; his sun was within the earth. And ever, ever he went with a bowed head, and a downward, sordid gaze; with but one thought in his heart, and but one word on his tongue, and that was "Gold! gold!"

Have ye ever seen *the man*?

ROTHA.

EDITORIAL.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE. We hope our readers will not weary of the continuation of this tale, for any thing so good can hardly be too long. Extending, as it does, through many numbers, the story might lose its interest; but as each chapter usually illustrates some distinct truth, or opinion, these detached portions possess an intrinsic value, and depend not upon their connection with each other for their interest with the reader.

But we would embrace the opportunity which our editorial corner affords, to make a few remarks upon the present chapter.

It seems that what struck Truth most forcibly in America, and particularly in New England, was sectarianism; and still more especially—judging from the long prologue—*cold intellectualism*. The head cultivated at the expense of the heart—the reason made of paramount importance, and superior to the feelings. Now if this is *truth*, we think we have cause to be proud of it—that it is just as it should be—that the moral as well as intellectual laws of our being are rightly regarded.

Reason was given us to *RULE*, and to *bless in ruling*. She should be the sovereign, and the feelings (like the old adage with regard to fire) may be good servants, though bad masters. If we hear more said about cultivating the reason, and restraining the feelings, it is because so much more is necessary. The feelings—the sensibilities—like the instincts to which they are so nearly allied, are more perfect in themselves. They spring up within our brains—as *Minerva* sprang from that of *Juno*—mature, strong, and armed for a conflict with us. We are to gird ourselves for the fight, and reason, which is to be our strongest auxiliary, is given us, like a feeble infant which we are to cherish, nurse, and preserve through the trials and dangers which she must encounter. Guard her well—let her be queen, and we can but be happy under her sway. Yet let not the feelings be crushed or assassinated—at her mild mandates they may come and go as messengers of light—her chains they may wear as roseate garlands; and even the passions, like strong men before their radiant sovereign, will wear their manacles as honorable badges of loyalty. Let them all be cherished, for the most noble characters are those wrought from strong passions and ardent feelings, by a determined will and strong intellect, even as the polished steel is wrought from the iron ore.

Characters, formed by the elevation of the reason above fierce passions, may be compared to the verdant crusts of burning mountains. There are rich pastures and smiling villages—the cattle feed among the green grass, and the glad streamlets leap downward to the valleys. True, the volcano may sometimes shake the mount, and send upward streams of fire; but better these, as an occasional evil, than the ever-burning mountain whose sides are always hot with streaming lava.

It is no light thing to sneer at reason, or at intellect; and did He, who has been presented as a model to us, by Truth—did He resign himself to the cultivation of the feelings? the enjoyment of the social affections? Did not He leave His home, and wander in solitude “by Galilee’s lake shore?” Did not He say to His mother, “Woman, what have I to do with thee?” and to His kindred, “he that doeth the will of my FATHER, who is in Heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother?” Do we read that His was ever the pleasant jest, or merry laugh? Do we know that He ever yearned for the caresses or endearments of His friends? Then let not Him be brought before us, by those who would have a precedent for exalting the social feelings above all else that is in man.

It would be no light thing to dethrone reason—to make her, who should be our mistress, our slave—for as such she must soon perish. What guaranty have we that our feelings, our sentiments, our passions and instincts, will guide us aright? None—and is there a more melancholy sight than “the shipwreck of the mind?” In the words of our beautiful child poetess—

“There is a something we should dread,
 “It is a dark and fearful thing,
 “It steals along with withering tread,
 “Or sweeps on wild destructive wing.
 “It comes upon us in the hour
 “Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;
 “’Tis not the dread of death—’tis more—
 “It is the dread of *madness*.”

Cold may be the light of reason, and frigid as mechanism may be her hand, but that light alone can be our unerring beacon, and that hand alone should hold the helm, as we pass over the dark tempestuous sea of life. H. F.

NOTE. We trust that our friend, the author of “*Truth’s Pilgrimage*,” will excuse this public expression of sentiments suggested by herself. We know that she will, for she is tolerant and charitable. The editorial, intended for this number, was too long for the space reserved for it, and so we penned for our readers these few remarks.

LOWELL OFFERING.

MARCH, 1845.

A COUNTRY WEDDING.

It was spring—yes, in the sweet leaf-growing, bud-swelling, flower-bursting and heart-cheering month of May, that the wedding took place of which I am about to relate. Now who will say that they did not select the sweetest season of the year to celebrate the nuptial ceremony? In this choice portion of the year Nature looks forth with a smile of renovated gladness. The orchard is in the full flush of blossoming; the peach and plum are beginning to swell among the green branches; the lilac lends a fragrant charm to the scene; “the rains are over and gone, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.”

The day, which they had set apart for the consummation of their wishes—the happiest of all happy days—dawned with unusual splendor. The bright goddess of morning looked forth with sunny eyes upon a wide world of vernal beauty. The little feathery vocalists—those ministers of soul-stirring melody—were wheeling about upon the joyful pinion to make the salubrious air rife with song and sensibility. But a minute description here is unnecessary, so I will leave you, my good reader, to fancy yourself out in the country on a May morning, and you will have a definite idea on this point. The residence of Farmer Simkins, our host, was one of those respectable, yet unpretending, mouse-colored houses which peep up, ensconced among the green hills of New Hampshire, as if to greet the weary traveller's eye with a feeling of “home.”

Campbell's wizard told Lochiel that “coming events cast their shadows before,” and this is emphatically true in the case of a country wedding. The domicile, which I have partially described, had for days and weeks been in a continuous flutter and din of preparation. It is a familiar remark, “if parents can give their daughters nothing else, they will most surely give them a magnificent wedding.” While these preparations were “being enacted” the hen-roost was rifed of its occupants; the fatted calf was killed; the proudest turkey of a well-fed family slain without ceremony; and even the monarch of the goosepen was seized and decapitated without a court of justice, or any higher tribunal than the mercenary demands of a country wedding.

The house, too, had undergone a thorough revolution in point of comeliness, from garret to cellar. Old clothes, worn-out baskets, broken chairs, and all things of kindred worth, had been carried out and thrown promiscuously upon one funeral pile, and there consumed. The huge fireplaces were filled to the brim with pine boughs, which were ornamented with white paper cut round, and about the size of a silver dollar, and stuck on with cobbler's wax, which gave them the appearance of white rose-bushes in June. Beds were all made up about six feet high, and the sand swept zigzag upon the newly scoured floors with geometrical precision. The pantry shelves now groaned beneath their burden of good things cooked for the approaching festival. I should be unwilling to enumerate all that had been done: suffice it to say, every thing was set in pin-point trim for an old-fashioned wedding.

When we arrived at the place of matrimonial rendezvous we were delighted to find the guests all upon the spot, and in a high flow of merriment. I believe there were about seventy present. It was an assemblage of all sorts and sizes, from the silvery-headed sire to the "infant in its nurse's arms." We insinuated ourselves into a room literally stuffed with human flesh and blood. How we all retained our own distinct existence on this occasion seems almost a wonder. We think each one must have possessed a very compact individuality of being, or some would have lost their identity in such a crowding predicament. But we are fain to inform the reader that no such calamity took place, unless indeed some one lost his heart by the magical attraction of a bright eye; but that is nothing that concerns us now. Notwithstanding the scantiness of the room, stories were told, bright speeches bandied about, and jokes cracked by the dozen; even "old orchard" was seen walking about in our midst several times. Thus passed away the time till the hour arrived when we were requested to walk into another room, where the interesting spectacle of two hearts plighting their faith at the altar of Hymen, was to be witnessed.

This apartment was much more spacious than the one we had hitherto occupied, and had three tiers of rude benches upon three sides of it, prepared for the precious occasion. Here we were all comfortably seated for the first time in the day: even "Old Toby," the colored fiddler, was requested to take a seat with the goodly company, and also his counterpart, Peter Whittaker. All will readily understand why "Toby" was there, when they recollect that dancing was in the prospective, and perhaps some would like to know why Uncle Peter, as every one called him, was there too. I should like to give you a history of the life and habits of this old patriarch, and I intend to sometime, when it is convenient, but I believe I must be running along with my story, and not keep my bride and bridegroom waiting. I will briefly state here that he was a famous song-singer, and a story-teller of the first water. Therefore he was always invited to all merry-makings, to help along the accustomed jollity, which he could do with amazing alacrity and zest.

After we had all taken our seats the minister, the late venerable John Broadhead, of Newmarket, came in and took his before the fireplace and facing the chairs purposely placed for the pair about to offer themselves upon the altar of matrimony. Next to him came the bridegroom and bride, fair specimens of the hardy and homespun yeomanry of New-England, and close upon their rear followed the bride and bridemaid in

flowing robes of white muslin. The first an exquisite brunette, that would remind the beholder of Washington Irving's "dark-eyed daughters of Andalusia, that dance among the orange groves of the Gaudelquiver," while her attendant would as readily remind us of the "lassie wi' lint white locks," whom Burns has immortalized in one of his sweetest songs. Did our bride tremble like a leaf agitated by the mischievous breeze, or a "reed shaken by the wind?" Not she! Farmers' daughters seldom manifest any hysterical symptoms, or faint-away airs, on the day of their espousals, though it is such a fiery ordeal to the weak of the weaker vessels; at least, I have never witnessed any thing of the kind among them, and I have seen a goodly number of buxom lasses married in the good old farm-houses of New-Hampshire. The good father Broadhead soon united them by the "silken fetters of Hymen," and then made an excellent prayer, fervently invoking Him who graced the marriage feast at Cana of Galilee, when the water was made wine, to register and ratify the interesting contract in the book of eternal truth, and also to preside over the marriage feast about being celebrated, &c., &c., which concluded the ceremony.

The cake, wine and cheese were now passed round, which were all of the first quality; at least, they tasted so. "What! cheese passed round at a wedding?" interrogates the fastidious reader; "I never heard of such a thing;—ho! that's a vulgar fashion." But stop, my dear friend; let me tell you that there is nothing in the world so good with champagne and wedding-cake as a bit of cream cheese. Clear cold water from the sparkling fountain has superseded the use of wine on such occasions, but whether the practice of having cheese passed round is still adhered to, I am unable to say.

Next to this luxurious refreshment to please the palate, came the presents to regale the senses in another way. It was customary in the good town of L—— for each one, that felt disposed, to carry some little knick-knack to present the bride as a memorial of friendship. We generally kept our own secret as to what the article should be, lest by telling we should lose a part of the novelty in presenting it. On this occasion some brought pin-cushions, knitting-sheaths, card-racks, fly-traps, comb-cases and sundry other things, too numerous to mention. One little good-for-nothing girl, about the size of myself, had anticipatively knit a pair of socks quite too small for any feet that can run alone, while a good knight of the waxed-end had produced a pair of boots of corresponding dimensions. After this farce in the play had been duly applauded, and passed off with a laugh which made all ring again, Uncle Peter, the notorious singer, was called upon the board to fill the interim with songs such as the company should choose to select. The first that was called for was "Sweet William," as we thought this would be appropriate for the occasion; and a very excellent song it is too, though as long as the moral law, containing about fifty verses; but who ever became weary of hearing it sung? It commences thus—

"A seaman of Plymouth, sweet William by name,
A wooing to beautiful Susan he came," &c.

Then followed "Black-eyed Susan." I forgot to tell you that the newly-made bride was "Susan by name," and this was why the Susan songs took the lead. After these the "Garden Gate," the "Yorkshire Bite," the "Lass of Richmond Hill," and "Merry Gorden," with others of like

nature : and then the wedding supper was announced, and the elder part of the company made their exit for the dining-room.

But, before carving and eating has commenced, let us take a peep at the table. At one end is one of those wonderful animals which, in the days of "auld lang syne," is reputed to have saved the capital of Rome from the invasions of the ruthless Gauls, and at the other extremity is deposited a turkey of equal size and sweeter flavor, though less classic associations. In the centre stands a pig, with a lemon in his mouth, facing the brandished carving-knife as a sentinel upon the watch-tower faces the enemy, while here and there are platters of baked veal, boiled ham, roasted chickens, potatoes, onions, pickles, &c., &c. Every interstice was filled up to the chink with preserves, jellies, jumbles, tarts, hearts and doughnuts, with plum-puddings and all sorts of pies to bring up the rear. For beverage we had tea, coffee, chocolate and cider.

The old folks gathered around the inviting dainties as though there were "no joys like the joys of the table," but we thought otherwise, and so betook ourselves back to the room where dancing was proposed, and the "tug of war" commenced in right good earnest. The room was soon cleared of the benches brought in for temporary convenience, and Toby, the fiddler, took his station at one side of the fireplace, while we were platooned upon the floor for a country dance—"Chorus Jig," of course. When we were fairly placed, Toby's elbow began to "jink and diddle," and the music and dancing started as if by the power of magic.

Some of our lads very courteously invited Uncle Peter to lead on to the head of the first dance, which he did to the satisfaction of the whole bevy, and to my infinite delight, as he happened to choose me for his partner. Music and dancing were kept up with much spirit till we were called to the supper-table to partake of the good cheer thereon. Hunger had now become quite potent with us, who had waited to be served at the second table, and when the *corps de reserve* of eatables was paraded upon the festal board, a battery of knives and forks was leveled at them with most voracious valor.

While this was taking place many of the hoary-headed sires and matrons, with the minister, took their departure, leaving us to eat, dance, sing, or play, as best suited the complexion of our taste and habits.

When we had sated the cravings of the palate, dancing was renewed with infinite zeal, and kept up alternately with songs, plays, stories and feasting, until "the stars, those holes to let the glory in," turned pale at the footsteps of day, when each one retired to his home and pallet to sleep through the long May morning, like a nightingale.

Now I have told you about one of the country weddings which I have attended, and when I have time I will tell you something about the huskings, quilting matches, paring bees, and other rustic convivialities.

M. R. G.

These sketches of olden time, or of rustic customs and manners, will be very acceptable, we think, to all of our readers. Few are so well qualified as "M. R. G." to gratify us in this respect, and therefore we hope she will not disappoint us. Let there be a long series of country sketches.—ED.

THE EARLY DOOMED.

AND must I die? The world is bright to me,
 And every thing that looks upon me, smiles.
 The moon, the rainbow, and the evening star
 Are my familiar friends: and every sound
 Of falling waters, bird or humming bee,
 Is like a brother's or a sister's voice.

The pleasant voices, that in childhood's hour
 Did blend with mine in laughter and in song,
 Have lost no note of gladness: when they sing
 The gay old burdens I have sung of yore,
 Or warble low and solemn Sabbath hymns,
 I listen, trembling, to their mellow tones
 And think they're gathering strength to sing my dirge.
 Oh! then they will be sad! Their hymn in tears
 Will be like airs that swell and die away
 Upon the wind-harp's strings, mid summer rain.
 I would not have them sad!—I grieve to think
 That they will gaze on me, pale in my shroud,
 And press their warm hands to my ghastly brow,
 Then, shrinking, whisper, "Shall we be like her?"
 Yet 'twere a blessed thing if they could learn
 Of me to die in peace. Oh! be it so!
 For them I'll meekly bear each rending pang,
 Nor longer deem it terrible to die!
 And thou, blest Angel of the Covenant, come!
 And with thy presence cheer the dreadful gloom.
 Let not faith fail me then, but bid me lean
 On thy strong arm; and make my triumph-song
 So fearless rise, that they shall all be won
 To trust the power that can sustain me thus!

I love my friends: I know they love me too!
 Oh! there are eyes that never yet met mine
 With stern, cold language; but with looks of love
 They beamed upon me even when I erred.
 Far stronger than temptation was their love.
 It lured me from my errors unto them,
 And unto Him to whom they bade me yield
 The dew and freshness of my youth.

And they

Will sometimes sorrowfully think of me.
 In the dim eve, that hour most dear to me,
 When through the leaves that o'er the casement twine,
 The moon looks in upon a silent group
 One less than she was wont to see;—perhaps
 The waving shadows half will hide a tear
 For one who loved me once: the breeze
 That gushes softly in, and then recedes,
 May bear a whispered wish, "Would she were here!"
 Sweet friends! I will be there, if souls released
 Invisibly may greet those left behind.
 And ye shall feel me with you when you thrill
 With lofty hopes of immortality;
 And pant to reach your FATHER'S dwelling-place,
 And meet a kindred ransomed in the skies.

Oh! I had thought to live for noble ends!
 My heart, my life, my all I'd offer up
 A sacrifice to Him who died for me.
 And I had just begun to feel the bliss
 Of living to do good. How precious were
 The few sweet buds of promise I had plucked
 For my best Friend;—the holy thoughts half-waked,—
 Hands won to do some gentle charity,—
 Or feet to tread the shining way of life!
 Alas! not half my work is done. How much
 I have to live for! Yet it was His work,
 And He will finish it. He does not need
 My feeble service more, but bids me come
 And rest with Him. Why should I wish to live
 In this low world, when the Good SHEPHERD calls,
 Like a stray lamb, my soul into his fold?

The fields are green; the dancing waters gleam
 In the bright sunlight; flowers of summer bloom
 And thrice-rich fragrance loads the winged breeze
 That steals to my low couch: from the deep woods
 The sweet June warblers send their merriest trills.
 And in the midst of verdure, light, and song,
 I hear a voice that calls me to go up
 And sing with angels by the stream of life!

Oh! take me quickly, Death! I fain would go
 Where I am sure that I shall never sin.
 For though I would not cherish in my heart
 A thought that might not rise unto my God
 Like dew exhaling, or the breath of flowers;—
 Yet deep in the recesses of my soul
 I've heard strange murmurs; sometimes low and soft
 As if an angel sued; but that they breathed
 Of things that angels know not,—and I grieve
 That I did ever hear them. If so soon
 My heart hath taught me evil, what might be
 The terrors years would bring me?

Oh! 'twas kind,
 Before my spirit was too deeply stained,
 To call me up to walk in robes of white
 Before the throne of Him, the SPOTLESS ONE.
 Yes, Death! come quickly! I have looked on heaven
 Till even thy face doth seem to wear its smile.
 Even as an infant, weary ere 'tis noon,
 Seeks rest upon its mother's bosom, I
 Fall quietly into thine arms, and wait
 To hear thy lulling voice say, "Sleep, my child!"

L. L.

VALENTINES. There have been several thousand Valentines distributed from the Lowell post-office this month. We are acquainted with one lady who wrote a letter to a stranger, last Valentine's day, who is this year upon the eve of marriage with him. Girls! is this an argument in their favor, or not?

Q.

THE CONFESSION;

OR, THE MURDERER'S DEATH.

A SHORT time since, while travelling through a neighboring state, in company with several others, our attention was arrested by an old farmhouse, near the road-side, by which we passed. It was built in the olden style, and its time-worn appearance served to heighten the interest with which we regarded it. Situated on a hill, it commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country; its fields of waving grain, and rich meadow land interspersed with groves of the deepest green, together with the blue hills in the distance, constituted one continual picture of rural simplicity and beauty.

"This part of the country," remarked an old gray-headed gentleman, "possesses a peculiar charm for me, probably owing to its being my native place; but this spot, in particular, has a melancholy interest attached to it, from the events that here transpired in years long since passed, and in which I was intimately concerned. If you will not deem me too bold, I will relate them to you."

"Do! do!" reiterated all present.

"Well," he resumed, "it is a sad story, but deeply fraught with this truth, that crime cannot go unpunished. In yonder old dilapidated house, sixty years since, lived Mr. Nehemiah Clifford. He was stern and unbending in character, and possessed of a morose and sullen disposition, but still there were times when the better feelings of his nature would gain the ascendancy, and kindness, like a gleam of sunshine from beneath the murky thunder-cloud, would light up his deeply marked countenance; but even the consciousness of some deep fearful guilt seemed to haunt him, making him feared, yet still loved, when the pure waters came gushing up from the heart within. With such a man, I was on terms of intimacy, or what is more, of friendship. I shared his confidence, and he often seemed on the point of divulging some dreadful secret that preyed upon his mind, but he would instantly gain the mastery over his feelings, and be the same cold stern man as before. At length these frequent outbreaks of passion undermined his naturally good constitution, and with increasing debility came increasing moroseness, till he was prostrated on a bed of sickness; his wife and children shunned him, and it was with difficulty that watchers could be obtained. At that time I was called away on business of the utmost importance to myself. I had once a brother, around whom were twined the warmest affections of my heart. He was the object of my care, and on him were centered my every thought and wish. But alas! in an evil hour he fell, and fled from me. I tried, in vain, to trace him in his wanderings. Ten slow-revolving years passed away, and I had given up all hopes of ever seeing my idolized brother again, when news reached me, that he was in the "United Provinces." I immediately started in quest of him, and on reaching "Three Rivers," to my disappointment, I learned that he had not been there for the last seven years. I spent three months in fruitless efforts to find him; and then heartsick turned for home. My first inquiry was for Clifford. I was told that he still lived, though but the wreck of his former self. In a few hours I was

on my way to his abode, and found him changed indeed; the fearful ministry of retribution had been going on, and nature was almost exhausted.

"You have come to see me die!" he exclaimed, as I entered the room. "But oh! I cannot die!" He uttered this with such soul-felt bitterness, that it brought tears to the eyes of all present. "I approached the bed, and took his thin damp hand in mine. I thought, as I did so, he recoiled from me, but it might have been the excitement under which I labored, that caused me to think thus. Be that as it may, he insisted upon my staying with him during the night. In the evening three of his neighbors came in to watch with him. My friends, you may think it weakness, but I cannot now, after sixty winters have turned these locks to snow, and nerved this heart to brave the storms of life, look back to that dreadful night without feeling the warm blood that courses through these veins, turn back freezing to its fount.

The day had been unusually warm, and, towards evening, the atmosphere assumed that hazy appearance which is the precursor of a thunder-storm. Dense black clouds succeeded, and stretched across the heavens, till all was enveloped in gloom; the winds, like some troubled spirit, moaned piteously without. All this was not lost upon Clifford. He watched, with a troubled brow, the ominous clouds, and turned restlessly upon his bed.

"'Tis well," he muttered—" 'tis well—so much like the night that the traveller came this way—*There*, did you see that?" he almost shrieked, pointing to the window. We instantly looked in that direction, but all was dark and dreary. "Don't you see him—He's coming nearer, and threatens me with his gaunt bony finger!—Oh! save me—save me!—Mercy! will that face never leave me?—There it is—gazing steadily at me with its sunken eyeless sockets—And blood—deep-red blood is on my hand!—O will it never come off!—Water, water," he called, in a lower tone, and fainted. Our united exertions recalled him to consciousness, and he still muttered incoherently of the secret that had preyed upon him for years.

The storm, which seemed to have tarried to gather new strength, now burst in unmitigated fury on the earth. Deep called unto deep, and hoarse thunders answered back again in loud and deafening roar; the lightning darted athwart the murky sky, lighting every recess of the room. It was terrible, amid the jarring discord of the raging elements, to look on Clifford. He lay like a maddened tiger, chained down by our united strength, which was barely sufficient to keep him on his bed—writhing in pain and gnawing his tongue till the blood stained his pillow. His long black hair wet, and matted with perspiration, strikingly contrasted with his pale and haggard brow. His eyeballs seemed starting from their sockets as he descried new objects of terror, that to him alone were visible.

"Oh, let me go," he cried—"Kill me—Do any thing but keep me here—Oh, I must, I will die!—No," he added, his voice sinking to a whisper, "I cannot, till I confess—Yonder spectre tells me so!"

Agitated by painful feelings we stood around the dying man, while he revealed the tale of blood.

It was on a summer evening, some years previous, while he was stopping at the village inn, that a traveller arrived on his way to ——. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and richly clad. As he was about to depart, he unguardedly drew forth a purse of massy gold, through the interstices of which gleamed the bait that lured Clifford to his

destruction. As it was getting late, Clifford offered to accompany him: the proposition was accepted. For about a mile the road lay through a dense pine forest, through which flowed the river then swollen by recent rains. As they drew near to its margin, Clifford seized his companion's horse by the rein, and ordered him to surrender; he refused to do so; whereupon he felled him to the ground, and was about to strike the fatal blow, when he was arrested by hearing his own name pronounced by the stranger, entreating him to spare his life. Finding that he was recognized, he felt it would not be safe; and thinking "Dead men tell no tales," he, while the voice still supplicating mercy was ringing in his ears, took his life, and, robbing the body, dragged it to the woods and concealed it till he despatched the horse, and then digging a grave he buried them both together in it; after which he proceeded home with his ill-gotten gain. He paused, and his face assumed a livid death-like hue, as he drew from his bosom a miniature which he had found upon the body, and held it toward me. I seized it as a faint gleam of the truth flashed upon my mind, and, O heavens! it was my own lost brother. My brain reeled, and I fell to the floor. I knew nothing further, till a low voice sobbed, "Oh, he has killed them both." I opened my eyes, and found the heart-broken wife bending over me. I looked around the room, and encountered the ghastly face of Clifford. He was dead. An expression still lingered on his features, which, I pray God, I may never witness again. The sight was too much for me, and again I swooned. Weeks elapsed ere I left my sick room, and, when at length I again went forth, it was with a feeling of utter loneliness and grief. Loneliness to think that he whom I loved best on earth was no more; and grief to think that the man I had cherished as a friend, was his murderer."

The old man ceased, and, bowing his head upon his cane, wept long and freely; while we in silence proceeded on our way, saddened at the thoughts of so much treachery and crime practised by man upon his fellow-man.

J. L. B.

THE FEAST OF LANGUAGES.

THE following dream was suggested, probably, by reading, the evening previous, Shakspeare's "Love's Labor Lost," in which occurs the sentence, "They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

Methought, Language in truth made a feast, and that I was permitted to be a spectator of the scene. Being unacquainted with the guests, Grammar, with unusual urbanity, offered to give me a history of the various persons present, with whom he was familiar. They were all assembled, and, taking our station in an obscure corner, where we could see and not be seen, he commenced. "You see that bustling lady there, who is giving the *names* of the various things around to her companions. Her name is *Noun*; and, though she is not very attractive, and rather too independent for her sex, still she is essential, and I know not how we could do without her. Indeed, such business-like characters are often necessary

even among the gentler sex. Her knowledge is extensive, and the *positions*, which she occupies in society, various. She often employs an agent, for the sake of convenience, who is generally that little urchin by her side called *Pronoun*. Though less assuming than his patron, still his disposition, character and aim in life is the same. That dark-eyed, lean gentleman at the right is *Mr. Verb*. He is a mechanic, the real producer of the community. Almost always *active*, you see he is uneasy at being idle, even these few moments."

"Is he ill-humored?" inquired I.

"Rather *moody*," he replied; "still he is interesting in his variableness—in fact he is *the* man of the community. He takes good 'note of *time*,' and acts accordingly. His disposition is somewhat modified by the influence of that lady, who is looking wistfully in his face. Her name is *Ad-verb*: she both restrains and encourages him. She softens his violence, and thus much beauty is seen in him, which is but a reflection from her. That beauty standing there, is *Miss Adjective*. She is indeed beautiful, graceful and accomplished, and possesses a peculiar tact for influencing every one with whom she associates. Sunshine is now upon her brow, but, like all beauties, she *can* look *dark* things, and express that which is unlovely. That tiny little girl by her side is her sister *Article*. Modest and unassuming she never wears a frown, but in other respects resembles her sister. That little gentleman yonder, is *Preposition*. Superficial observers think him of little consequence, but it is not so: size of body does not measure usefulness. He is constantly commending his *relations*, which makes one think lightly of his capacity; but many who make more pretensions do the same, and verily think they are elevating, instead of depressing themselves in the estimation of their auditors. Back of him stands Parson *Conjunction*. He, of course, like all of his profession, is important, because he makes 'the twain one,' and is ever an earnest advocate of close connections. That unintelligent-looking man is *Interjection*, and though the oldest of the community, he is far inferior to many in intelligence and worth. He never improves any, but goes on in 'the good old way.' He declaims loudly against all innovations, and hates the very name of reform."

When he had proceeded thus far, a side door was thrown open, and the guests invited to enter, where the feast was prepared. Grammar immediately left me, and I was permitted to gaze at their festival alone.

The first course consisted of beautiful thoughts, sublime resolutions and noble purposes, served in vessels bearing the inscription of *Washingtonianism*. The second consisted of the same elements, together with heart-stirring appeals, unflinching purposes, and a soul-elevating love of humanity, contained in beautifully wrought vessels of equal rights, bearing the motto of *Anti-slavery*. The third and last course was served in the white vessels of *Peace, Hope, Trust in God, Universal Philanthropy and Love* mingled with all else noble, holy and true. One thing astonished me: the ladies partook very sparingly of the last two courses. I was vainly striving to divine the *reason*, when lo! the bell rings, the feast vanishes; and here you have my "*stolen scraps*."

R. H.

A PEEP AT FACTORY LIFE.

THE complaint has been made, that the *Offering* always tells of "fair weather." While reading it, the thought occurred to us, that the author might wish to know something of the *fogs* and *clouds* from which this *fair weather* originated. Now, if you please, we will just step out this beautiful evening, and I think I can prove to you, that these clouds and fogs do really exist, notwithstanding the moon sails brightly along the heavens, and the stars look kindly down upon us.

First, then, as we are opposite No. 50, ——— corporation, we will just step in, and take a peep at Mary Thoughtful. And now, safely landed, though somewhat out of breath, on the third story, we will look around the room. It contains three beds, all neatly made; chairs, trunks, band-boxes, and various other articles necessary to a factory girl's "*sanctum sanctorum*." But just look across the attic, and you will see Mary herself seated at the table, holding a pen in her hand; and before her lie pencil, knife and a sheet of paper, whose very whiteness is enough to frighten every idea from the head of a philosopher. There, she has commenced writing. We will take the liberty to look over her shoulder, and read what she has traced upon the slate. "Write!—what shall I write?" And again her head drops upon her hand, and her eyes are fixed intently upon the paper. But see! her face lights up with thoughts that are struggling for utterance, and again her fingers grasp the pen and move rapidly over the paper.

But hark! some of her room-mates are coming. Already they have begun to ascend the second flight of stairs, and without much effort we shall hear what they are saying. "Well, Huldah, the '*Old Man*' has given me a pair of looms, on the outside row to-day; and he says I must keep them clean, well oiled, and not cross up the web, and then I shall get along finely." "Why, Hannah, you don't say so: there's Susan Maybell's been here a great deal longer than you, and I should think she ought to have them." "La, Mary!" exclaimed the first speaker, coming to the table and laying her hand upon her shoulder, "if you a'n't writing agin! Well, that does beat all! You don't do nothing but write, write, write." "Well, what if she don't?" exclaims Lois, as she enters the room. "Hasn't she a right to do as she has a mind to. But do, dear Mary, help me fix this hood, or I shall never get it done." While Mary is preparing to help Lois, Sarah, Jenny and Peggy come running up stairs from a shopping excursion, and various articles, fresh from the counter, are displayed. But see, a cloud is gathering on Mary's brow; and you will not wonder, if you look at the table; the ink is upset, in the hurry to see Jenny's new dress, and Mary's composition is spoiled. It seems to be getting misty here, and, if you please, we will take leave of our good friend, and call upon Mehitable Thinkhard.

You look surprised at quitting these brick-blocks, but never mind, factory girls do not always board on the corporation, and Mehitable being somewhat old-maidish, chooses to board in a *small family*. Some of the girls say it is because "she feels too grand to associate with them." But I think they are mistaken. The reason is this, she does not like the confusion of a factory boarding-house, though they are as quiet and orderly

as the nature of the case will allow, where so many board together. Well, we have arrived at — street, and *Mehitable* boards in that little neat cottage across the way. Being privileged persons, we will walk in without ringing the bell. Shall I introduce you to Mr. and Mrs. Small, and four children. *Mehitable* is writing, but it must needs require the patience of Job, the children make such a noise: there is Tommy astride the broomstick, and Johnny, Lizzy and Katy in mimic parade of the soldiers whom they saw last summer. You ask, "Why does not *Mehitable* write in her own room?" Why the secret is here. Jack Frost stole in there to-day while she was in the mill, and to-night she tried to drive him out, but he was full of his pranks. He bit her fingers and nose, and kissed her cheeks, till, in despair, she left him king of the domain, and came down stairs. You see she has two sheets of foolscap to copy to-night, and she writes with a perseverance worthy of Bruce himself. Here comes Mrs. Talkfast. Alas! *Mehitable*, your task will not be finished to-night. Already the wheels are set in motion, and the events of the day brought upon the stand and duly discussed.

"Well, Mrs. Small, did you know that Jotham Armstrong has come down from Vermont?"

"No, I did not," answered Mrs. Small. "Will he stop here?"

"Yes; and I guess you would laugh to hear Thomas talk to him: he told him that he looked real green, and he guessed he'd cut quite a dash amongst the city galls. But Jotham did not mind a word he said: you know he is rather independent." From this the conversation turns to the children. Mrs. Talkfast's baby has had the measles; Tommy, the influenza, and "Jim fell down and een jist broke his neck," and various other items of equal importance.

Where is *Mehitable* all this time? Writing? O no! she has dropped her pen in dismay. A confused mess like the following lies written before her. "Jotham—with sunny skies, and cold bleak winds—from Vermont—little did she know, poor woman, the misery to which she was exposed—influenza, measles—an ardent love for her wretched husband—" Poor *Mehitable*, good night. The clouds, and all but fair weather gathered around you truly. I meant to have taken you to Dorcas Hardscrabble's, but must defer it till another time, as it is getting late, and the doors are closed at ten o'clock.

These are some of the fogs and clouds which gather around many of the factory girls when they attempt to write, and which, sometimes, prove such obstacles as to prevent further efforts. But of the *fogs* and *clouds*, which gather around the girls in the mills, I shall not here speak. That such exist there is not a doubt, for *all* are subject to petty grievances, more or less.

J. L. B.

We hope our friend will not forget to introduce us to Dorcas Hardscrabble; and that, afterward, she will take us to the fogs and mists within the mills.

There are, as every one knows, vexations and petty trials incident to every place and occupation. Of those which are consequent upon factory life, few can know but those who have experienced them; and if these are faithfully portrayed, we think that credit will be given where it is due, and not to "Lowell lawyers."—Ed.

THE STANLEYS.

"For each may carve his destiny
For glory or for shame."

"MOTHER, dear mother; why do you look so sad, to-night?" inquired Arthur Stanley, as he seated himself by her side, and endeavored to read in her looks the deep workings of the spirit within. "Has any thing happened? Has Mr. Little-soul been here to-day?" he asked, smiling as if to chase away the tears, which, in spite of his mother's efforts, were fast emerging from their burning fountain.

"Do you mean Mr. Granger?" inquired little Anna, as she climbed upon his knee, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Yes, sis; I mean Mr. Granger."

"Well, he has been here," said the sweet girl, "and he looked cross enough to sour all the milk in mother's closet—Oh, but I forgot that we had not had any since father died—Never mind; he looked very cross, and said we must move next week, for he could find tenants enough who would pay their rent when it became due; and he said a great deal more than this too, Arthur. Mother cried all the time he was here. Now don't you think he was cruel?"

Mrs. Stanley, who had by this time partially recovered her feelings, gave Arthur a more minute account of Mr. Granger's visit, and then proceeded to consult him as to the course which they should hereafter pursue. And here we will leave them for the present, while we give the reader a brief sketch of their history.

Mrs. Stanley was the wife of a respectable mechanic, who, though not in affluent circumstances, was yet blessed with all the comforts, and not a few of the luxuries of life. He was a kind husband, an indulgent father, and a much-respected citizen; but a mysterious and All-wise Providence saw fit to remove him when his services seemed most needed in his little family. He died suddenly, leaving a wife and seven small children, hitherto dependent upon him, to the mercy of a cold-hearted world. After his decease, Mrs. Stanley endeavored to support herself by her needle; but, so small a compensation was allowed her for this service, that, in spite of her most strenuous exertions, she found herself unable to pay her rent, which her inhuman landlord exacted even to the last farthing; and scarcely six months elapsed after she was left a widow, before he ordered her out of his house, as above stated. Most women in Mrs. Stanley's circumstances, would have given up in despair; but the pure and self-denying principles, which had characterized her life in the days of prosperity, shone forth with greater brilliance now that they were called into exercise. Ever hoping for the best, she endeavored to be cheerful in her family, although the future would sometimes come up before her, and its untried realities looked strangely dark. Perhaps the hardest lesson we have to learn in this world is, that friends are not always friends. They may smile upon us in the days of our prosperity, but, when the clouds of adversity are hovering over our heads, they are nowhere to be found. Such a friend was Mr. Granger. He had stood by the bed of her dying husband, and there, in all the solemnity of that awful moment, had promised to befriend that lonely widow and her fatherless children. But how he

fulfilled that promise, the reader has already been informed. This much, however, is certain, that when their money was exhausted, and they had nothing to depend upon but the small pittance which the cold hand of charity proffered, then, in the time of their greatest necessity, he withheld from them that protection which he had so solemnly promised to bestow.

And now, kind reader, we will return to that family circle, and listen, if you please, to their conversation, that you may learn, in this way, something of their future plans and prospects.

"Well, Arthur, what success did you meet with this morning?" inquired Mrs. Stanley, as her son entered the room after a short absence. "Have you been so fortunate as to get us a tenement?"

"Yes, mother; and we may move to-morrow, if we like."

"Oh, where is it—where is it?—is it a pretty one?—and shall we have a nice parlor and a beautiful garden, like as we do here?" asked Anna, almost in one breath.

"No," answered Arthur, while his countenance saddened, almost to tears, at the remembrance of what they were to lose when they should leave their cottage home. "I have hired a tenement in the old Adams block."

"And how much room can we have?" inquired his mother.

"Oh, three rooms and an attic; but—"

"But *what*, Arthur?" asked his mother.

"Oh, nothing in particular. I was only going to remark, that it was up two flight of stairs, and I was afraid you would not be able to endure it, as it is so unlike what you have been accustomed to."

"My son, you have not forgotten, I trust, this sentence of the poet, which you love so well—

"That as our day our strength shall be."

"No, mother; nor was I thinking of my own trials, for I am young and strong; but you know that your health is poor, and if you should be sick, I don't know what would become of us."

"God will ever take care of us, my son. He, who suffers not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His notice, will never forsake me nor my fatherless children. Nay, Arthur, I feel that there is much good yet in store for us."

"Oh, mother, that is the way you always talk when in trouble. I wish I could learn the secret of being contented under all circumstances."

"You must remember, Arthur, that but fifteen years have passed over your head; but, when you shall have had experience for your school-master as long as I have, I trust you will learn what you so much desire."

"You will not move there, will you, mother?" asked Anna, who had been impatiently waiting for the above conversation to close, and who, young as she was, had not escaped the corrupting influence of pride."

"Why not, my child?" returned the mother.

"Because none but poor folks live there, and people will laugh at us if we live in such an old house."

"We doubtless know as much of poverty as any who live there, although we have not experienced it as long," returned her mother. "But Anna need not go there if she does not choose to."

"And what will you do with me?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, you may go and live with Uncle Henry. He has long wished to

adopt you into his family, and there you will not know what it is to want. Would you like to go, Anna?"

"No, mother; I don't want to leave you," she answered, her eyes filling with tears; then, quickly recovering herself, she continued, "but I shall have such fine clothes, and ride in that beautiful carriage, and so many other fine things. Oh, do let me go, mother."

I need not inform the reader that Mrs. Stanley could have no peace till she sent Anna to Uncle Henry's. But who is this gentleman, perhaps you will inquire, that takes so much more interest in Anna than in the rest of the family. I will tell you. He is a lawyer, possessing a large fortune, or, as the world would have it, he is perfectly independent. He is a brother of Mr. Stanley's, but no more like him than chalk is like cheese, if I may be allowed the expression. He has no children, but has long since taken a fancy to Anna, and wished to adopt her, to make her, as he would often say, a lady. Yet nothing would have induced Mrs. Stanley to comply with his request but actual necessity. Having therefore sent Anna where she would—to say the least—have enough of this world's goods, her next business was to move; and then came preparations for an approaching winter. Four children were to be provided for, two only being able to do any thing for their own support; and then, too, there was rent, firewood, and other things: and what was to be done? After various plans were talked over, and a long consultation had been held on the subject, they came to this conclusion: that Mrs. Stanley should take in washing, that being the most lucrative employment which she could then command; that Harriet, the oldest daughter, then about eighteen years of age, should go to the factory; while Arthur, whose services would be needed at home, should go into the store of Adams and Co., there being then a vacancy in that place.

Affairs being thus settled, our friends entered upon their several duties, with all the cheerfulness which could be expected from individuals in their circumstances; yet poverty was still their guest, sometimes obliging them to go supperless to bed; or, if perchance they had something in the name of food wherewith to satisfy the cravings of hunger, they would often be destitute of other blessings equally necessary to their comfort. In this manner passed three years of their miserable existence, without any change save for the worse, when suddenly an unforeseen event turned the scale of fortune in their favor. It so happened that the firm, by which Arthur was employed, failed, and he, being thrown upon his own resources, resolved to seek his fortune elsewhere.

"Mother," said he, when conversing with her on the subject, "I don't believe that God has made and placed us here without giving us so much as one foot of the soil which we can call our own; nor do I believe that He intended one part of His subjects should lord it over the rest; but I do believe that I have as good a right and title to some part of his heritage as any one else, and I mean to have my share. Yes, I go to seek my fortune now, and, if I come back to you, I come back a rich man. Mark these words, mother: I come back a *rich man*!"

Our young hero soon suited the action to the word, and having gathered up what few effects he could call his own, and written to his sister Harriet, who still continued in the factory, informing her of his plans, and bidding her be kind to their mother, he embarked on board a packet bound for New York.

It has often been said that it is better to have some object in view in our journey through life, even though it be but the acquisition of wealth. So thought Arthur, and so think we.

Every thing was new and strange to our young friend, and it was some time before he could feel at home in his new situation. He seated himself in the after-part of the vessel, and there watched the movements of the other passengers, himself, as he thought, unnoticed. But soon a circumstance occurred which called him forth from his retreat, and made him the honored of the day. It was this: A little child, whose bright smile and merry laugh had given zest to all the amusements of the day, advanced to the spot where Arthur sat, and incautiously climbed upon the railing, from which she was suddenly precipitated into the sea. "Save her!" "Save her!" reiterated a hundred voices at once. Quick as thought our hero plunged into the water and succeeded in reaching her just as she rose for the last time. Being an expert swimmer he was enabled to keep her above the water till a boat was sent to their rescue, when they were taken up perfectly exhausted, and restored to the vessel.

"God bless you, my child," said the father, as he approached the little girl after she had partly recovered from her fright and fatigue; "and you too, my noble-hearted boy. Tell me, how shall I reward you for this generous act?"

"The sweet consciousness of having done my duty, or rather of saving the life of that dear child, is the only boon I crave," replied Arthur, as he turned to go away.

"Here, stop and take this," returned the gentleman, as he drew from his pocket-book a five hundred dollar note. "Take this, and even then I shall feel indebted to you."

"It was vain for Arthur to refuse the entreaties of the stranger—he therefore accepted it, and modestly thanking the donor, placed it carefully in his wallet. The next morning, having arrived at the place of his destination, he wrote to his mother, informing her of his adventure, his unexpected prosperity, and then enclosed one-half of the amount, giving as a reason for retaining the rest, that he wanted it to speculate upon, reminding her, as he closed, of his determination to be rich. "Quite a good beginning," you will say, and so we think, yet Arthur had his misfortunes and drawbacks, as does every one else who has a particular object in view, and is determined to accomplish it. It matters not much to us, however, what his difficulties were, if so be that he got the better of them, which fact the sequel of the story will show.

Passing over a period of some fifteen years, we will take a peep into the little village of C——, the former residence of Arthur Stanley. It has strangely altered since we left it. Many elegant buildings have been erected, and many old ones torn down, and then too they have transplanted a great many trees from those fine gardens to the public streets and high-ways, altogether making it quite a popular place for the would-be gentle-folks, or so thought the villagers: but what care we how it looked—it is with its people we have to do.

It was at the close of a beautiful summer day, that a party of young ladies might have been seen walking leisurely along, engaged in earnest conversation.

"Maria," said the oldest of the company, "did you know that Mr. Granger's house was to be sold at auction to-morrow?"

"No, I did not," returned the young lady addressed. "But what is that for? is he going to leave the place?"

"Not that I know of," answered Sarah, the first speaker, "but he has failed, and Squire Parker says that he is several thousand dollars worse than nothing."

"Failed!—I am glad of it," said Susan Williams: "he had no business to have built such an elegant house when he had nothing to pay for it. He is now getting his pay for treating the Widow Stanley as he did when her husband died."

"Ah! I see how it is—the wicked never go unpunished."

"The Stanley family—are you acquainted with them?" inquired one of the young ladies of Susan.

"Yes, that I am; and a fine family they are too," returned she; "and what is more, they are getting along finely, but no thanks to Mr. Granger for that. They would have all been in the poor-house long ago for all his helping them. But," continued Susan, "do you know who is going to purchase his house?"

"No, I don't," answered Sarah; "but there was a fine-looking gentleman here to see it yesterday, and report says that he intends to buy it."

"But then there is no knowing by what people say. To-morrow will tell the story." And here ended the conversation of the young ladies.

Morning came; and scarcely had old Sol lifted his head above the hills which bounded his eastern home, before a large proportion of the villagers were on their way to the scene of action, or rather auction. Taking it for granted that all are familiar with auctions, and the manner in which they are conducted, we will not stop to describe the one here introduced. Suffice it to say, the stranger above alluded to became the owner of the premises; but who he was, no one knew, not having so much as learned his name or whereabouts, every thing which concerned him being shrouded in mystery. In a few days the house was furnished with a simple elegance which spoke well for the good taste of its new owner.

A month had elapsed from the time of the auction, when the stranger, much to the surprise of the villagers, wended his way to the house occupied by the Widow Stanley. The hand of poverty was still upon them, though less heavily than in former years. The reward she so richly merited, by her untiring efforts for the support of herself and family, was now about to be bestowed. The stranger was no other than her long-absent son. He had returned, as he purposed, in the possession of an ample fortune, to bestow on his mother those comforts of which she had so long been deprived. A few days saw them removed to the house which her son had purchased, enjoying those blessings to which they had long been strangers.

Now, kind reader, we are aware that this little tale has nothing to recommend it, save its truth. For Truth's sake, then, receive it, and take with it the moral which it was written to inculcate, namely, that every man is, to a great extent, the framer of his fortune.

E. W. J.

REFORM.

REFORM! reform! is the tocsin of the present era. Every thing is being mended: and almost every person is laboring to right the wrong. The sun and the moon still keep on the "old track;" but, that they have not changed their course has not been for want of *man's* exertions to bring about the final revolution of the heavens and earth. Every thing is being made better; and if we may believe those who are working to fix "the world and all things therein" right and proper, they are accomplishing their designs at about the same ratio of the frog which was at the bottom of the well, and, to gain the top, jumped up two feet every day, and fell back *three* every night.

We know that, long ago, there was a profound mathematical problem, which every country pedagogue proposed for elucidation to the brightest geniuses of his school, stating, that a frog was at the bottom of a well thirty feet deep, and that it jumped up three feet every day, and fell back two every night. The query for solution was, how many days did it require for the frog to gain the top of the well? But, as we said, that was long ago, when the depth of the proposition was not confined to its phraseology, and when God made men and women; not in these days of reform, when the tailor and mantua-maker, from broadcloth and satin, cotton and buckram, bran and whalebone, can make superior animals to those that were originally created from mere dust. Now, the same problem would read thus: An amphibious animal was at the bottom of an excavated reservoir of uncertain depth. It ascended two-five-thousand-six-hundred-eightieths of a mile during the diurnal ascension and declension of the sun, and retrograded three-five-thousand-six-hundred-eightieths of the same distance during the apparent diurnal librations of the earth's satellite. With this progression, in what period of time would the animal reach the same altitude as the surface of the reservoir? And the answer would be, forty-five million four hundred and thirty-three days, when it would arrive at the opposite extremity of the earth's surface at an equal elevation with the mouth of the reservoir, which was seven feet deep, gaining its aim *the other way* from its intentions.

The world is changing; and all who are not making it worse, are striving to amend the badness of its ways; and those, who are seeking to better it, say it is growing worse. In sooth, the wicked are but adding to its weight of sin, and the exertions of the good but render its vileness the more visible. Like the problematical animal it goes the other way, and from the *acme* of its errors seeks the altitude of its purity.

But, still the alarum of reform sounds its signal from every mountain and plain. The world is aroused—even the stupid are starting from their repose; and, if we may credit the report of each one of his fellow, every one is going the very way he should not go. Still it is better to go *the other way*, than not to go at all. To stand still, is to remain as we are; to go a little distance, each day, the right way, and a little farther the other, will, at last, carry them to the opposite extremity! Fame is the guerdon of modern effort; and to be very good, or very bad, is to be equally distinguished—the one is noted, the other notorious.

"Fudge!" says the wise man at my elbow, who has been exercising the

privilege of Wisdom to be impudent by looking over my shoulder, and reading the last page. "Fudge!" he repeats; "they begin at the other end as well as go the other way. It would require no Herculean effort for every man to reform himself; but the grand area of the present exertions is, every one is trying to reform his neighbor. To be sure, when their aim is accomplished, the work will be done, but you have well said, they are going the other way. They have forgotten one of my best sayings, that 'charity begins at home;' but when each one has corrected the other's errors, every body will be right. I wish they could see themselves as I see them."

I could not but smile at the assumed self-superiority of even Wisdom, but I ventured to ask his highness what view he took of life, men, and efforts for reform.

"Come," he replied, "I'll show you."

And I could not but think, that even the wise man might mend his manners; that a little more graciousness and humility, a little unbending from his haughty superiority, and that a slight consciousness that he too was mortal, and, perchance, teaching *his* neighbor when he might be learning himself, would not deteriorate from his excellence. While these thoughts were passing through my brain, he was hurrying me onward with the speed of thought and the force of will. At last we paused upon the brow of a mountain which overlooked a vast plain.

"What do you see?" he inquired, in his abrupt sententious manner.

"A menagerie, collected from the four quarters of the globe, turned loose," I replied.

"Look again," he continued; "observe closely, and read the mistake of human life."

I obeyed the command, but all was confusion, and I could not clearly see the moral he would have inculcated. There was a constant jostling, shoving, running, pushing, and even fighting.

"I see nothing but contention and strife—oppression on the one hand, and servility on the other," I began.

But the monitor at my side interrupted me, in a sarcastic tone, with "What," said he, "do you anticipate that wild, untamed beasts will exercise more forbearance, kindness, consideration, generosity and love than reasoning, *professing*, philanthropic men do towards each other. Among beasts, as among men, there is something for which they are contending."

I turned again to the plain, and by closer observation detected the method of contention. The lions and the sheep joined not in the strife, but from a slight eminence which arose in the centre of the plain looked down, either in pity or contempt, upon the warfare below. To gain that eminence was the effort of the multitude; but a barrier not to be scaled kept aloof all but the noble and peaceful animals to whom it was consecrated. And the matter of strife was the possession of lion and sheep skins, which were strewed over the ground—the ignoble beasts trusting that the concealment of their own forms in these skins would procure them admittance.

The tiger crouched, with a ferocious growl, over his prey, and, silently incasing himself within its folds, stalked forth, in appearance almost a lion. But the tiger's savage and cruel disposition still animated his instincts. The skin could not change his nature.—The squirrel had possessed itself of a sheepskin, and gambolled over, around and under it with mischievous

delight. But his instincts could not be changed, and he ended by gnawing it in pieces, and stowing the fragments away in his hole.—The timid deer sought not any of the ennobling possessions, and his nimble heels played merrily with the jackall, who would have thrust the lion's skin over his glossy sides. Cowardice, rather than an instinct of unworthiness, kept him from the assumption of nobility; but still his want of courage was mistaken for humility, and his sheepishness permitted him to stand next to the inclosure.—The cat stealthily assumed a sheep's skin, and might have been mistaken for the real animal, but she was not large enough to fill out her cloak of hypocrisy. It sat loosely upon her, and, being denied admittance, she turned with fury upon the faithful dog who had helped her to obtain the coveted possession with which she had thought to gain the entrance of the forbidden Eden.—I could but laugh at the quiet dignity with which a tremendous hog assumed the lion's skin and mien. There was no trepidation, no delicacy, no fastidiousness. As calmly and proud as a lion he stalked over the plain, the inferior animals making way, and he deemed the entrance secured. When he reached the gate, to complete the deception, he attempted the lion's deafening roar; but, alas! for his success, the imitated roar was nothing but a hog's *grunt* after all. But, although defeated, he retained the skin, and received the homage of those animals who would crouch at even a lion's skin.

There were a few of every class who were content with the position assigned them by Nature, and they appeared in their true characters. But the majority of every species were striving to be something else beside themselves. And the more vicious, cruel, ferocious, or cowardly they might be, the more desirous they were of concealing their propensities under the outward form of the good or noble. To conceal, not correct, that which they wished to disown, seemed the prevailing principle of action. The wolves and goats all appeared sheep, and the hogs and bears in their outside coverings were all lions.

A simple little woodchuck, seeing the success of the larger imitators, crawled under a lion's skin, and dug his hole. For awhile he strutted in his own estimation the noble animal, but his precaution in preparing his natural retreat, alone saved him from destruction. A howling wolf, coveting the possession of his little inoffensive neighbor, pounced upon him, that at his death he might gain his property by confiscation. Lost as the poor woodchuck was in the great skin, before he was bodily hurt he discovered his enemy, and, skipping into his hole, he saved his life, but lost his lion's skin.

I was lost in a reverie in contemplating the scene, but the discomfiture of the woodchuck aroused my conductor.

"Bah!" said he, "that was the representative of little great men. They think they can fill a lion's skin with nothing but a woodchuck's spirit. And thus is the present strife of reform. All are seeking to *seem*, rather than *be*. God has created as many different grades of bipeds as he has of quadrupeds; but they are all determined to exalt themselves into the places of the good or great: all want to be lions or sheep. But goats will be goats; and wolves will carry their wolfish dispositions even under sheep's garbs; and a woodchuck or rabbit never can fill a lion's skin. He who created men and animals, gave to each their vocation wherewith they should be content. And as long as men will quarrel with each other for that which belongs not to either, there will be strife and contention. And

while men are not content to be what their Creator designed them, but are actuated by the same spirit of selfishness and aggression which characterizes the brute creation, they make the world but a menagerie, and dispose themselves of the noblest qualifications of their natures, which are love and kindness."

KATE.

INTEMPERANCE AND ITS EVILS.

On the bank of a beautiful river, in a small village, in the Old Bay State, stands a very pretty cottage, partly concealed from view by thick clustering vines and shrubbery. It was once the residence of a very pretty family, consisting of the father, mother, and four lovely children. It was the chief pleasure of the father, after the fatigues of the day, to return to his pretty cottage, and spend his evenings with his amiable and accomplished wife, reading and conversing with her, and assisting her in the instruction of their children, and occasionally, when the weather was fine, he would take them to a walk, or a sail on the river; but this happiness was not to last.

Suddenly, and surely, there was a change to come, and it came. Many a fair young girl envied the happiness of Helen Grey when she became the chosen bride of George Somner, the smartest and most industrious young mechanic in the village; but they had good reason to rejoice that their prospects were not blasted like hers.

I said that a change came, and with it fled the happiness of Helen. Her fond and beloved husband found company at the tavern, that he preferred to his interesting family; and there he spent a part of each evening, listening to the silliness and profanity of the half-drunken inebriates, and sometimes drinking with them, and treating them in return.

At first he excused himself from the anxious inquiries of his wife, by saying that business detained him. Helen wondered why business was more urgent than formerly, but, as he was kind to her and the children, she forebore to question him further, not doubting his veracity, and believing him above deception. Still it would cross her mind, at times, that he was not just as he used to be, in spite of all her efforts to the contrary.

His evenings were spent away from home more frequently, and when at home he became restless and uneasy, for he felt conscious he was ruining himself, and deceiving the best of wives, and making his children beggars; yet the demon had such fast hold of him that he could not resist his temptations. He soon squandered his property, and his wife had to toil late and early to procure food enough for her starving children.

In two short years his property, with the pretty cottage, passed into the hands of strangers, and he rented a mean hovel, hardly fit to shelter them from the driving storms.

His wife survived the shock but a few months, but her last prayer was for her poor ruined husband.

But now another change takes place, far different from the first. The Washingtonians found the poor inebriate, and persuaded him to sign the pledge; and he became a useful member of their society.

With the assistance of his children he redeemed his wasted property,

pointed in obtaining his services. We then formed a contract with a Boston engraver, who wished to receive the design from ourselves. We were willing to advance an idea for it, and indeed more than one. Our first idea was to have the design allegorical. To have an *Altar of Literature*, covered with such works as Silliman's Journal, Southern Literary Messenger, Knickerbocker, Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, &c., &c., &c., with a bevy of girls bringing forward their *Offering* also, to lie upon the steps of the altar. The other idea was that embodied in the engraving. Not a "*factory girl*"—for, in truth, there is no such person as this to be the representative of a distinct class of beings, and this we wished to imply. It may seem a paradox that we should be so particular to represent a factory girl as not a factory girl, but our friends here will understand us.

We portray the New England girl—the school girl—for almost all our factory operatives are New England girls; the law requires that they must have been school girls, and the great majority are country girls. Almost every factory girl looks back to a quiet country home, similar to that represented in the picture. It should faithfully portray "*the incipient factory girl*"—the little country girl, of which our factory girls are *made*.

We sent to our engraver this design—the school girl, near her cottage home, with a bee-hive, as emblematical of industry and intelligence, and, in the background, the Yankee school-house, church and factory. We did not know but that, in the alembic of genius, the literal and allegorical ideas, which we had thrown out, might be combined in one engraving; but the artist said *no*; and informed us that the allegorical idea was almost obsolete—at all events, not so favorably received as formerly. He took the literal idea for the foundation of his design, and in due season we received the engraving. It represented a very staid nice-looking young lady, seated, with pen, ink and paper, at a very big table, covered with very big books—producing a sort of fearful impression, as though she were studying Blackstone or Black Art. The engraver said she was writing a letter home, but for this information we might reasonably have thought she was writing an essay upon astrology. The bee-hive was crowded under the table, or somewhere, but it was not the old-fashioned allegorical bee-hive, and might have passed for a stool.

We sent our friend and engraver word that there was altogether too much literary pretension in the lady. It would have done well for Miss Hannah Adams, or Mrs. Somerville, or some such lady, but not for us. He then sent our little girl standing near her cottage door, "and so on," but we wished it to be improved. Her book was up before her eyes, and we thought, if she had got her spelling-lesson, she might drop it carelessly at her side. Her hands shew no fingers, and we thought, as it seemed to be warm weather, she had better take off her mittens. Her feet looked miserably, and we suggested that a cobbler should mend her shoes.

At last we had finished our criticisms, and the engraver was at liberty to finish the work according to his fancy. His block split twice, and other unfavorable incidents retarded the picture. But it was at length sent us, as our printers stood waiting for it. We had selected a pretty verse for our motto, descriptive of the character of the New England girl; but our engraver had left no space for it. There was no time to select anew. "Go ahead!" and "Whatever is, is right," occurred to us as short and pithy sentences, and we must be limited to few words. We took up one book, and then another, but never did single sentences seem so meaningless before. We could find nothing *apropos*. At last we found the sentence placed upon our first number—"The worm on the earth may look up to the star." In its connection the sentiment expressed was *aspiration*, and this suited us. We wished to imply no mock humility—nothing like the idea that we were worms, and other people stars, but that our situations were lowly, and our aims high. We found that we were not understood by all our readers, and that, to have our selection appreciated, we must do as children do after they have made a drawing of a horse, who write under it "This is a horse." We had been too slightly acquainted with our *protege* ourselves to have contracted any violent affection for it, and therefore chose anew for the second number. The sentiment which we now wished to convey was an assurance of the truthfulness, the good faith, of the Offering. But objections have already been brought forward by our friends. We must explain with "this-is-a-horse" explicitness, and, when we find a motto that we think will suit more generally, we will change again. Any thing reasonable we are willing to do to please our readers, who, we hope, will also become our admirers—at least, admirers of *our cover*.

H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

APRIL, 1845.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

It was evening in Italy; and, over land and sea was flung that robe of softened brilliance which other suns may imitate, but can never excel. In the western sky was a clear depth of green, of the yellowish hue of Spring's tenderest buds; and, scattered over the bright expanse, were clouds of every tint, and of the richest dyes. The waves of the sea rose gently, with its undulating swell, and caught from above the mantle of light which, in its reception, impoverished not the giver.

There were busy scenes, and mirthful groups, even at that sunset hour, in many places of that fair land, but, in a humble cot, afar from any friend, sat one in solitude.

It was an emaciated figure which reclined towards the little lattice, and the countenance of the man was thin and haggard. But the large brilliant eyes were filled with intense expression, and their beauty was as if the glories of all that scene were concentrated in the impassioned orbs. No marvel were it that the dying painter looked abroad for beauty and delight, for his dwelling-place was mean and destitute. There was no soft couch, no rich tablet, no vases, no statues, and but one painting. But that one—oh, it might proudly have graced the gallery of an emperor, and should have made the fame of its artist. It represented a solitary grave overhung by drooping willows, through which the moonbeams struggled, and fell in flecks of sparkling light upon the darkened sod. A bending figure, with his face veiled in a mantle of coarse black serge, was dimly visible, and one arm was thrown sadly over the shoulders of a lovely boy. The countenance of the child was very beautiful, as he raised it towards the mantled face of his father, and met an unbroken stream of purest moonlight. But the genius of the painter was most powerfully displayed in the sky above. It was darkness, rendered visible by an opening through murky clouds into a vista of purest brilliance. Within this light was delineated most perfectly, though with unsurpassed delicacy, an aerial figure who looked down with her soft bright eyes upon the grave and mourners. In

her countenance was vividly depicted a sense of their sorrow which she might not alleviate, but no sadness of its own. It was wonderfully executed, that reflection of their suffering on the face of her who could know no more sorrow; her sense of their grief, their desolation, with not one muscle distorted by a pang of her own. It was like unto the shadow visible in the depths of bright waters, so entirely of it, and in it, yet making of it no inherent part.

Had an intruder unrolled the many huge scrolls of canvass which filled an ante-room, he would have seen, in almost every one, whatever might be its other components, a female figure of the same slight proportions, though in various attitudes, and with the same delicately traced features, whatever might be the expression they wore.

But none of them were completed—not even that last and best, still damp with the late touches of the dying man, but which seemed to be to him suggestive always of something better which was still to be done. And this was why the painter sat destitute and forsaken, with all his bright visions passing before him into the land of shadows.

He started; for a quick light footfall was heard upon the sward, and the next instant his son was beside him.

"I have been waiting long," said the father. "Is the artists' fete but just over, and who was the successful competitor?"

"I did not know that I had lingered so long," replied the boy, "until I saw that the sun was nearly down. The fete commenced at sunrise, and was over ere it reached its meridian. Then all scattered into pleasant groups, to spend the day as they might like, and I went to the studio of Montinello."

The brow of the painter grew dark, as the last words fell upon his ear, and a convulsive thrill passed through his frame. And why? Montinello was a sculptor, and the painter felt towards him that jealous rivalry which is often created in a sensitive mind by the successful efforts of a kindred mind, and which had been deepened in him by— But we will let him tell his own story, prefacing it, however, with a date for the satisfaction of our readers.

It was at that time when Art seemed dying, but was not dead in Italy; when the glories of the old masters rested, like an arch of light, upon their country's sky, but when it was not doubled by a bow of hope; when there were no master spirits in the age; but those, who felt most within them the stirrings of genius, looked back upon the past with pride, and forward to the future with fear and despondency; when there was naught in the present upon which their thoughts might rest with satisfaction; and they drew nearer to each other with a sense of their own impotence, which led them to seek strength in union.

There had been Olympiads in ancient Greece; and later there had been tests of genius—trials of the poet, painter, and sculptor in Corinth; and it was but natural that these should suggest the festival which was now held every fifth year; which was too exclusive to be national, and is not therefore historical; but which had, nevertheless, its influence upon the age. At none of the last festivals had a poet been crowned, and painting and sculpture appeared to divide very equally the honors of the competitors, and the interest of the people between them.

Where there was no commanding genius, it was but natural there should be much petty rivalry, and bitter were often the contests between the ar-

tists. There was one who had never mingled in these scenes, never shared either their honors or disgrace, but who heard, in his solitude, the names of the competitors, and acquainted himself with all their merits, and all their faults. He had hoped, at this day's festival, to have carried a triumphant evidence of the painter's skill, which for the present, at least, should have carried the palm entirely from the rival artists. But the painting was incomplete. None would have known it but a painter, and all would have admired it, but the proud artist would never let it go.

"Boy!" said he, sternly, "was Montinello crowned this day?"

"No one was crowned. The jealousies were so strong, the candidates for the prize so nearly equal in their merit, that no crown was given; but the statue of Montinello was more admired than aught else. If the painters had been more kindly tempered, I think he would have received the wreath at the festival."

Again the painter's brow grew dark. With hands trembling from weakness and agitation, he raised a huge portfolio. "Boy," said he, "I have noticed this day, that almost all your drawings have been delineations of the human form; and to-day you have followed in the train of Montinello. You were not born to be a sculptor!"

"You have let me do as I pleased, and so I have always done what was easiest."

"And you delight more in tracing sketches like these than in more complicated drawings?" returned the painter.

"I can learn to do any thing, if you will but teach me," replied the boy.

"I have done wrong in leaving you so entirely to yourself," said his father again; "and now it is too late; but, hear me:

"I believe that when I was a child I was thought to see nothing, to hear nothing, and to know nothing, but those, who believed this, were sadly deceived in me. It is true that I was a stranger to the outward earth. But, oh, there was a beautiful world within me. I have vainly endeavored, in my later life, to portray some of the bright visions which then haunted me. I never looked upon the material creation as others gaze upon it. If my eyes wandered over a landscape its striking beauties were as a slight scaffolding upon which I built a far more beautiful scene. If my glance fell upon a beautiful face, or elegant form, it was as a magic spell, and beings of surpassing loveliness danced together in groups before me.

"My early life was spent in a sequestered vale, farther than this from those cities which are the receptacles of riches, elegance, and artistic treasures. There was a peasant girl in that vale, who was the only being in whom were realized my ideas of feminine gentleness and beauty. She was the only one to whom I dared confide my hopes, my thoughts, and my visionary joys. While all around her believed that I was a fool or maniac, she looked up to me, as to a being formed for some high destiny. Dearly as I loved her, there was that I loved better. I had heard, in my seclusion, of those masterpieces of art, which bring the stranger from many distant lands to our bright clime. I left my native vale, and wandered afar to splendid cities. My eyes drank in their beauty, but were never satiated. I was pleased with what I saw, but never overwhelmed with joy; for had I not seen, ere this, the shadows of beauties far exceeding these? I went back to my native vale, and there I saw again the only mortal being towards whom my thoughts had ever turned. In communion with her I travelled the journeys once again, but I yearned to see those

treasures which had been rifled from us, and carried to distant lands. I left my native vale again, and wandered, friendless and alone, over mountains and seas. I was too poor, too humble, to attract the notice of the despot's minions, or those of the robber, so I travelled, unimpeded, till I had seen them all. Then I returned to my home again—to her who was its only attraction.

"We were both poor, both friendless, and both destitute of the abilities requisite to obtain a competence. But we must both live or die. If we lived, why not enjoy life together? and thus more than double its bliss; or, if we died, why not die together? and thus deprive death of its bitterest sting. We were married; and life to me was now a brighter dream than it had ever been before. For fame I now lived, and for this *she* lived in me. But in vain I endeavored to realize upon canvass the beauties which glowed before me by night and by day—the pictures, painted in hues of unearthly brightness upon the chambers of my soul. I studied the rules of my art, and then again I tried; but the hand was not equal to the head: in execution my paintings were all so far below the conception that I destroyed them in disgust. There were a very few allowed to see them, who professed to admire them; but how I despised their praises. There was one who never approved—who sat by me, and listened to my glowing description, until she too could see that of which the picture was but the rough draughting. Then she stimulated me with hopes of better success, and, inspired by her, I tried again to embody my dreams.

"After we had wandered from my native vale, my name was never disclosed to any with whom I might reside. I was resolved that it should never be revealed until encircled by the halo of fame. My efforts were becoming more successful. I was most sanguine in my hopes, when my spirit was crushed by an unexpected blow. Your mother was taken from me, and our two youngest babes were buried in her grave. They died of neglect, of want, of hunger and thirst. I had never supplied them with the common comforts of life. While she had strength she had found all. How, I know not; but by exertions which killed her, and which I had never known. As long as food was laid regularly before me, and a couch awaited me at night, I never thought of any want of theirs. It was because she concealed it from me; but I should have thought of her, provided for her, and thus I might have saved her. Those, who sympathized with the dreamy aspirant for fame—the proud unknown, who hoped to give one more name to those which already "light our history's blazoned line," or it may be those who pitied the wife of a half-crazed painter, sent us anonymous donations, and I never considered that these might not be sufficient for our support. But she died happy—hopeful for me, and the glorious name I should yet confer upon my child, and forgiving of all my errors—no, not forgiving—for she would never allow that there was aught to forgive. Then for years I was a constant mourner over her grave; and after that, for your sake, my boy, and for her memory, I roused myself again. Of my efforts, my disappointments, and then my hopes, you have known.

"I had dreamed wildly of to-day, but I was doomed to a last disappointment, and now I am ready to die. With you I leave the secret of our name. It is in your power to make it a glorious one. But oh, my boy, let it be enrolled with those who have emblazoned my beloved art; let it be as the noble painter—the Italian, worthy of Italy, the home of beauty.

Five years from to-day there will be another festival, another trial of the artists. Let there be a painting worthy of the day, of Italy, and of us. I shall be dead; but with me shall not die all the experience I have gained. I will teach you much in a short time—only promise me that you will be a painter.”

“But how shall I live?” asked the boy.

“Whether it came from angels or fiends, I know not, and have never cared, but I have had gold sent me, sufficient for my scanty wants. To-night, as I came to the lattice, I found a larger purse than had ever been sent me before. I give it to you.”

The boy, at that instant, remembered that he had told more than was prudent of his father’s secret, though not his name, to Montinello, and immediately conjectured that at least this gift was from him. But he remembered the frown with which his father always heard the sculptor’s name, and, respecting his weakness, he was silent.

“Promise me, my son, that you will not seek Montinello—that you will never be a sculptor—that you will be a painter!”

There was a struggle in the breast of the generous boy; but he looked upon the pale cheek, attenuated form, and hollow eye of his dying parent, and then he knelt down and took the vow.

To be Continued.

THE FROZEN FAIRY.

A BAND of fairies, making a flying tour by moonlight, came suddenly upon the borders of a northern forest. Alternate storms of snow and rain had fallen, and left the trees enrobed in garments of virgin whiteness. The full moon, shining brilliantly upon the thick branches, and casting slanting shadows through the dim aisles of the wood, festooned with icicles and paved with gems of frost, made the scene one of dazzling splendor. The fairies folded their rainbow-colored wings, and gazed in mute wonder, for never had they beheld aught so gorgeous. But when the night-blast swept over them, they shuddered, and bethought them of the warmer light of their own bright halls.

As they were departing, one of the fairest of the band came and bowed low before the queen, murmuring, “A boon!”

“What wilt thou?” said the fairy-sovereign, touching the suppliant with her tiny sceptre.

“O! let me dwell in this beautiful place, gracious queen!” was the request.

“Foolish one! wouldst thou forsake thy sisters for this cold, glittering land? Then be it so! Farewell!” And they sped lightly down the valley.

The fairy, rejoicing in her new and splendid lot, danced gaily under the gleaming forest-roof, and sang many a rich carol among the boughs which arched over her like a jewelled canopy. The snow-spirits listened with admiration to her song, as it rang clear and sweet through the wood.

But long ere the moon waned, her voice faltered, and her step became languid. She had forgotten that her fragile form was made for a sunnier

clime, and might not bear the chill air which pervaded all about her. Slowly she yielded to the piercing cold, and at last sank benumbed upon a snow-wreath. O! how she longed to nestle in the arms of one of her sisters, amid the silvery fountains and perennial flowers of her own loved and lovely fairy-land. The snow-spirits, in their spangled robes, gathered about her, but their voices were strange, and their breath fell like ice upon her cheek. The stars looked down upon her with a cold, distant glance. Flashes of radiance shot ever and anon athwart the sky above her, seeming to mock her agony. All about her was glorious as the land of dreams: but what was its brightness to her? Faintly arose the last cry of the fairy: "Sisters!—O, sisters! take me home!—I am freezing!"

Humble, yet gifted one! sigh not to leave the fond hearts which encircle thee in thy lowly home! Pine not for a dwelling-place in that "land of mysterious gleams," the wide and shining land of Fame. Many are the souls whose warm affections have been congealed by its frigid air. Its splendor is wondrous, but delusive as the glittering ice-forest, for all above, around, and beneath, is cold—freezing cold! ROTHA.

FRIENDSHIP.

How dear a gem is Friendship. It sweetens the bitter cup, and smooths the thorny path of life. How pleasing the idea, how animating the thought, that we have *friends*. How much to be prized is a true friend in whom we may always confide.

But some may ask, who are my friends, and how may I know them? Let me ask, how did the man, that fell among thieves, know which was his friend? You would readily answer, *The Samaritan*; because he showed mercy.

A true friend, whose heart is drawn out in sympathy for those around, who is ready to speak a word of consolation to the afflicted, and whose hand is ready to administer relief without expecting recompense, is to be prized above the sparkling gems of earth.

But a false friend is more to be dreaded than an avowed enemy; for we know the design of an enemy is to injure, but a false friend is like a serpent coiled in the grass, lying in ambush for its prey, and its unhappy victim is ensnared before he is aware that danger is near. Some will be our friends while prosperity blooms along our pathway; then all goes on pleasantly and harmoniously; but when adversity, with its chilly blast, sweeps away the flowers of prosperity, and naught but the leafless stock, the recollection of the past, remains, then we look around for our friends. Alas! they are gone!—yes, gone when we most needed them.

But, to obtain true friends, we have a part to act; we must show ourselves friendly to our acquaintances and friends, and those with whom we associate. Most of us are strangers, from different parts of the country, in a city of strangers; and the majority of us are of the unfortunate class. Bright was our childhood's future, for then prosperity and happiness encircled our families, but misfortune overtakes us, our worldly prospects are blighted; then we feel that exertion is to be made on our part, and thither we resort to this manufacturing city.

Many of us have had our family circles broken by the impartial hand of death. We have seen a kind father, an indulgent mother, or both, consigned to the silent grave. Many of us have received the unwelcome tidings of the death of parents and friends. Unwelcome to us indeed. It is while perusing the pages of the fatal letter which bore the message, that our hearts are ready to burst with grief. Painful thought! that we had not the privilege of standing by their couch of pain, and administering to their various wants, or of hearing their farewell advice, nor of seeing the last flicker of the lamp of life as it was gently extinguished by the hand of death. Then how alleviating to the afflicted soul it is, to have a friend that will sympathize with us in our deep affliction, and with kind and consoling words pour in the oil and wine into the bruised heart. Again, if any thing transpires, to add happiness to the contented mind, how brightly that spark will kindle when shared with a true and faithful friend.

“Our joys, when extended, will always increase;
Our griefs, when divided, are hushed into peace.”

Under considerations like these, ought we not to show ourselves friendly to all? If we meet with a stranger, treat that stranger kindly, for we know not what secret sorrow is his. We little know what painful emotions are throbbing in his bosom. A mild word, or friendly look, or some little act of kindness, may be the means of alleviating much heart-felt sorrow. I do not ask for friends that cannot see my faults and failings, nor only see the bright side of the picture, but friends that can see when I am wrong as well as right, and, as a friend, tell me of it, and reprove when necessary. Yes, friends whose friendship is like the ivy, that entwines itself around the forest oak: the winds may shake it, the storms may beat upon it, but it remains firm. The storm only serves to entwine it more closely. Give me a few such friends: I ask no others. S. J. H.

NEW YEAR.

THERE are many reflections connected with the expression “new year.” When the year has passed, and we commence a new one, our memories are recalled to many past scenes. With heart-felt emotion, we think of the friends in whose society we have spent many happy hours, who, since the commencement of the past year, have bid adieu to all earthly things. We reflect upon the many changes that have taken place around us, which we little think of as they take place. We can look back to our childhood, when we viewed that portion of time called a year as of great length. We were animated with the thought, that when one year was gone, we should be one year older, consequently nearer some certain age, which we had fixed in our minds, and that would constitute us members of society. But as our time passes on, our attention is taken by many passing objects, our minds become engrossed by the cares of the world, and our time passes rapidly on, though we little heed its flight. Under these considerations we ought to improve our time as it passes, for we have no means of judging the future, but by the past, which teaches that time is ever quickly passing, consequently we should work while the day lasts. T.

THE THUNDER STORM.

It was a pleasant afternoon in June. The air was soft, the sky serene, and little Charles Manley was at play in the orchard, not far from his father's door, with his hoop, his rocking horse, and a score of other playthings, which had been presented him by his father and others, for Charles was a favorite with all who knew him. This orchard was a favorite retreat with him. The trees were so arranged that there was a large space between them well shaded, and that made a very pretty play-ground for Charley. He had been enjoying himself for a little while when he suddenly dropped his playthings, and listened with breathless attention for a moment, and then, gathering them up, he hastened to the house.

"Why, my son," said his mother, "what brings you in so soon? I did not call you."

"I know you did not call me, mother," he replied, "but the robin was singing on the walnut-tree, and I was afraid to stay any longer."

"Were you afraid of the pretty robins, Charles, that you so much admire when they are hopping along the green?"

"No, mother, I was not afraid of the robin; but did you not tell father, the other day, that you had noticed for several times that a robin had sung on the walnut-tree before a thunder storm, and it was the thunder I was afraid of, for I heard the distant rumbling, and—There, mother!" he exclaimed, "did you see the lightning?" and he clung trembling to his mother's side.

"I think there will be a heavy shower, my son; but you must not be afraid of it, for the air needs cleansing, and your Heavenly FATHER sends the thunder to cleanse and purify it: otherwise, the air would become impure, and our healths would suffer in consequence, and not only our healths but the vegetables, and your pretty flowers that you love so dearly. We have had no rain for some days, and they have suffered for want of it."

"I have watered them every day," said Charles.

"Yes, I know you have, but you will see a vast difference in them after this shower is over; for, when you wet them it does not penetrate to the roots, and that is necessary to enliven the whole stalk and flowers."

Mrs. Manley knew that her little son was exceedingly afraid of thunder, and she thus drew his attention in part to his flowers; she then put into his hand a history of flowers, and bade him read to her. He had been reading a few minutes, when his father came and sat by the window. Soon there came a heavy clap of thunder, with very sharp lightning, and prostrated a beautiful elm, not far from the house. Charles's book fell from his hand, and he was almost paralyzed with fear. Soon, however, the storm cleared up, the sun shone with tenfold splendor, and his father told him he had quite a treat for him, for he had ordered his carriage to go and meet his sister Mary, and her babe, as they were expected home on a visit, for a few weeks. Charles was very fond of his sister, and little nephew, and he was all impatience to meet them.

We will now draw our scribbling to a close, for the joy of meeting is over, and the hundredth question is asked, and the babe has had its share of attention from little uncle Charley; and he has retired to bed to arise with the sun, and commence his daily task of usefulness and amusement.

And now we think it high time to quit calling him little Charles, for he is a man grown, and a very intelligent one too; but he has not yet got over his dread of a thunder storm.

ELIZABETH.

SORROWS OF SENSIBILITY.

Oh! why was feeling's finer sense
To a weak mortal given?
When at each step in life's dull path,
Some quivering chord is riven.
The soul's deep-gushing sympathy,
Meets no response on earth,
And dreams of Nature's inner life
Are rudely crushed at birth.

I wandered late, oppressed and sad,
Into a lonely wood,
Where only Zephyr's gentle sighs
Disturbed the solitude.
Methought some hidden dryad lay
Where gorgeous leaves were strewed.
The trembling foliage fell; I gazed,
And forth there hopped a toad!

Oh! wearily I turned me then
And sought the mighty sea.
What solemn music thence arose!—
The sea-nymphs called to me!
I spread my arms in eager haste,
And murmured, "Here I am!"
A faint death-shriek I heard; I slipped;
I'd trod upon a clam!

A form ethereal crossed my path—
A lovely cherub child;
Her lips were wreathed with sunny smiles;
Her glance was brightly mild.
I said, "Fair child; come! view with me
Yon glorious sunset sky!"
"*I can't: for mammy said she'd have
At tea, some pumpkin pie!*"

I wandered where a stranger stood
With earnest heavenward gaze;
As if some mystic vision lay
Beneath the horizon's haze.
His eagle eye met mine; he spoke;
I stood entranced and dumb:
"*It's gwine to rain like sixty, gal!
You'd better dig for home!*"

Ah me! ah me! where shall I fly
Congenial scenes to find?
I cannot waken sympathy
With grovelling human-kind.
Bah! what an onion-odored gale!
And Sue, with greasy hand,
Screams, "*Pork for dinner!*"—Let me go
And dwell in fairy land!

NYMPHEA.

UNCLE PETER;

OR, REMINISCENCES OF MY CHILDHOOD.

EVERY body in the good town of L—— knew Uncle Peter, and regarded him with the utmost respect, mingled with feelings of the deepest commiseration; and indeed, he was a man worthy of our solicitous consideration and unfeigned good will. He was so aged, so poor, and yet so happy and contented with the allotments of Providence, that it seemed as though he had verily imbibed the spirit of St. Paul, and “learned, in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content.” Passing few are they who can adopt this language in its full import. When suffering under the burden of those misfortunes, from which none are exempt, whether they are casual or otherwise, we are prone to forget the lesson our FATHER in Heaven would inculcate, and imagine ourselves of all beings the most miserable. Are we doomed to unremitting toil, to gain the necessities of life? We look to him who reposes supinely in the sunshine of affluence and prosperity, and regard his external circumstances as the elements of true happiness. We forget that he who dwells in a palace “of Parian porticoes and roofs of gold,” may have a canker at the heart, corroding the tenderest fibres of life, which is not the less painful because concealed by the trappings of wealth. But I see I am getting to be quite too sentimental for my story, so I will abandon this point forthwith, and resume my narrative.

Uncle Peter was one who ever seemed to look upon the sunny side of things, and, like a true mirror, his pure nature reflected their brightness. He was an old man when I was a little mischievous girl. He was not my uncle by consanguinity, but every body called him “*Uncle*,” because he was such a congenial spirit, so bland, so conciliating, so cheerful, and so every thing that is lovable, that he seemed like a very uncle by kith and kin. He possessed an overflowing fountain of good humor, a keen perception of the ludicrous, an excellent talent at repartee, and, superadded to these, his faculty for telling long stories, and singing songs, which all combined, gave him an admirable passport into society, especially scenes of merry-making.

Being of a very social make, his palmiest hours were spent in company. There he could exercise his habits of observation, tell stories, sing songs, and enjoy the merry laugh to his heart's content. I remember when I was a little shaver, how old veterans of the neighborhood, who wore spectacles and carried canes, would come to our house, and spend long winter evenings in the bar-room with travellers who had “put up” with us for the night, and tell

“Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth ‘scapes i’ the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,”

in the revolutionary struggle for independence. Some told of being in the battle of Bunker Hill; some had retreated with Washington across the dangerous icebergs of the Delaware, and marched through sleet and mist to Trenton, where the signal achievement took place of capturing

the sleepy-headed Hessians. Others had been at the taking of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and all dilated upon the hardships, the privations, the dangers, and the triumphs which they had witnessed, with a soul-stirring enthusiasm that I never expect to see equalled again. Then Uncle Peter would reel off "the *beatemist* long yarns," (to use an expression of his own,) that you ever heard. He had been in the service of his country from the first engagement at Lexington to the disbanding of the United States army at West Point. I wish I could remember half of the sieges he was in. The great and decisive conquest gained at Yorktown over Cornwallis was one, and that of Bunker Hill another. He belonged to the second division of the American army, despatched by Washington, under the command of Arnold, for the bold enterprise of taking Quebec, in conjunction with the forces of the ill-fated Montgomery. To hear him expatiate upon the sufferings of the soldiers—the toilsome hardship of digging trenches, constructing immense works, and patrolling hills through the long dreary nights of a Canadian winter, was truly affecting. The subsequent treachery of Arnold was a theme upon which he would dwell with evident regret. He was an eye-witness of the execution of Andre, who fell a victim to his policy, and the rigorous usages of war. "Andre," said he, "in going to the place of execution, passed close by his newly excavated grave. After he had ascended the platform, he composedly took off his hat, placed it on the coffin, put the halter about his neck, and said, 'Let it known to posterity that I die like a brave man.'"

When he (Uncle P.) had ended his harangue, perchance a lusty traveller, a real Vermonter, would knock the ashes from his pipe, and lay it on the mantle-piece, cough, spit and hitch in his chair, then give his bushy head an earnest scratch with both hands, as if to wake up the wonder-exciting organs, and commence his by relating some awful rencounter with bears, wildcats, or wolverines, which would outgeneral Putnam in the wild-beast war by considerable. And perhaps he was a son, a nephew, or cousin, to one of the "Green Mountain Boys," who fought so like "*serpents*" at the battle of Bennington, and that would have to be duly canvassed and discussed. My father had never been introduced into the kingdom of heroic adventures, therefore had no exploits of which to tell; moreover, he was not a good story-teller, in the common acceptation of the term, but he had an excellent faculty for spicing the entertainments with exclamations like the following—"I do declare," "Can it be possible," "Oh! that beats the Dutch," &c., when any thing wonderful was broached. The evening services were generally concluded by Uncle Peter's singing that capital song, the "*American Taxation*." This way of spending evenings may not appear to come within the limits of strict propriety, but it should be remembered that country people are gregarious in their habits, and meeting together for social hilarity in public places, even if they had "hard cider," or a "reaming mug of flip," was then in perfect keeping with the spirit of the times. Worthy church members, and gray-headed deacons frequented the bar-rooms and village stores without censure, provided, however, they would go home without "getting off the track." The temperance cause was then in its incipient state, and had gained very few or no advocates in the country towns and remote hamlets of New Hampshire.

The good matrons, who sighed away the tardy midnight hours for an intemperate bosom lord, or sons who drained the inebriating bowl, would

have turned with contempt from the "tee-total" pledge, had it been presented them, and called it a scheme, conjured up by designing demagogues, to wheedle the citizens of a free country out of their individual liberties. They no doubt were sincere in their views; but, mark the change; a brighter and more benignant day has dawned upon the homes of New England, ushered in by the Washingtonian star; and many an incredulous mother yet lives to rejoice over the restored prodigals of her household, and to bless God that she ever signed the Temperance pledge. But this is not getting along with my story, so I will make a retrograde movement, and bring up the "right wing" of my forces, in the shape of my redoubtable hero, Uncle Peter.

As I have before said, he was an old man, yet the storms of seventy or eighty winters had not extinguished the fire of his intellect, or chilled the ardency of a prolific imagination. What though he wore the rusty raiment of the veriest hind, and earned his daily bread by the most abject drudgery, are these untoward circumstances aught to him who looks within the casket for the jewel? and has not the benevolent heart an alchemy to detect the spirit's gold from the baser metal wherever it may be found? Beneath that rude and dilapidated exterior reposed an intellect which might perchance, under favorable circumstances, have made the world glow with the emanation of human greatness. "Worth makes the man," is as true now as it was in the days of Alexander Pope; but the gentleman, the hero, the scholar, and the promoter of the public weal, are brought forth by circumstances. But I must hold on to the button-hole of my hero, or he will get away from me again.

Like John Rogers, in the primer, Uncle Peter had a wife and nine responsibilities in the shape of children. His better half was a score or two younger than himself—consequently thought herself a score or two better, as women generally do when that is the case, not excepting Governor Wentworth's notable spouse; moreover, she was a notorious termagant. If being smart for work was the only orthodox criterion of superiority, we should all have awarded her the palm, for, like the heroine celebrated in one of Uncle Peter's songs, she could "rock the cradle with her foot, and spin a pound of tow," and scold incessantly in the bargain. He was no great lover of home, and would have been an unpardonable absentee had it been otherwise than it was. But, considering the contingencies of the case, no one thought to censure him for his roving habits. Whenever he did go home, "to see his young barbarians all at play," his rib of evil commenced her cannonading as soon as he entered the dwelling, because the meal he had brought was not ground fine enough, or the apples were not sour enough, or were too sour, or some such trivial thing. Now no more of her, but of him.

Uncle Peter was the most interesting chronicler of the past I ever met with. He could hold a bevy of youngsters in almost breathless and absorbing silence for hours by telling stories. His mind was indeed an inexhaustible storehouse of antiquarian wealth. He had such an immensity of stories to tell about ghosts, witches, goblins, haunted houses, &c., &c., that we might almost suppose he could date his identity among the antediluvians. And then there was his vocabulary of songs, which was equally as comprehensive as that of story-telling, and these, too, were all of the olden time. I should be loth to name half of them. Call them *Legion*, for they were, like the items of an auctioneer's advertisement, too numer-

ous to mention. His being such a prodigy for singing songs was what gave him the greatest charm with me. He taught me to sing two or three dozen, or such a trifle, when I was quite a child. He could also spell the "bumble-bee-with-his-tail-cut-off," without missing a letter. This always looked to me like a great feat to accomplish. Poor old fellow! he took a world of pains to have me initiated into the performance of the complicated affair. He would take a piece of chalk, and write it down in bold letters over the kitchen mantel-piece, then place two chairs opposite, seat himself in one, and me in the other, and then commence, after telling me to begin with him: "A—there's your a—b-o-m, bom—there's your bom, and there's your abom," &c., &c.; but the novelty of a spelling-school of this kind so overcame my organs of gravity that I was incompetent to the task.

Rainy days Uncle Peter used to shell corn in the long kitchen. Then was a favorite time for me to learn songs, and listen to his stories with open-eared delight. In those days I was very fond of the marvellous—(I think if Mr. Fowler had seen me then he would have marked me more than two on that precious organ)—consequently I liked to hear such songs as "*The Ship Carpenter*," "*Major's Only Son*," "*The Nightingale*," and others of similar import. But the song of all songs to my mind, was the "*American Taxation*." It "used to wake me o' mornings, season my porridge at noon, and sing me to sleep o' nights." It was as long as the Irishman's mile, and the most spirit-stirring thing I ever heard. In the performance of this, Uncle Peter seemed to be the very incarnation of music, sent down from the upper regions to bless the beings of earth. When he came to that part of the song where the "subtle arch combiners addressed the British court" with regard to the wealth and splendor of Columbia's matchless clime, his eyes would kindle up with a patriotic and exultant pride, such as I have never seen equalled in the favored child of Fortune, notwithstanding he was a very step-child of Providence in point of wealth—one doomed, by imperious fate, to wander from door to door, and have no spot on earth to call his own. How aptly has our own exquisite Irving said, there is nothing in the world so magnificent as the imagination of a beggar. The invincible lords of Great Britain, with all their flowers of oratory, could never portray a scene of splendor to an assembled parliament in half such glowing colors, as that the brush of Uncle Peter's fancy delineated upon the canvass of mind for him to glory in.

Like a true poet, he always increased in vigor as he advanced, and when he got to that part of the song where the Americans rise in the strength of their might to repel the invasion, he would rise involuntarily from his seat, raise both hands, his eyes dilated with enthusiasm, and thus increasing in spirit till he had finished it, when he would sink back into his chair, as if overcome with the electrifying effect of his own singing. Take a sample of this good old song.

"We never will come under; O! George we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder, nor lightning of your spear;
Though rebels you declare us, we're strangers to dismay,
Therefore you cannot scare us in North America.

To what you have commanded we never will consent,
Although your troops are landed upon the continent;
We'll take both swords and muskets, and march in bold array
And drive the British rustics from North America.

We have a bold commander, who fears nor sword nor gun,
A second Alexander, whose name is WASHINGTON;
His men are all collected, and ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed for North America.

We've Warren, Green, and Putnam, who manage in the field
A gallant train of footmen, who'd rather die than yield;
A noble band of heroes, trained in the martial way,
For to augment our forces in North America.

We surely were your betters, hard by the Brandywine;
We led *him* fast in fetters, whose name was John Burgoyne;
We'll make your Howes to tremble with terror and dismay,
True heroes we resemble, in North America," &c.

"*Perry's Victory*," and "*General Wolf at the Surrender of Quebec*," were songs which he used to sing with a good deal of spirit. "*Sweet Phébe*" was a sweet thing, and a great favorite with the young craft of the neighborhood, though it seemed to me to want more of the tragical at the end of it, and I had modesty enough to set myself about completing it. The substance of the song is this: a young man returns from sea to claim the hand of his affianced bride, but finds, to his eternal sorrow, that she has long since slept that sleep from which there is no waking. So he, to kill time, instead of killing himself, goes about "sighing like a furnace with a woful ballad," and concludes his "woful ballad" by wishing after this fashion—

"I wish I never had come on shore,
But died where raging billows roar,
Or never had seen my native shore,
Since fortune proved so cruel," &c.

Now this wishing is a poor hand to play in the game of love on all occasions, for there never is an ace, face, or trump, in a cartload of wishes. A "faint heart never won a fair lady" is as true as the book. But to the purpose. I thought to be a *real* hero of romance, a *bona fide* lover, in cases of emergency one must be willing to do some desperate deed, such as dashing his brains out against a rock, or jumping off a precipice into a gutter, so I made it end as follows:

'I will not live to toil for pelf,
But get a rope and hang myself,
Or take the razor from the shelf,
And gash from ear to ear.

Or else, from off the mainyard sweep,
I'll take one last and fatal leap,
Head foremost in the briny deep,
To dwell forevermore.

And now he's gone, we will suppose,
To Abraham's bosom to repose,
Forever and for aye, with those
Who perish broken hearted.'

There was another song Uncle Peter was called upon to sing, at all scenes of merry-making, in which the hero manifested a different, and we Yankees thought, a better kind of mettle than the one in the foregoing. This young man, it seems, laid siege to the darling of his day-long dreams with the pertinacity of an ancient battering-ram. He talked of wealth untold, of houses and lands, of graineries filled to the brim, but found her

still impregnable to all the assaults of Cupid's warfare. She would not capitulate on any condition whatever, so he concluded to draw off his forces, and raise the siege; no doubt by raising himself from a kneeling position, while he gave vent to the following invectives.

"Madam, I think you're very proud,
And very hard to please;
When you grow old and pinched with cold,
I'm sure I hope you'll freeze."

Uncle Peter, I believe, was a native of Connecticut, of wooden-nutmeg notoriety. I may be mistaken about this; however, he was conversant with the "blue laws," and could relate many a ludicrous incident concerning them, in minute detail, by giving time, line, verse, section, dash, dot and comma to the end of the chapter. He could also sing a song illustrative of the same, about a—

"Presbyterian cat, that went to seek her prey,
And chased a mouse all round the house, upon a sabbath-day."

The song goes on to tell how awfully incensed the deacon was with puss for her unchristian-like behavior, and, furthermore, how he resolved, "in the name of the Lord," to have the purring reprobate executed the following morning; so—

"When Monday morning came, poor puss then she was slain,
And hung upon an apple-tree, while the deacon said the psalm."

Perhaps it would be well enough to append the closing verse, as it is a solemn admonition to all wicked mouse-catchers.

"Come all ye Presbyterian cats, think on poor pussy's fate,
Repent of all your evil deeds, before it is too late:
Before it is too late—before it is too late:
Repent of all your evil deeds, before it is too late."

I fear my article is getting to be too long, and my dear reader will be impatient to find an end, so I will leave out half I intended to tell you, and hurry to the close. I might go on to an indefinite length of time, narrating "incidents of adventure" associated with the memory of my redoubtable hero—scenes long since gone "to the dim burial isles of the past," but will content myself with giving it to you materially abridged. The way Uncle Peter taught my young ideas how to shoot, was much more agreeable to my feelings than to be mewed up in a country school-room the livelong day. He was too old to do any very laborious work, but, when the weather was fine, he would go to the field to pick rocks, apples, potatoes, "spread hay," or "cut stalks," or any such work. I was his constant shadow, even if I had to play truant to be so, conscious that I should have a "smart trimming" in the sequel.

Since the time to which I have referred, "that dear old home, where memory fondly clings," has passed into the hands of strangers, beneath the remorseless hammer of the auctioneer. A few years since, I visited the dear old homestead of so much girlhood felicity. As I ascended an adjacent hill, from which I could see the house, what a rush of tender feelings came twining themselves about my heart. My mind involuntarily reverted to the merry-making scenes, the tea parties, the quilting matches, the apple-cut frolics, and kindred associations, once enjoyed beneath that

venerable roof. Change had been at work there with a busy hand. The house had received an additional coat of white paint, and the tall poplars, that nodded their green heads so courteously above it, were hewn down. The old stable that stood opposite, with its projecting gable end brooding over the street, as if to woo the weary team to repose, was taken away, and a spacious flower-garden occupied its place. The barn only remained as we left it a few years previous. Other out-buildings had undergone a change—some had wheeled to the right, some to the left, and some were taken away. It seemed as if the present owner had been studying to see how much change and improvement he could bring about; yet to me it looked far less beautiful, for the sole reason that I could not associate the feeling of home with so much that had no place in the treasure-house of affectionate remembrance. Some things greeted my view as with the smile of old familiar friends. The hill, on which the mansion stood, rose from its surroundings with the same majestic appearance, and the little hurrying brook, that sparkles along at its base, on the east, sent up the same tinkling bell-like music, that I had so often listened to from my chamber window in the still summer moonlit evenings. The *intervale*, or “great meadow,” that stretched away in the back-ground almost as far as the eye could reach, bounded by the waving forest, and still farther on, the gray old mountains, that reared their bold summits against the blue horizon—all looked as they did when I was a child. There was the green field, gradually descending to the south, where I had gathered buttercups and strawberries in the sweet sunshine of girlhood and summer. Farther up to the west was the pasture, with its maple copses and rude rocks, which I had so often clambered for isinglass; and still onward were the woods, where I picked hemlock for my mother’s brooms, and embosomed within that deep shade, the green dingle where bloomed the London-pride, the foxglove, the columbine and the graceful climatis.

The neighbor’s house, at which I stopped, was in the immediate vicinity, and where I could have a full view of the localities of my childhood home. “Indeed,” thought I, as I looked forth from the chamber window one pleasant morning, “was there ever a place so enchantingly picturesque and lovely? Oh, that they had let the building and trees remain as they were when we left them, what a satisfaction it would be to gaze at them!”

My visit, for the most part, was a pleasant one, though my heart was sad to see the inroads Time and Death had made among my former associates. Some were married, and settled down to the sober realities of life, and it seemed as though they had indeed got the advance of me in years, while I found my companions among those much younger than myself. Others had gone to the far West, and some had taken a longer journey, to that “bourne whence no traveller returns.” They pointed me to their grassy mounds, in the rear of the old church, where I had so often seen them on the sabbath, dressed in the habiliments of gaiety and fashion.

I inquired for Uncle Peter, and they told me that he too was dead. O, how these words thrilled through the tenderest susceptibilities of my life, and echoed through the secret chambers of my soul in the silent watches of midnight. That voice, which once the “soul of music shed,” came back to my heart like “the remembered tones of a mute lyre,” and, though his “countenance was changed and rent away,” he was pictured to my mind’s eye as distinctly as though he still stood before me—a tangible living and breathing *Uncle Peter*.

M. R. G.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

CHAPTER VI.

It is generally argued, that the press is the lever to move the moral world—the engine to give the impulse to true principles, or the besom for their destruction. The truth or fallacy of these propositions we will not discuss, but such were the arguments which had induced Truth to accept his editorial dignity; and it was with acknowledgments to the Source, from whence he looked both for his blessings and chastisements, that he seated himself to communicate the principles, which actuated his own being, to mankind through the columns of the “ADVOCATE OF TRUTH.”

The benevolence of the gentleman to whom his English patron had introduced him, had assisted him to start his paper, and then both himself and that were consigned to public patronage. They were assured both of the praiseworthiness of his intentions, and the superiority of his talents, and could not but anticipate for the enterprise unbounded success; but Truth's ideas of success and those of his friends differed, according to the genius of the source from which each had received his “first impressions.” His patrons estimated his prospects by dollars and cents, and as the means of securing his personal independence: while he, imbued with that spirit of benevolence which giveth, but asketh not, thought of his exertions only as the means to elevate the natures and increase the happiness of mankind.

The first number of the “Advocate of Truth” sold rapidly. It was something new, and all gaped to see it. Truth was delighted at the interest which the sale evinced. He knew that he told no new things: he only sought to enforce the truths of inspiration home to each heart, and, by his exertions, hoped to accomplish much towards his mission in earth.

The morning after publication, he was interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman. The stranger was tall and lean, with a sallow cadaverous countenance. He was dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a white cravat wound round his neck, like a bandage round a wounded finger. In his hand he carried a glazed travelling cap, and his pockets were stuffed to suffocation with “unpublished manuscripts.”

“Your servant, Mr. Smith,” said he, addressing Truth, and placing a card with his name upon the table. “Allow me, sir, to express the supreme satisfaction which I feel, in meeting with a man who dares stand forth in this benighted age and advocate the cause of truth.”

Poor Truth arose, and stood gazing, with speechless wonder, and could only interrupt the volubility of his visitor with a stammering “Thank you, sir.”

“In this era,” continued the stranger, without stopping to notice Truth's feeble expression of gratitude, “every thing has its advocate, but simple primeval *truth*. Every phase in political chicanery finds its advocate, and every theory of religion has its teachers and supporters. In this era, no matter how wild; or how much at variance with the dictates of reason and common sense, every theory of religion, philosophy and politics is sustained by advocates and believers. You, sir, have started upon the original plan first taught by our Great Master; and to you, sir, I extend my hearty co-operation and warmest sympathy. Sir, humble as I am, my

name is not unknown to the world ;" and he pointed to the card upon the table. Perceiving that Truth's countenance indicated surprise and inquiry, not recognition, he continued, "I am the author of several treatises designed to elevate mankind to their original purity, by bringing them back to the primeval method of living. In fine, sir, it is my theory, (and I believe that I am correct, and can substantiate it by incontrovertible proof,) that all sin and evil arises from our kitchens. The garden of Eden had no kitchen, sir, and that was the last place in which perfect purity stood upon earth."

"You forget, sir," interrupted Truth, "that since the creation, there has been *one* accounted free from all sin."

"But, sir," interrupted the stranger in return, "he was a God—I mean that no mere mortal has been free from sin since the transgression of our first parents ; and from this fact the hypothesis arises, that prepared food is the whole cause of human wretchedness. The spontaneous productions of the earth, and the waters of the spring, were destined for man as well as for the lower animals. And, sir, wherever we find any race approaching nearer to the original intention of their CREATOR, there we find the greatest virtue."

"Nebuchadnezzar, then, was a model of virtue ; but I thought that his feeding in common with the lower animals, was a judgment, instead of a reward," exclaimed a new visitor, who had entered the open door unperceived by Truth or his first guest.

"There are fruits, roots and grains for man," rejoined the first visitor, without noticing, in his earnestness to defend his theory, the rudeness of the interruption : "all lower animals do not feed upon grass. I was saying, sir, that our kitchens were the source of evil—"

"Bah !" interrupted the other, "then make them into parlors."

"Parlors !" rejoined the first speaker with contempt. "The evil generates in the kitchen to ripen into maturity in the parlor."

"Well, then," continued the last guest in a tone of ridicule, "turn both kitchen and parlor into a common keeping-room, for, by your theory, our architects are to blame for all our sins by their subdivisions of our houses."

"It is not the name of the place," rejoined the first visitor with dignity, "which creates the evil : it is the use, sir, to which it is appropriated. The kitchen, with its utensils, pampers the appetite ; while the parlor, with its fixtures, enervates the body. The offspring of the two is luxury, and luxury is the germ of vice. You gratify your palate with high-seasoned dishes, and then seek your ease on cushions of down ; and corrupt selfishness is the result."

"But *you* surely, sir," remarked the last comer in a tone of marked irony, as he scanned his opponent from head to foot, "have not learned depravity from luxury ?"

"No, thank God," replied the other devoutly ; "a crust of bread and cup of water give me a feast that for relish kings might envy."

"Bread !" rejoined the scoffer, "that smells of the kitchen : to live up to your theory, you must eat your grain as it comes from the field ! Pshaw ! don't make war upon my beefsteak until you return to the fodder of those allied to you in more respects than their *long ears* !"

"Sir ! do you mean to insult me ?" rejoined the granivorous philosopher, quivering with rage. "I appeal to you, sir, for protection," he continued, addressing Truth.

Poor Truth, in his simplicity, had remained a silent and amazed spectator of the conduct of his visitor; but, when appealed to, he rose.

"Gentlemen," said he, "the matter of your disagreement is to me as inexplicable as your visits were unexpected. Allow me to thank you, sir," he continued, addressing the first comer, "for your approval and sympathy. The merits of your particular theory I do not understand; and my time is too much occupied with other duties to permit me to investigate your peculiar method of preparing edibles. I would repeat my gratitude for your approbation of my enterprise; and—my time must be my apology—but I must wish you good morning."

"Am I to be dismissed thus unceremoniously?" exclaimed the anticulinary man. "Why, sir, I came to make your fortune: I have manuscripts here, prepared for the press," he continued, unloading his pockets, "which, independent of the good they will cause to progressive humanity—"

"You forget, sir," interrupted his ironical opposer—"you mean retrograde humanity: your labors are not to advance improvement, but to push the world back to an imitation of Adam and Eve, when they were nothing but a great boy and girl in Paradise, about a week old!"

The philanthropist resolutely turned his back upon his tormentor.

"I was about saying, when interrupted with unparalleled rudeness," he continued, addressing Truth, "that independent of the good to be anticipated from the new light which my views will give the world, that, from their indisputable excellence, they will be worth their weight in gold to the publisher. (To be sure, I shall claim the merit of the authorship.) But I was so anxious for your success, I had decided to let you have them for a mere nothing. Here is my 'Treatise upon the succulent properties of Potatoes and Turnips' before their nutrimental qualities are destroyed by the process of cooking; and here is an Essay, showing the comparative ratio of virtue between those countries which have not learned to destroy their bodies and souls by pampering their appetites, and those which have arrived at the highest point of the evil. The facts have been compiled at great expense from the most authentic sources; in truth, it may be relied upon as a text-book. *You* may have it, sir, for seventy-five dollars—it is worth five hundred; and the 'Treatise' you may have for fifty. Of course, in thus sacrificing my own profits, I shall anticipate being retained as one of your principal contributors." He paused for breath and a reply.

"My dear sir," answered Truth, "I could not think of retaining your articles at less than their real value to you; and I have not five hundred dollars to pay for them. Deeply as I may regret not being able to give them to the world, yet justice will compel me to decline entering into a negotiation about them. But some one may be found who can and will pay you their actual worth."

"Actual worth!" exclaimed the last comer, with a loud burst of merriment. "Actual worth!—why that is as much as a wisp of straw to light a fire with, and nothing more, I assure you. Come, Mr. Vegetable, I have endeavored to drive you off, but now I will beg you to go, as I have some very especial business with Mr. Smith."

"Mr. Smith," resumed his first guest, without noticing the other, "I will see you again, when I can explain my wishes to you without interruption. And now, good morning. I regret, as much as yourself, the ungentlemanly interruption which we have had this morning: be assured of my sympathy and services;" and he shook Truth warmly by the hand and departed.

Truth turned to his last visitor: "And now, sir," said he, "permit me to inquire your commands?"

"None—nothing, Mr. Smith," returned his guest. "I was standing opposite, and saw that outrageous bore enter; and, as you did not kick him out instantly, I supposed that you were a stranger to his long winds, and so I came in to send him off."

"You have a singular way of managing your kind acts," rejoined Truth, "and for what am I indebted for your interest?"

"For nothing," returned the strange visitor. "I don't care one fig for all the modern philanthropists heaped together. I came in for the express purpose of abusing that old straight-faced fanatic: not that I cared any thing for you, but I would pity a dog who had to endure his company."

Truth regarded his present companion with as marked surprise as he had listened to the cant of the other.

His guest remarked the expression, and throwing himself into a chair, with a laugh exclaimed, "I see that you do not know what to make of me, Mr. Smith; but no matter, I did not care any thing about you; but I perceive that you are most deeply verdant, and I may as well give you my advice now as to come again. You have started a paper—what do you propose to accomplish by it?"

"My motives and aims are sufficiently set forth in my prospectus to be understood, I believe," replied Truth.

"And you are sincere in your professed desire to elevate mankind nearer to the standard of gospel equality?—you would teach them that less selfishness and more love would contribute to their own enjoyment?" continued his interrogator.

"Certainly, sir," returned Truth, "I am not wont to say one thing and mean another."

"No hopes of self-aggrandizement, or pecuniary emolument were woven in your web of philanthropy?"

"My only mission in earth is, to seek the best good of man, and to strive to convince him that the duties of life, are its pleasures," rejoined Truth, in a tone which admitted of no cavil of his sincerity. "And to what influence my aims might have upon my individual benefit, I have never given one thought."

"You must be an angel, or a crazy man!" exclaimed his companion. "Sane men, or devils, would have had more wit! You may 'Advocate Truth' in a neutral paper, devoted to no party, or sect, until you are gray, and receive your exertions for your reward. We, Americans, have two prominent objects for our aims—amusement, or money. A neutral paper will be supported, if it amuses; but, instruction in duties we are not disposed to regard as amusement. That we hand over to our clergy; and whatever they approve is supported by those who believe the same doctrines. Our religionists all assume that they have discovered *the* truth, and only seek to sustain it by stronger arguments, and proofs of their own peculiar views. In the warfare of party politics, it is the same; and if, occasionally, you find an individual who belongs to no party nor church, he is but a target for all the rest to shoot at. And newspapers are much like men. Or, if they do not abuse you, also, they have no sympathy for you—you do not belong to their sheep-pen!"

"But your clergymen feel an interest in the promulgation of truth?" interrupted Truth.

"Certainly," replied the other—"of *their* truths, not of yours, or mine."

"My truths do not clash with the truths from whence they draw their instruction."

"But each one draws his pitcher of water from his own side of the well," rejoined the stranger; "and I will assert that you cannot find a clergyman in this city who will recognize all your truths as genuine, unless you belong to *his* church; and those who believe as he has taught them will continue to do so, for aught that the 'Advocate of Truth' can accomplish."

"But you mistake my intentions," returned Truth; "I have no disposition to war upon the truth taught by any man. My aim is, to help all thus engaged—to add my exertions to the general cause, and seek to advance whatsoever may be for man's good."

"If you can help all who profess to be engaged in the work of Christianity and philanthropy, you must be a Proteus in opinions. Beside, there is another horn to the dilemma—those who recognize you as an assistant, will expect you to *abuse* their opponents."

"But I came not to abuse any one," interrupted Truth. "I advocate 'love of our neighbor as ourselves' as one of the first principles—in fact, the great Truth in earth."

"Well," rejoined the strange visitor, "of this you may be assured, that if you do not make the paper pungent by the abuse of somebody, or some theory, or sprightly with wit, nonsense or novelty, you will do better to discontinue it as soon as possible—why, your second number will not sell if the public is to be drugged by the old worn-out common-place principles which you profess to advocate. They all know that, and what they want most is—something new."

"But you mistake," interrupted Truth—"I am not seeking to make money, but to advance humanity."

"Pshaw!" returned the other. "But, to accomplish what *you* seek, you want your paper to be read, don't you?"

Truth assented by the inclination of his head.

"Well, then," resumed the stranger, "publish it if you will, but you may give it away, and a dozen good old ladies perhaps may look it over, but that will be the extent of your readers—that is, if you are determined to go upon your prosy plan."

"I shall not adopt another," remarked Truth. "But who are you, who are so caustic upon every thing?"

"One," replied the stranger, in a bitter tone, "who was once as great a fool as yourself; one, who once deemed the principles of love, justice and truth consonant; one, who then sought 'to do as he would be done by,' and loved his kind, thinking them as disinterested as himself; but one, who now has learned the folly of all such old-fashioned notions, by finding that *individual* instances of *natural* philanthropy are regarded as decided cases of lunacy. Good may be done, but the 'march of improvement' has decided that it can only be accomplished by associated action; consequently, this relieves individual responsibility, and a man may be all that is evil, provided he belongs to some good society. Not having this indispensable certificate for successful roguery, some deem me insane, some call me eccentric (which usually means one cut off from human sympathy)—but, after all, I am very much like the rest of mankind—perhaps from bad keeping, I have, like good wine from the same cause, turned a

little sour before my time; and now, when the world would crush out all my natural impulses and feelings by their worldly selfishness and intellectual saleratus, perhaps I give them a taste of the vinegar of my composition. But this is nothing—my early impulses were to do good, but still I had no particular inclination to martyrdom; and it is an old saying, and there is truth and beauty of expression in it, that ‘the world have ever crucified their redeemers.’ And it would be a more possible task, with more prospect of receiving the gratitude of the world, to redeem an island, sunk a hundred fathoms below the ocean’s surface, from its darksome grave, than to redeem mankind from the graves of their prejudices and injustice. Your task is useless: you may sacrifice yourself, but you will not accomplish one tittle of what you hope.”

“You certainly give me poor encouragement,” said Truth, as the other paused for breath. “But if nothing is attempted, nothing can be accomplished; and I will hope that my efforts may help sustain some, perhaps weary and faint, in the great truths which I would enforce.”

“But you never will do this with your paper,” interrupted Truth’s self-elected counsellor; “that is destined to be short lived. You belong to no clique: and what belongs to nobody, no one will nourish and sustain.”

“I and my efforts belong to all, instead of one sect,” interrupted Truth, with a smile; “and, by your own logic, I shall receive the countenance of those whose interests I advocate.”

“Worse! and worse!” rejoined the other, “what belongs to every body, none care for; and by common consent, common property goes to ruin by common neglect, and this you will find *common sense*.”

“It partakes something of the ‘common-place principles’ of which you warned me but a few moments ago,” replied Truth, unable to repress a smile at his visitor’s whimsicality.

“There is not an urchin that runs the street,” rejoined the visitor, half-petulantly, “but would laugh at your simplicity. You have talents, knowledge, learning, sense, and a resolute will, but you know nothing of ‘human nature,’ nothing of the world: every villain who could wear a smooth face might impose upon you; you are too honest and straight forward for an editor; you never can succeed, for I see that you never will succumb to the world’s preconceived opinions and established customs; and, in return, that will give you neglect, or abuse. Why, I don’t believe that you even imagine a tithe of an editor’s expected duties.”

“Perhaps, you can give me the information,” responded Truth, both amused and annoyed at his lecturer’s frankness.

“Let me see,” resumed the guest, thoughtfully; “a half-a-day would not suffice to enumerate an editor’s responsibilities. He is expected to know every thing; to tell all that he knows, and more too; to read every thing—letters, communications, books and papers; to publish every thing, although, if his sheet was as large as a continent, it could not contain one-half; to sustain always his side of any question that may arise with all truth, honor and honesty, and give his opponent the advantage of all facts, and then come off victorious, even when he has to support the wrong side of the argument; and then he must see every body, hear all their theories—(you have had a specimen this morning)—be courteous to every one, although he may wish his intruder at the sources of the Nile; and always be ready with copy when the printers call for it. And then he is expected, like the chameleon, to live upon air, and consider the honor of

his office as a sufficient emolument; and with this salary to keep dressed like a gentleman, and to have money to incur any expense by which he can gain any information that will gratify his readers. In fact, an editor is regarded as a kind of patented walking and speaking dictionary, dedicated exclusively to public benefit. But—pardon me, sir,” and he hastily looked at his watch—“I promised my imp some copy at this hour—you, and your enterprise will make a capital paragraph. Adieu.” And he departed, with a comical look, as abruptly as he had entered.

The “Evening Gazette” appeared with a notice of Truth and his enterprise, headed “A New Discovery!” and read thus: “To-day, in following the wake of one whom we have our eye upon, we stumbled upon an honest man! (which *our* readers will readily understand is but an *alias* for simpleton!) and who really believes that he can do mankind good by teaching them that kindness and love are imperative Christian duties! and that, in the exercise of these, there is that equality which belong to them as their ‘inalienable right!’ that ‘the ways of peace are the ways of pleasantness;’ and that that ‘charity which thinketh no evil,’ is the first germ of excellence! His experiment will dispel his delusion. But the question with us is, where did the man come from? Has he escaped from a mad-house, or is he only a candidate for one? His doctrine, we remember, was taught some eighteen hundred years ago, but a thousand new theories have been broached since then, which, from their general acception, we had supposed superior. To be sure, sometimes, in our pulpits, we have heard the same theory advanced, but even there we will quite as often hear denunciation of others, as the truths of love and charity enforced. And as we regard our clergy, in general, without reference to any sect, as a learned, pious and conscientious body—those disposed to teach the doctrines that they are paid for expounding—we shall suppose that the views to which the *ADVOCATE OF TRUTH* is devoted, are far behind the age, and not consonant with the new ideas discovered within the long period of eighteen hundred years. Now intellect has the precedent of goodness, and wealth has more power than both. These are admitted truths in modern philosophy, and the majority cannot decide wrong. Public opinion is a sure criterion of right and justice, and we always subscribe to its decisions.

We, also, have a predilection for novelties, and cannot but wish the editor of the *Advocate* all success; but it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee his failure. Mankind are ahead of him. ‘ONWARD!’ is the watchword of the day, and who can spend time to go back to old truths and theories?”

The editor of the “Evening Gazette” was no prophet, but his predictions of the fate of poor Truth were verified to the letter. The “*Advocate of Truth*” did not reach its third number.

We give an unusual portion of *Truth* to our readers this month. We regret it on account of the uncommon length of one or two other articles, thus precluding the variety we like to present them. But, we knew not where to divide the chapter; and, as nothing was published last month, we hoped all would be pleased with a double portion in this number.—ED.

EDITORIAL.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE UPON THE HOURS OF LABOR. We have just received a copy of this document, and will improve the short space allowed us here to make a few remarks upon it, though we should like to say a great deal.

It appears that the petitioners to the Legislature for a reduction of labor hours are but a very small proportion of the whole number of laborers; and yet we are surprised that they effected nothing. Their aim was to introduce the "Ten-Hour System." This could not have been expected in the present state of things; but might not an arrangement have been made which would have shown some respect to the petitioners, and a regard for the ease and comfort of the operatives.

It seems to have been generally conceded, that the time allotted to meals is very short—where the operatives have tolerable appetites: and this is usually the case with persons who *work so regularly* and indefatigably. Why not have compromised then with the petitioners, and allowed them one hour for dinner through the year, and three-quarters of an hour for breakfast? The dinner *hour* is given in some manufacturing places, therefore the plea with regard to competition is not unanswerable. We believe also that LOWELL is expected to take the lead in all improvements of this nature, and, should she amend her present system, it is more probable that she would be imitated than successfully contended against.

The testimony of the petitioners is full; and, with the addition of that of a few others, appears complete. But a wrong impression might be received from some of their statements. As, for instance, in the remarks of the first witness—"There is always a large number of girls at the gate, wishing to get in before the bell rings." This is frequently spoken of as evidence of a general desire to work even more hours than at present. It is not generally known how much the feeling of emulation is appealed to among the operatives. The desire to be "the smartest girl in the room," or among the smartest, and to get off so many "*sets*" or "*pieces*" often stimulates to exertions which no love of money would ever prompt. One girl goes to the mill, and waits until the gate is opened, that she may rush in first, and have her machine oiled and cleaned, and ready to start the moment the works are put in motion; not so much because she wishes for the few additional cents, which she will thus obtain, as because she is ambitious to have her name at the head of the list. The rest follow her—either in hopes of successful competition, or of ranking next in order. It is more on account of these girls that the meal hours should be prolonged, than of those who are behind them in time and "*honors*." And yet a word or two should be spoken in their behalf. They feel that they are unable to work all these hours, and "work upon the stretch," as they say. They are older, or weaker, or more heavily moulded, or unwilling, if not unable. Therefore they are not favorites with their overseer. They are not so "profitable servants," and the kind look and word, or obliging act, is not so often bestowed upon them. This is one instance where the testimony is liable to misconstruction, and had we space, we might find many more.

The LEGISLATURE seem to have doubted the propriety of their commencing action upon this subject. Where should it commence? How is it to be done? When, where, and by whom? All, connected with manufacturing establishments, feel confident that, "as surely as there is benevolence and justice in the heart of man," this wrong will be righted. But objections are brought against every movement. Of late the efforts of the dissatisfied operatives have been of a quiet nature. This petition to the Legislature is both proper and dignified. Picknicks, if *conducted with propriety*, would be unobjectionable, as demonstrations of public sentiment. Conventions, as affording opportunity for a free expression of opinion, should also be favored; notwithstanding there may be much bombast and rhodomontade, with a little injustice and demagoguism.

No effort originating among a promiscuous number of laborers, and conducted wholly by them, can be expected to be free from every imputation. So far we should be gratified that the dissatisfied and "despised" have conducted so quietly and well.

H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

MAY, 1845.

A SECOND PEEP AT FACTORY LIFE.

There is an old saying, that "When we are with the Romans, we must do as the Romans do." And now, kind friend, as we are about to renew our walk, I beg that you will give heed to it, and do as factory girls do. After this preliminary, we will proceed to the factory.

There is the "counting-room," a long, low, brick building, and opposite is the "store-house," built of the same material, after the same model. Between them, swings the ponderous gate that shuts the mills in from the world without. But, stop; we must get "a pass," ere we go through, or "the watchman will be after us." Having obtained this, we will stop on the slight elevation by the gate, and view the mills. The one to the left rears high its huge sides of brick and mortar, and the belfry, towering far above the rest, stands out in bold relief against the rosy sky. The almost innumerable windows glitter, like gems, in the morning sunlight. It is six and a half stories high, and, like the fabled monster of old, who guarded the sacred waters of Mars, it seems to guard its less aspiring sister to the right; that is five and a half stories high, and to it is attached the repair-shop. If you please, we will pass to the larger factory, — but be careful, or you will get lost in the mud, for this yard is not laid out in such beautiful order, as some of the factory yards are, nor can it be.

We will just look into the first room. It is used for cleaning cloth. You see the scrubbing and scouring machines are in full operation, and gigging and fulling are going on in full perfection. As it is very damp, and the labor is performed by the other half of creation, we will pass on, for fear of incurring their jealousy. But the very appearance might indicate that there are, occasionally, *fogs* and *clouds*; and not only fogs and clouds, but sometimes plentiful showers. In the second room the cloth is "*finished*," going through the various operations of burling, shearing, brushing, inking, fine-drawing, pressing, and packing for market. This is the pleasantest room on the corporation, and consequently they are never in want of help. The shearing, brushing, pressing and packing is done by males, while the burling, inking, marking and fine-drawing is performed by females. We will pass to the third room, called the "cassimere weaving-room," where all kinds of cloths are woven, from plain to the most

exquisite fancy. There are between eighty and ninety looms, and part of the dressing is also done here. The fourth is the "broad weaving-room," and contains between thirty and forty looms; and broad sure enough they are. Just see how lazily the lathe drags backward and forward, and the shuttle — how spitefully it hops from one end of it to the other. But we must not stop longer, or perchance it will hop at us. You look weary; but, never mind! there was an end to Jacob's ladder, and *so* there is a termination to these stairs. Now if you please we will go up to the next room, where the spinning is done. Here we have spinning jacks or jennies that dance merrily along whizzing and singing, as they spin out their "long yarns," and it seems but pleasure to watch their movements; but it is hard work, and requires good health and much strength. Do not go too near, as we shall find that they do not understand the established rules of *etiquette*, and might unceremoniously knock us over. We must not stop here longer, for it is twelve o'clock, and we have the "carding-room" to visit before dinner. There are between twenty and thirty set of cards located closely together, and I beg of you to be careful as we go amongst them, or you will get caught in the machinery. You walk as though you were afraid of getting blue. Please excuse me, if I ask you not to be afraid. 'Tis a wholesome color, and soap and water will wash it off. The girls, you see, are partially guarded against it, by over-skirts and sleeves; but as it is not *fashionable* to wear masks, they cannot keep it from their faces. You appear surprised at the hurry and bustle now going on in the room, but your attention has been so engaged that you have forgotten the hour. Just look at the clock, and you will find that it wants but five minutes to "bell time." We will go to the door, and be ready to start when the others do; and now, while we are waiting, just cast your eyes to the stair-way, and you will see another flight of stairs, leading to another spinning-room; a picker is located somewhere in that region, but I cannot give you a description of it, as I have never had the courage to ascend more than five flight of stairs at a time. And — but the bell rings.

Now look out — not for the engine — but for the rush to the stair-way. O mercy! what a crowd. I do not wonder you gasp for breath; but, keep up courage; we shall soon be on terra firma again. Now, safely landed, I hope to be excused for taking you into such a crowd. Really, it would not be fair to let you see the factory girls and machinery for nothing. I shall be obliged to hurry you, as it is some way to the boarding-house, and we have but thirty minutes from the time the bell begins to ring till it is done ringing again; and then all are required to be at their work. There is a group of girls yonder, going our way; let us overtake them, and hear what they are talking about. Something unpleasant I dare say, from their earnest gestures and clouded brows.

"Well, I do think it is too bad," exclaims one.

"So do I," says another. This cutting down wages *is not* what they cry it up to be. I wonder how they'd like to work as hard as we do, digging and drudging day after day, from morning till night, and then, every two or three years, have their wages reduced. I rather guess it would n't set very well."

"And, besides this, who ever heard, of such a thing as their being raised again," says the first speaker, "I confess that I never did, so long as I've worked in the mill, and that's been these ten years."

"Well, it is real provoking any how," returned the other, "for my part I should think they had made a clean sweep this time. I wonder what they 'll do next."

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves" is a trite saying, and, for fear it may prove true in our case, we will leave this busy group, and get some dinner. There is an open door inviting us to enter. We will do so. You can hang your bonnet and shawl on one of those hooks, that extend the length of the entry for that purpose, or you can lay them on the banisters, as some do. Please to walk into the dining-room. Here are two large square tables, covered with checked clothes and loaded down with smoking viands, the odor of which is very inviting. But we will not stop here; there is the long table in the front room, at which ten or fifteen can be comfortably seated. You may place yourself at the head. Now do not be bashful or wait to be helped, but comply with the oft-made request, "help yourself" to whatever you like best; for you have but a few minutes allotted you to spend at the table. The reason why, is because you are a rational, intelligent, thinking being, and ought to know enough to swallow your food whole; whereas a horse or an ox, or any other dumb beast knows no better than to spend an hour in the *useless* process of mastication. The bell rings again, and the girls are hurrying to the mills; you, I suppose, have seen enough of them for one day, so we will walk up stairs and have a *tete-a-tete*.

You ask, if there are so many things objectionable, why we work in the mill. Well, simply for this reason,—every situation in life, has its trials which must be borne, and factory life has no more than any other. There are many things we do not like; many occurrences that send the warm blood mantling to the cheek when they must be borne in silence, and many harsh words and acts that are not called for. There are objections also to the number of hours we work, to the length of time allotted to our meals, and to the low wages allowed for labor; objections that must and will be answered; for the time has come when something, besides the clothing and feeding of the body is to be thought of; when the mind is to be clothed and fed; and this cannot be as it should be, with the present system of labor. Who, let me ask, can find that pleasure in life which they should, when it is spent in this way. Without time for the laborer's own work, and the improvement of the mind, save the few evening hours; and even then if the mind is enriched and stored with useful knowledge, it must be at the expense of health. And the feeling too, that comes over us (there is no use in denying it) when we hear the bell calling us away from repose that tired nature loudly claims—the feeling, that we are *obliged to go*. And these few hours, of which we have spoken, are far too short, three at the most at the close of day. Surely, methinks, every heart that lays claim to humanity will feel 't is not enough. But this, we hope will, ere long, be done away with, and labor made what it should be; pleasant and inviting to every son and daughter of the human family.

There is a brighter side to this picture, over which we would not willingly pass without notice, and an answer to the question, why we work here? The time we *do* have is our own. The money we earn comes promptly; more so than in any other situation; and our work, though laborious is the same from day to day; we know what it is, and when finished we feel perfectly free, till it is time to commence it again.

Besides this, there are many pleasant associations connected with factory life, that are not to be found elsewhere.

There are lectures, evening schools and libraries, to which all may have access. The one thing needful here, is the time to improve them as we ought.

There is a class, of whom I would speak, that work in the mills, and will while they continue in operation. Namely, the many who have no home, and who come here to seek, in this busy, bustling "City of Spindles," a competency that shall enable them in after life, to live without being a burden to society, — the many who toil on, without a murmur, for the support of an aged mother or orphaned brother and sister. For the sake of them, we earnestly hope labor may be reformed; that the miserable, selfish spirit of competition, now in our midst, may be thrust from us and consigned to eternal oblivion.

There is one other thing that must be mentioned ere we part, that is the practice of sending agents through the country to decoy girls away from their homes with the promise of high wages, when the market is already stocked to overflowing. This is certainly wrong, for it lessens the value of labor, which should be ever held in high estimation, as the path marked out by the right hand of God, in which man should walk with dignity.

And now, kind friend, we must part. I beg pardon for intruding so long upon your time and patience, and also for not introducing you to Dorcas Hardscrabble. I feared I should weary you, and besides, many hardscrabbling Dorcas may be found among the factory girls.

One word for what has been said. It has been uttered for *truth's* sake, and because called for. If it does not answer your expectations, a companion must be sought, that will please the fancy better. J. L. B.

APRIL.

SWEET April! thou 'st returned again
With many a varying scene:
With sun and showers, and rainbow rays
That wake the leaf-buds green.

The trees, from icy bondage free,
Where late the wild winds rang,
Are clothed in green, and from their boughs
The diamond rain-drops hang.

The streamlets dance in joyous mirth
Along the sandy shore,
Rejoicing that rude Winter's breath
Can hush their song no more.

The hills and valleys beam with smiles,
The merry wild birds sing;
The lambs are bleating in the fields,
With joy all earth doth ring.

I love the gentle April showers,
They make earth glad and fair;
'T was first amid her changeful hours
I breathed the balmy air.

My natal month! I 'm much like thee,
Now glad, and now in gloom;
Through scenes more changeful than thy skies,
I hasten to the tomb.

E. R. H.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

(Continued.)

FIVE years have passed, and again there is an artist's fete in Italy. It seemed as though the remembrance and anticipation of these festivals was the only sign by which they knew that genius was yet alive. But they seemed more like the deep occasional gasps which presage death, than the regular breathings of a healthful life.

If there had been a star in Italy it was Montinello. The sculptor's fame had spread far and wide, and his name was known throughout his land. The painter, who might have outrivalled him, was long since dead. He had died, "and made no sign." His name was not known. He had left no memorial of his genius. His noblest painting was incomplete, and that was in the hands of his son. There was a vague knowledge, when he passed away, that a noble spirit had gone from among them—a sensation, like that we might feel should an angelic phantom pass by us, but these feelings were almost lost in the livelier interest felt for the living artist.

The attention of artisans, artists, amateurs, virtuosos, and all who worshipped Art, was concentrated upon *Sculpture*. If there was a lingering affection for its sister Art, it was seldom expressed; but there were those who hoped that the young son of the dead painter would be all that his father might have been.

Montinello also had a son—one of whom he might well be proud, and in whom he hoped his country might yet rejoice with him. It had been his intention to retard the public appearance of his son before his countrymen, for he thought it well to repress the aspirations of premature genius, but the misfortune which came upon himself changed his determination. Blindness was stealing upon him; and, that he might preserve the remnant of his sight, he ceased from his cherished labors. Young Montinello was to appear at the festival as his father's representative; and the work which he had completed was designed by his father, and executed under his directions.

It was generally believed that one of the Montinellos would be crowned at the festival. It was thought that the father would waive all rivalry between himself and son; and, in conjecture, the myrtle wreath was laid upon the brow of young Montinello. His work was a noble one: a group. It was Castor and Pollux, and the noble expression of the inseparable gods won the admiration of all beholders, while there was a depth of that true love, which though of the earth is not earthy, a something, as of human friendship made perfect and divine, in their glance towards each other, which went to the hearts of all that mighty multitude. There was not one, who looked upon it, but drew nearer to his neighbor with the feeling that he also was a man and a brother!

Yet Montinello had a rival: it was the young and unknown painter. There had been many contributions of painted canvas at the festival, but none that might compare with his.

His work was allegorical. It represented two gods contending for a

goddess; and, while it brought to memory an incident in their ancient mythology, it also instantly suggested a passage in their recent history, which by many of the slight touches could not be mistaken. It was so ingeniously and artfully designed that all were much pleased and interested, and the execution of the painting astonished them. It evinced more genius, perseverance, and elaborate finish than ready experience and off-hand touches. But the painter was called for, and soon stood before the critics and judges with young Montinello.

There was a great contrast between them. One stood before them 'unknown, and almost uncared for. The other was universally known and beloved. Of the name of one they were ignorant; the other bore the name of an honored countryman—one who was still dearer to them for his misfortune. The one refused to reveal his name, unless indeed he were to be known as the victor; the other fervently besought them that the associations connected with his name might have no weight with his judges, and that the crown might be given to the painter, if he were indeed worthy of it. That it was so, he seemed to feel himself aware, and this knowledge of his own merit seemed provoking to his judges, who looked upon him as an interloper, who was unjustly to appropriate to himself that which they had decreed for their favorite.

The two young men seemed perfectly aware of this feeling; and when, after much consultation, the crown was about to be decreed to Montinello, he refused to receive it, upon the grounds that the judgment was not an impartial one; that, with the same extraneous advantages, it would have been conferred upon the painter; and more than this, that his work was not wholly his own: the merit of the design belonged to his father.

It was finally decided that, amidst such competition, no crown should be given. The two claimants were young—there would be another festival in five years—their powers would then be fully matured, and a crown impartially awarded.

The shade of vexation and injured pride, which passed over the countenance of the painter, was noticed by Montinello, who felt grieved for him. He drew nearer to his side, and the contrast in their personal appearance was strikingly apparent. Montinello was of a noble figure, large and amply developed. His countenance was fresh and blooming, and the expression, though mild and pleasing, was very noble. The advantages of wealth, of friends and fortune, had been his; but they had not spoiled him. He was gentle, kind and magnanimous, and this was why he was so well beloved.

The painter was of small stature, and slight figure. The days of boyhood were hardly gone, and no intercourse with society had made him prematurely a man. His face was as beautiful as that of his rival. His features regular, his eyes brilliant, and his complexion fair, though ever-varying. The dark curls clustered over his polished brow, and his motions, though quick, were graceful.

"We are brothers," said Montinello to him, extending his hand; "let us be friends!"

"I am not worthy to be the friend of any one," said the young painter, shyly; "I cannot love as you do."

"But there is a something which we both love above all else. Is it not the same? and should not that be a tie to unite us together?"

"But you are a sculptor, and I am a PAINTER."

"Are not these arts sisters?"

"Do our countrymen look upon them as such?"

"But you and I should be above these prejudices. Is there not, in the twain, the same appreciation of beauty, and a talent at bringing it out for the admiration of others, though varied in its mode and manifestation. Are they not two branches from one stem? two stems from one root? and equally to be admired and cultivated?"

"*Equally!*" responded the painter. "Is not *painting* more glorious than *sculpture*? What is more noble than creation? and what more nearly akin to creation itself than the semblance of all living and created things on a scanty piece of cloth or board. At a few slight touches of the brush beauty breathes, nature revives, and a miniature world rejoices!"

"But does not life, beneath the sculptor's hand, spring forth from the clumsy marble block. And this, too, without the deceptive aid of color or perspective?" said Montinello, gently.

"*Life! LIFE!*" said the painter; "what is it ever but a marble ghostly life? Who ever mistook the cold white statue for a living being?"

"But when we stand before it, there breathes from it the inner life, which is above all physical vitality. The body seems not so much to be spiritualized as the soul to be materialized, without losing its spirituality. Yes; a spirit stands before us; we look, with our bodily eyes, upon love, hope, hate, agony, jealousy, fear and despair. Ah; you should not decry our art; for, by that painting, I can see that you too should have been a sculptor."

The painter dropped his head upon his breast.

"Indeed," said he, "it was my childish hope and wish; but, my father—he was a painter—he worshipped his art—he sacrificed every thing, even life itself, to it; and exacted from me the promise, that I also would devote myself to this noble work. He had wildly hoped to have given his country a name, which would have rivalled that of any of her former painters; and then he as wildly hoped that I should do it. Kind Montinello, I will strive; and if I fail Italy shall never know who made himself a martyr; and, forgive me also, if I do not reveal myself to you."

The twain embraced each other, and parted.

ANGER.

ANGER, like powder, ignites at the slightest spark; and, bursting from the human bosom, it scorches and withers all kindlier feelings, and hurries its victim on to unpremeditated crime and ruin. It lowers man in the scale of being, and assimilates him to the brute that perishes. It drowns the voice of reason, and degrades manhood; for it ever brings with it the consciousness of its own *meanness*. It is unworthy of man, be the provocation ever so great; for it cannot restore peace, or undo the wrong already done. Then whosoever yields to its influence degrades his own dignity, and lays himself open to censure, pity and disgust; and "exposes his weakest point for every enemy to strike against." J. L. B.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE."

"Good morning, neighbor Eaton. Fine morning this!" sonorously shouted forth Mr. Dean as he stood upon his front doorsteps, taking a survey of the scenery from without, as the farmer was wending his way towards the mill where he had the charge of a weaving-room.

"Fine morning indeed, sir," replied Mr. E. "How is your health this morning?"

"Very good, sir; very good, I thank you;" responded our first interrogator. "Please to walk in and see the folks."

"I believe I can't stop," was the honest reply. "The mill has been started on sometime now, and the girls always tear up Jack, in my absence."

"O, speaking of girls puts me in mind of what I wanted to ask you," said Mr. D., at the same time advancing towards the yard-gate with a consequential air; "do you want to hire any more help? or are you full for the present?"

"Well, sir, I believe I have a pretty good supply of hands now," answered Mr. E., as he stood and bent his eyes steadily upon the ground at his feet; at the same time smoothing down his whiskers with the thumb and finger of his left hand, and contracting his brow so as to give himself the overseerish aspect which they are wont to assume when accosted upon the subject of hiring help; "but there are several about leaving. There is Mary Sanborn, her notice is out to-morrow; and others will probably leave in the course of a week or two, so there will be a vacancy soon;" and then, looking up to Mr. D., "but why do you ask? do you know of any one that would like to get work?"

"Yes, sir; there is a girl here at my house that I think you would like the looks of," answered Mr. D. with assumed gravity.

"What is her name, and who is she?" inquired Mr. E.

"Well, there, I don't know what her name is; she is some relation to my wife."

"When did she come here?"

"Last night, sir."

"Is she a good smart healthy looking girl?"

"She is a fine strapping girl as I have seen this long time. Walk in, and see her. I have got to go to the shops and make some purchases, or I would wait on you."

Mr. D. started towards "the street," while Mr. E. entered his residence, with all the assurance of a constable about to seize the appurtenances therein, and inquired for the young girl that Mr. D. had been telling him about—the girl that wanted to get work in the mill.

"Well, I declare I don't know who Mr. D. could mean," said a matronly looking person. "There is no very young girl in the house that I know of. He could not mean me, for I am not young; neither have I any desire to work in the mill; the rest can speak for themselves."

"Call Mrs. D.; she will know who I mean; the girl is a relation of hers," said Mr. E.

"Mrs. D. is confined to her chamber," answered the voluble matron; "she has a young daughter."

When these words were spoken Mr. E. read the joke completely, and shot out of the house like a streak, mentally ejaculating "Mr. D. shall have his pay for this, or I am a rascal."

From this time Mr. E. set himself about conjuring up something, that would retrieve what he had lost by his credulity, and reverse the burden of the joke. For several days he rallied his wits to give Mr. D. a broadside, that would blow up his magazine, but all to no purpose. He could not bring them to a sticking point. Every project he hit upon appeared to him futile in the outset, and one that proved an absolute miscarriage in the end. At length Mr. E. made known the affair to his better-half, and requested her to assist him in accomplishing his desirable object. This gentleman, it seems, had a very good opinion of his wife's management in difficult matters, by his applying to her on this occasion; indeed, men generally have, in cases of emergency, however lightly they may esteem their counsel in ordinary or felicitous prosperity.

Mrs. E. was a creature of ready impulse and warm sympathy, and, as soon as she had learned the extent of her husband's dilemma, she entered into his scheme with all the assiduity of her generous nature, combined with a fervent attachment to the being she wished to serve. But, alas for the project!—even Mrs. E. was put to her wit's end, with all her sagacity and woman's tact. Nothing that she could think of seemed to promise a restoration of her husband's honor in the joking province. In sooth she was in as bad a predicament as he was before he made her confederate in the enterprise.

But all things of an earthly nature have an end, and so it was on this occasion.

"Why, husband! is this you?" exclaimed the astonished wife, as the good man entered his domicile one evening, with a new wig on, which he had just purchased. "Indeed, is this you? I certainly should not have known you had I met you in the street, or any where but at home. You look as young as you did when you first came a-courting at the old farmhouse, and chatted with father, dear old man, through the long summer twilight, on the front doorsteps. Heigh-ho! it calls up a thousand remembrances of the—" and upon this the good woman's brow clouded up for a shower of tears.

"Come, cheer up, heart's dearest;" said her husband, who had witnessed her surprise with evident satisfaction; "a new thought has flashed across my cranium. Should you not like to know what it is?"

"Yes, husband; do pray tell me," said the half-sorrowful wife.

"Well, I have just bethought myself how nicely I can come it on Mr. D. by calling on him, and introducing myself as the veritable Mr. F., who is expected to be in the place soon, and lecture on the science of phrenology. You know neighbor D. was saying here a few evenings ago that he intended to have him at his house to examine all of their heads. Don't you think I could pass myself off for the phrenologist?"

"That is a good idea, husband; you shall dress up in your new suit—you know you have never worn it but once, and Mr. D. was not at church then, so you can make the deception work to a charm if you only manage things right." The brow of the sapient wife had by this time assumed the radiance of the sky when the rain is over and gone.

"But," said the cautious husband, "I fear I cannot maintain my gravity, but shall laugh right out, and then you know the project would explode at once."

"Fiddlestick!" ejaculated the calculating dame. "Think of something very serious; that is the way I do when I want to suppress a laugh."

In a few minutes our hero set forth, armed and equipped cap-a-pie for the tournament. When he arrived at the residence of Mr. D. he had the good fortune to find the "master of the house" at home, and was ushered in by him, with a good deal of consideration. The ceremonies of self-introduction, bowing, shaking hands, and so forth, passed off with most gracious gravity, and he began to feel like a very phrenologist, and acted accordingly. We are glad to say he had the ability as well as disposition, to discourse logically upon the science of phrenology; to set forth its unity and truth, its salutary influence upon society, in a social and moral point of view, and ably explained away those objections brought in array against the system by its opponents, who suppose it will undermine the Christian religion by setting forth a material philosophy, and proceeded to compare it with revelation, and to show wherein they harmonized, and how beautifully they illustrated each other; also to show the importance of our understanding the nature of man—in the words of the Grecian philosopher, "man, know thyself," in order to understand and appreciate the height, depth and beauty of the revealed will of HIM who created us.

Mr. D. was so well satisfied with the theory and code of morals, pointed out by our redoubtable phrenologist, that he did not hesitate one minute about having his head examined, and would have had every head in the house served in the same manner, but the "wee toddlin things" were dreaming upon their pillows before this time, so it was proposed and settled that the professor should call the next morning, and complete the work. As there was a female in the room, who was evidently plodding her way along "in a state of single blessedness," and in fact had turned all sorts of corners but the last one, our speculator thought it expedient to enlarge upon the science with regard to its application to matrimony, and went on to tell how many phrenological matches had been brought about, and how happy they had all proved in the conjugal state. In view of these enchanting positions, the lady became enamored with the science, and concluded to have her head examined, and have a "written character." But alas for the "written character!" "the pretender" was apprehensive, as well he might be, that his knowledge of phrenology was not thorough enough to embrace every practical point; so, upon the principle that "little boats should keep near shore," he plead indisposition, and took his leave that evening, promising to call again in the morning.

The next morning came, and with it came hurry, flurry, bustle and flutter (excuse my tautology) in every department of business about the premises. The rooms were swept, beds were made, and breakfast under way, all before sunrise, according to the custom of Betty Buttermilk of "Leavitt's Almanack" memory. Then came the dressing of children, and each had to go through the tediousness of being washed, and having their heads combed, and hair adjusted with much smoothness and precision. Poor little eyes tingled from the contact of soap and water, and little ears looked red with rubbing. In due season our hero rang the door bell, and was waited upon into the sitting-room by our host, who immediately wished to be excused to change his dress, saying that he had been doing something in the garden and had got his clothes unusually soiled. As soon as he had withdrawn to his apartment, Mr. E., chameleon-like, changed his ap-

pearance by slipping off the transforming wig, and followed him thither as his own *bona fide* self.

"Good morning, neighbor D.," was the first salutation, "what say you for a ride a few miles to-day? it is a leisure day with me, on account of low water, and I intend to make a pleasure day of it. Will you join me?"

"Really Mr. E., I should be glad to go, but I have company now, if you will wait a little while I will attend you."

"Well I am in no particular hurry; pray who is your company you speak of?"

"Mr. F., the phrenologist," was the prompt reply.

"Ah, ha! *indeed*, is he here?"

"Yes," did you not see him as you passed the sitting-room?"

"I did not observe any one, I should like to see him, wont you introduce me to him?"

"I will, sir, with all my heart. He was here last evening, and staid some time. I am very much pleased with him."

"Have you had your head examined," asked Mr. E.

"I have," answered Mr. D.

"And what did he tell you?"

"O, he gave me an excellent head."

"But perhaps he flattered you for the sake of getting a job in your family."

"I don't think he intended to, I have perfect confidence in the man. I wish you could have been here last evening—you would have been delighted with his conversation; I know you would; it was a rich treat I'll assure you."

As soon as he had completed the duties of the toilet he started with his friend for the sitting-room; but oh! ah! and alas! "while thy servant was busy here and there" the occupant had disappeared.

"Where upon earth can be Mr. F.?" said he in astonishment, "I left him here, a few minutes ago. You take a seat Mr. C., and I will look round for him."

Now came on the everlasting search for the lost one.

Poor man; he went like the black-bird of juvenile notoriety "up stairs, down stairs, and in the lady's chamber," which was now occupied by Mrs. D. and her relative.

After Mr. D. had made the circle of the house, within and without, several times, he entered the sitting-room in a fit of high dudgeon for the supposed insult of Mr. F. Mr. E. saw the discomfiture of his friend, and concluded it was time to put a stop to the stratagem; so stepping up to him, he placed the transforming wig upon his head, and said "can you not recognize, in me, the Phrenologist whom ye seek."

Mr. D. started back with "wide-orbed surprise," and heart-felt confusion. He could hardly believe his own senses, and it seemed as though it was enough to—

"Amaze indeed,
The very sense of eyes and ears."

to see his neighbor metamorphosed into the phrenologist in so strange a manner. Mr. D.'s first impulse was to regard the affair as a breach of friendship; but, recollecting that he was the aggressor, he concluded to call it an even bargain, and then started with his friend for the pleasure ride.

I am sorry I have no better story to tell though this has the advantage of being true, and the sentimental may recognize herein the truthfulness of that passage "with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

DOLLY DINDLE.

A LETTER.

"Do you write for the 'Offering'?" This question was asked me repeatedly, coupled with much flattery on my capacity for doing the same, until I, at last, began to believe, as I was told, that indolence, not inability, had hitherto prevented me. Down I sat—resolving to do something to convince my friends that their admiration was not misplaced. I pondered long before I could decide upon a subject. Fancies came thronging so thickly upon me that it was very hard to disentangle them. I first attempted a description of my birth-place; and, though I brought in the aid of the pond, the brook, the forest and hill, I came to the conclusion that description was not my *forte*—that "article" should not be inflicted upon the *public* as a specimen of "mind among the mills." What if I take the subject which occupies the attention of philanthropists of the present day? LABOR—I did not think it necessary to define the term, supposing every one understood it—so I proceeded to its uses and abuses, and from that to its consequences, moral and physical. Here I did admirably, and, as I wound off with a dash of the pathetic, I said to myself, "Surely, mine is the pen of a ready writer."

I thought best to review it in order to correct any slight mistakes in grammar, punctuation, &c. O pity me! Not labor in general, but that particular kind which was my own happy portion, had been my theme. How touchingly and eloquently had I depicted the hardships of the factory girl! It would never do. Like the country member's speech in parliament, "it savored strongly of *turnips*." With a heavy sigh I said again to myself, "It will not do."

Had I not better try the romantic?—Well—*moonlight on the waters*—I wrote so much and then I went back and re-dotted the i's and re-crossed the t's. No farther could I get. Not so much as one word more could I say. My case was getting desperate. Something must be done. I *did* have sense enough not to attempt poetry. What else remained? A happy thought struck me—A story—a love story of course. I described "two beings," a lady tender and beautiful; a knight brave and fearless, yet gentle. And then such devotion to each other. But what shall I do with them, now that I have brought them into being. Their passionate affection—should "war, death, or sickness, lay siege to it?" Some way must be contrived to break their hearts. It would never do to let the violent, turbid streams of passion settle into the still lake of matrimony. I cogitated long and profoundly to find a fitting catastrophe; but to no purpose,—I could do nothing more for them. It may be that Dame Fortune has by this time taken them under her wing; but, whether she has or not, it passeth my understanding to tell. ——— Well—well—these efforts of my genius and pen will do for curl-papers, if nothing more. A. H.

A LETTER TO COUSIN LUCY.

LOWELL, March 21, 1845.

COUSIN LUCY: It is a delightful evening. It so much resembles the last I spent beneath the roof of your father's quiet dwelling that I am forcibly reminded of the promise I made to you at parting, of writing to you when I obtained employment in Lowell. Now Nature throws her curtain around me, and all is hushed and still, save the occasional rattle of the watchman's bell.* While gazing upon the delightful scene—the clear blue sky studded with innumerable stars, sparkling in all their brilliancy—the galaxy, streaking itself far through ethereal blue—the full moon, the queen of the night, in all her resplendent glory, pours her silver beams upon me, and now my mind is cited to early friends and acquaintances. I go back in imagination to childhood's scenes, passed with you. Again we wander over hill and dale, hand in hand, chasing the gaudy butterfly, who ever and anon evaded our grasp, and gathering May flowers from the meadows, and wild blossoms from the forest glade, and when the groves would echo back our childish prattle. Our play paths, through forest, glen, field, and meadow, bestrewed with flowers—and the green shady nook where we often sat beneath the branches of the towering maple, listening to the songs of the feathered warblers as they poured forth their harmonious songs; and, gazing far to the east, over the landscape carpeted with living green, gently waving before the zephyr (the prospect for loveliness a painter could not equal)—the scene is pictured before my imagination as brightly as if it were but yesterday that we wandered there. But, I fear you will think me a little romantic. I told you I would write—and what shall I write about that will be interesting to you? I know not; but will sketch a little of what I have seen in Lowell.

It was morning when I arrived—the clouds of a protracted storm had just begun to sink below the horizon—the sun poured forth his golden beams upon the face of nature, and seemed to give new life to the animate creation. The streets were crowded with people of all descriptions, hurrying to and fro. I stopped at a boarding-house on the ——— Corporation, and was introduced by my companion—who, by the way, had been here before—to the lady of the house, and several others, who received me cordially and tried to amuse me by showing many things, and telling about the place. Many things were new to me. I had a prospect of the printing establishment, and factory buildings; I could distinctly hear the din and hum of the machinery. Thus pleasantly the hours of the forenoon passed. Presently the bells began to ring in every direction, and the girls came flocking from the mills in crowds, which was very amusing to me. They were neatly attired—their appearance was cheerful, full of life and animation. “Are they not happy?” thought I, “most surely they appear so.” I was invited to the dining-room, where I was introduced to some twenty girls whose appearance bespoke intellects of no ordinary stamp.

I was invited into the mills in the afternoon to see the girls at their work. I was much pleased with their appearance, and to see their work going so

* The print-yard watchman's bell—that often rings.

lively. The noise almost confused me—there was such a smashing among the looms I hardly knew what to think. The looms looked so clean and nice that I was sure their occupants were possessed of neatness. Then to see the plants and flowers that adorned the windows—one might almost imagine themselves in a summer house. I then went into a dressing-room. There I found the same display of plants and flowers, and also of taste and neatness; but quite different movements with the machinery. It was slow and gentle, but I could plainly see that there needed much attention. I went into the card and spinning-rooms. The machinery was very different, and the work not so clean. But I was quite disappointed in all the rooms, as I had formed an idea that they were all damp, dark, and unpleasant in the extreme.

I then went out shopping a little; I saw a great many new things which delighted me. The streets were crowded with young and old, the shop windows were adorned with every variety of fancy and domestic articles, from the toy to West India Goods and Groceries. This was my first day in Lowell.

I will now give you an outline of what I have since seen here. I will say that I soon classed myself with the factory girls. I work in a room where a delightful prospect is afforded of surrounding scenery. I can stand at my window, and see the Merrimack river (one of the prettiest streams I ever saw) as it moves quietly on, unruffled only by the gentle breeze. Far across it I can see the hills and groves of towns. Then, in another direction, I can look far over the busy city. I can count the various steeples as they lift their heads far above the multitude below, speaking in plain language that the inhabitants have not forgotten "from whence their good cometh."

I have formed acquaintances here among the girls, many of whom I love and esteem. The state of society among the "factory girls" I find very different from what I had previously thought. Report, in the country, had generally represented them as being an uncultivated ignorant class, and that virtue was almost unknown among them. But that is not the case—'t is the tongue of base slander that has spread its poisonous influence over the minds of so large a portion of the community, and I hope the day is not far distant when the world will be awake to the truth, and fully appreciate the virtues of the "factory girls." I find them generally intellectual and virtuous, and many, with capacious minds, vastly superior to some of the aristocratic village misses, who think it derogatory to their dignity to be seen in the society of a "factory girl." One thing, however, I am sorry to say; there is a lack of charity among a few. They are not so ready to reclaim the erring by kind and persuasive words as to give their voice against them. But there are many whose aims appear to be to do good to their fellow beings.

Many objections are made to girls coming to Lowell, for the reason that it is injurious to the health to work in the mill. I think they are mistaken here. The girls are generally more healthy, according to the population, than in the country; yet there are some, who come here with feeble health and slender constitutions, who cannot withstand the toils of factory life. Do you ask the reason why they are more healthy? They rise early, take their meals regularly, both of which are conducive to health. Their work is also steady—the same one day as before. Although a laboring class, we have many privileges here of which in the

country we are destitute. Many which I will not mention in this. Here are libraries to which all can have access, and if one does not read and improve their mind, it is somewhat their own fault.

The *Institute* is another place for improvement. It consists of a course of lectures, delivered in the "City Hall," on miscellaneous subjects. They are preceded and enlivened by music, which is very delightful to me. (You recollect I have a passion for music.) They have been weekly through the winter.

Here are evening schools—where girls can go, and still continue their daily avocation in the mills, until they have laid by a considerable sum of money; then they go away to school awhile; then work again in the mill; and in this way acquire a thorough education.

We have an "*Improvement Circle*," where we listen to the reading of compositions, principally by the factory girls, but occasionally we are favored with a story from some of the gentlemen, all of which are very amusing and interesting. Could you have the privilege of listening to these communications you would at once respond to the voice across the waters that "there is mind among the spindles." A portion of the articles written by the girls are published in a periodical entitled the "*LOWELL OFFERING*," which has received many compliments. It has been the means of raising the reputation of the factory girls in a great degree, among those who had esteemed them lightly.

By the way, I will just say there was a "*Social Gathering*" at the City Hall a few evenings since. We had a pleasant time. There was a large company. We were entertained with interesting speeches, suited to the occasion, and delightful singing by several gentlemen and ladies, and harmonious music by a celebrated musician; all combined to make it a most delightful assembly. The refreshments were nice, and almost innumerable as to variety. The tables were adorned with fruits and flowers. The green trees that adorned the hall, were ornamented with oranges and apples—the birds were there too—one would almost think that in this winter time they had mocked the flowers of spring, and fruits of autumn.

Dear cousin, were you here some Sabbath morning you would be delighted to hear the various bells ringing, and to see the various crowds that are flocking to the different places of worship; then to enter the place of Divine worship, behold its crowded walls, and also the Sabbath School department, where a large company are studying the scriptures, you would at once see that the Bible and its precepts are not quite forgotten.

A little out of the city, on an elevated spot, is a *Hospital*—a home for the sick—away from the noise and bustle of a noisy city, just elevated enough to have the pure breeze of heaven. How delightful the thought, that if we are sick among strangers, we can have a home provided, and friends to take care of us; for if one is penniless they are provided for.

The *Cemetery* is a hallowed retreat if we want to take a walk for meditation. It is a spot of ground where sleep the silent dead—and is a place for thought and reflection. There to walk in the various paths, crossing and recrossing in angular and triangular directions with the graves on either side; there to read the inscriptions on marble of the many that sleep with the flowers growing over them, arranged by the tasteful hand of surviving friends, is both solemn and delightful. Near the centre is the *Hospital Tomb*—where the remains of those are deposited, who die from their home, until their friends can take them away. While I was viewing this

place of solemn loveliness (for it was when the flowers were in their brightest glory) I was almost ready to exclaim "Let me die and be laid among the flowers;" when I thought of my loved ones, and the sentiment of my heart was "Let me be laid with my loved parents, among my native hills!"

There are many things more, I should like to write, but the clock is numbering the hour of twelve, so I must bid you farewell.

You will please to write often, for a letter from my native hills affords much pleasure. Your affectionate cousin, L. T. H.

MARCH WINDS.

LAST night, when the world and its dwellers were still,
A band of wild fellows came down from the hill
And frightened us all with their riot.
We heard them play "hide and go seek" 'mong the rocks;
Then, whooping, they slammed the old gate, and their knocks
Round windows and doors gave us terrible shocks;
No mortal could slumber in quiet.

They paused 'neath my casement, and never a maid
Was roused in the night by more wild serenade—
'Twas whistling, and shrieking, and howling!
Their shouts and their groans made a nerve-shaking din;
I slily peeped out, as a moonbeam peeped in;
No being I saw, but I knew that they 'd been
At mischief, the clouds looked so scowling.

They met poor Jack Frost, who was spreading his sheet
O'er the beautiful ripples that fain they would greet;
So fearlessly onward advancing,
They bade the old gentleman "out of the way!"
And, kissing the wavelets, they frolicked away,
But swiftly rushed back, and at morning's first ray
There still were they merrily dancing.

They thought of *us*, too; for I found out to-day
They 'd carefully swept from the grass-plat away
The leaves lazy Autumn left lying.
The footpath so muddy, they wiped dry and fine,
But broke from its hinges a grocery sign;
A kerchief of linen they tore from the line,
That hung in the moonshine a-drying.

They 're boisterous fellows, these stirring March winds:
But prithee, say nothing against them, my friends!
They 've really wonderful powers.
Though, like all reformers, they sometimes mistake
And sweep off some good with the evil they take,
Who likes not to hear them, while Winter doth quake,
Cry out, "Clear the way for May flowers!"

L. L.

A FUNERAL IN THE COUNTRY.

A few weeks since we were favored with the description of a country wedding, and methought a picture of a scene of an entirely opposite character might not be wholly without interest.

'T was a lovely morning of September, 184—, the commencement of sober autumn, that season of Nature's decay—when the eye rests with mournful pleasure on the bright, beautiful and sublime. Mournful pleasure—because "passing away" is marked upon all things.

Who, that has seen the forest stripped of its gay foliage, flowers withering from the sight, the wandering streamlet congealed and silent, and even the mild moon, queen of night, becoming more pale and cold, has not turned from the contemplation, with a melancholy feeling pervading the heart? And yet this feeling, inspired by Nature's decay, is not *all* gloom, for we know that with returning spring all nature will be reanimated; once more the fields will be clothed in green, again the trees will wave their rich foliage to kiss the morning breeze, and the humble floweret, warmed into life and beauty by the sparkling rays of the sun, peep forth to gladden our eyes with its unassuming loveliness. Yet, for crushed hearts and blasted hopes, there is no spring time of joy and gladness;—but I am wandering from my subject.

I have before said, 't was a lovely September morning; that bright morning ushered in the funeral day of one of earth's noblest sons. A gloom seemed resting upon my father's household. Why this gloom within when all without wore an aspect of enchanting loveliness? Death had been amongst us; not in our own immediate circle to be sure; but he had clasped in his cold embrace one who held a strong claim on our hospitality and sympathy.

He, to whom we were now called to pay the last tribute of respect, was a stranger and a foreigner; an Englishman by birth. In early life he married a lady far above him in rank, though not in any degree superior in those noble and lofty sentiments of *mind* which so elevate the soul of man above grovelling spirits, and assimilate him to the character of his Maker.

The marriage of Mr. Hardingsworth proved unfortunate; inasmuch as the lady possessed an unconquerable pride, and her relatives looked with an evil eye upon the humble one who had snatched her from her natural sphere in society to struggle with poverty and misfortune. Poverty and pride are unfitting companions, and bitterly did Mr. H. realize this truth.

All know that English laws are grinding to the poor man. The same amount of labor that is required to support life in England, would, in happy free America, make a man comparatively rich. A few years Mr. H. struggled manfully with the influences that were crushing him to the earth, and at length he resolved to seek a home on the Western continent. Long and earnestly did he plead with his wife, for her consent to unite with him in his enterprise,—she might have yielded to his entreaties, but the interference of her relatives proved a powerful obstacle, and it was resolved that she, with her three children, should take up her abode with her father, while he alone should brave the dangers of the ocean to find a home among strangers. It was arranged that his wife and children should join him in America, as soon as a home could be prepared for their reception.

Arrived in America, Mr. H. was more successful than even he could have hoped, and most anxiously did he long to be reunited to the loved ones he had left on his native shore. Three times he crossed the Atlantic and each time returned alone. The wife proved untrue to woman's nature, and unworthy the name of wife. She preferred the ease and elegance of her English home to the society of him whose happiness should have been dearer to her than aught else on earth. When Mr. H. returned to us the last time he was an altered man. The iron had entered his soul. With his hopes of a reunion with his family, his health departed; he died of a broken heart, the victim of a wife's cruelty.

At the time of his death he was an inmate of the family of Mr. B., an emigrant from his own country.

At the hour appointed for the funeral we found a large concourse of people collected at the house of Mr. B.; but, amidst that throng, there were no mourners: they conversed with unaffected indifference. Politics, the weather, the news of the day were agitated, and frequent bursts of unsuppressed laughter arose from different parts of the assembly.

To me the scene was oppressive in the extreme. I turned away to visit the room where reposed the dead. As I entered the silent apartment, the daughter of Mr. B. advanced through a side door which led into the garden; she had gathered some choice, sweet flowers, and angel-like strewed them over the pillow of the dead. At any other time I should have regarded her as a very ordinary-looking girl; but that simple act seemed to invest her face with a look of angelic sweetness that haunted me long after.

The clerical duties of the parson were performed with freezing coldness; in his words there was no feeling, and they touched no chord in the hearts of the listeners. As the gaping multitude gazed on the face of the dead, I often heard the ejaculations, "He must have been a very handsome man!" "What a broad noble brow!" "What a heartless wife!" And thus they laid him in his quiet resting place.

Reader! should you ever pass through the beautiful little village of C. in Western New York, fail not to visit "*the stranger's grave*." There is no marble monument erected over his narrow home; a single rose tree marks the spot, planted by the hand of a gentle pitying girl, and annually does this simple memorial scatter its fragrant blossoms over the stranger's grave.

E. D. P.

JOSEPHINE AND MARIA LOUISA.

Translated from the French.

THESE two women are celebrated, not by their writings and their talents, neither by their beauty or their brilliant actions, but because they have possessed the affection of him who drew the gaze of the universe on his lofty deeds, his colossal power, and his misfortunes. Besides, they have had a great influence upon the destinies of France, and were much attached to Bonaparte. His star was eclipsed from the moment he con-

ceived the fatal project of separating himself from Josephine; she who had shared with him all the changes of his extraordinary and stormy career; she who never ceased to represent to him, that his excessive ambition would one day ruin him. Josephine is certainly the only female who has had any influence over the strong and ungovernable mind of her husband, notwithstanding what the Duchess d'Abrantes and General Junot have said; one in memoirs published in her name, the other in the memoirs of Bourienne. Josephine even had courage to expose herself to the rage and reproaches of Bonaparte, in order to mitigate many sentences of death pronounced on different persons, who had conspired against the life of the first consul, and his government. She succeeded in saving the Polignacs and many others.

The gentleness and sweetness of her disposition, the nobleness of her sentiments, and the graces of her person caused her to be admired even by her enemies, and gained for her the esteem and affection of all. It was thus that she rallied under the banners of the first consul a great number of persons, who were jealous of his grandeur, and secretly opposed to his government. Josephine endeavored in vain to persuade her husband to abandon the project of taking up his residence in the Tuilleries. It has been said that the Luxembourg, the dwelling of the five ex-directors, did not satisfy him; his restless and ambitious mind could not be confined in so narrow a compass; it needed the Tuilleries and a dozen royal chateaux besides; even France did not satisfy him; for he wished to conquer the world. If Bonaparte, as consul, had followed the wise counsel of Josephine, he would have been happy, and would have ensured the happiness of France. He might have lived and reigned yet, and millions of brave men would not have been sacrificed to his ambition. By separating himself from Josephine he lost much of the esteem of all impartial and sensible men; he estranged himself from the heart of the French nation, and especially from those who were most sincerely attached to him.

Maria Louisa arrived, replaced Josephine, and used every means in her power to render herself popular, and gain the affections of the French. But this generous people regretted Josephine, and murmured at receiving an Austrian princess whom the officious Metternich had introduced upon the throne of France. The majority of the nation, from that time, saw in Napoleon only a Corsican, and in his consort an Austrian, descended from a house which for ages had been the constant and bitter enemy of France.

Maria Louisa's intentions were upright and good; but it sufficed that she came from Vienna; from that time their confidence in him who had accepted her, diminished considerably. Their enthusiasm reappeared for a moment on the birth of the king of Rome, but soon disappeared. The armies of Napoleon had been, till now, with the exception of Spain and Portugal, every where triumphant. The great reverse of the campaign against Russia, proved to him that France, besides being depopulated, had no longer the noble enthusiasm upon which he built his hopes. Bernadotte and Alexander took advantage of this, and in their proclamation, adroitly separated the cause of Napoleon from that of the French nation.

Josephine and Maria Louisa are said to have been very charitable. This ought not to be mentioned as an extraordinary quality, since it is generally attributed to the fair sex. Besides, it is very common to extol even the

most insignificant actions of persons in so high stations; they give only a small part of their superfluous wealth, which it has cost them no effort to obtain; whilst a poor man, who barely gains a livelihood by his daily labor, and deprives himself of part to relieve one more miserable than himself, is not noticed.

Maria Louisa after quitting France, secretly married an Austrian General, the Count de N——, who aided Metternich and troops in transporting her first husband to St. Helena. It is necessary to say, to the honor of Maria Louisa, that she used all possible means to share the captivity of Napoleon; but she was refused. The Count de N——, died a few years after, and she consoled herself for the loss of two husbands by taking a third.

E. W. S.

D R E A M .

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

THERE are seasons which occur in our passage through life, in which the mind is wearied and almost overpowered by disappointment, or some casual incident which we sometimes permit to intervene, and deprive us of our wonted felicity. On such occasions it is a powerful palliative to cast the eye of memory back to scenes long since transpired, eras fraught with pleasing and cherished remembrances. And when adversity or disappointment come under their thousand varied forms, how vividly do those half-hours of cheerfulness flash upon the mind, with all the freshness and vigor of originality. They always gather lustre from the darkness of the present, and are the more ennobling because they impart to an hour of sorrow the fragrance of their own departed glory. Thus much for past recollections. The friends will permit me to give them a dream. I shall take no responsibility upon myself to answer to the correctness of the sentiments contained therein, for no persons are to answer for their dreams.

I fancied myself standing upon the banks of that river which marks the boundary of life and death. I cast my eye over its surface and beheld a fair enchanting forest, whose unnumbered hues rivalled the colors of the rainbow. In this enchanting spot were congregated flowers of every clime, whose variegated dyes were mirrored in the bosom of this gently-flowing river. There the palm rose in stately grandeur, overshadowing the luxuriant palmetto; here the willow and the myrtle were transplanted, and the vine was clasping in amorous loveliness the evergreen, within the dark folds of the bending cyprus. There, too, the upas bloomed in eternal green; and the fragile violet, whose tiny leaves would have shrunk from the beams of the vertical sun, opened its petals beneath the umbrage of its shadowy branches, for heaven had changed its awful energies. I cast my eye around to discover, if possible, the person of any human being, to see if this beautiful spot I had fancied paradise, was frequented by mortals. There was no sun in the firmament, yet all was fair and lovely and one eternal day. Curiosity led me to embark upon the stream, and as I left the shores of earth methought there came stealing over the waters notes

of celestial music, thrilling in fading, yet never-dying echoes, the distant shores. I paused and listened to the melody, and beheld a daughter of earth standing upon the shores, her arm outstretched as if to beckon me onward. She was clad in garments of celestial beauty. In her countenance there shone a calm and placid serenity; such even as I had witnessed before the grave had sought its victim, and there lingered the same smile of ineffable sweetness. "And is it you?" she uttered, in a cadence soft and thrilling. "Welcome, my sister—walk with me beneath these bowers, and we will sing to the praise of the glory of our heavenly FATHER. You are now ransomed from the cares of earth; your trials are over; we will be no more separated. We will look back upon our anticipations, for now then that Heaven is but the consummation of all our earthly hopes. We mingled our sympathies on earth; tears of commiseration were shed for mutual sorrows; our spirits are now enfranchised; we will mingle our joys through never-ending ages;—tears no more shall stain our cheeks;—love divine shall glow within our hearts."

The words were still sounding in my ears when I awoke. The light of the dawning morning shines in my window. Yes, she is gone! How vivid in my memory is the time and place when I last saw her. The vehicle rolled on—she waved her kerchief—and I felt that one of the fairest flowers that ever bloomed in the garland of earthly friendship was lost to me forever. If there is one felicity I would have prolonged in Heaven, whose nature is of earth, it is the unspeakable felicity of shaking hands with "Mary in Heaven."

M. M'W.

THE VOICE OF THE PAST.

Many are the voices connected with the past. From almost every hour of our existence, this handmaiden of memory bears some well-remembered, but perhaps long-forgotten sound. Yes, many and varied are the tones which proceed from the ever-present and wonderful organ—memory. Far in its unfathomed fount, lie buried, but not powerless, chords which need but to be touched, and their deep soul-stirring tones vibrate to the recollection of scene after scene of by-gone days; and those reverberations from the past come to us as eloquent and instructive sentinels from the different sources in which they originate. They are always near; and are heard as often amid the hours of excitement and care, as amid those of tranquility and repose. How intimately, then, is the voice of the past connected with our present happiness, and how important to make a proper use of the present, is its voice of monition and warning. Mingled then with its tones, is the remembrance of failure, and perhaps fault, and often while it imparts instruction, it preserves the unwary from the path of temptation and vice, arrests the attention of the reckless, and causes the tear of penitence to flow. Sweet and welcome is the voice of the past, when blended with its tones is the consciousness of approval; then its strains are richly fraught with peace, though, while we linger in this earthly home, they may not always be free from sorrow. There are chords in

the memory, which, if touched, echo to the recollections of change and afflictions; then the voices of the kind and loved ones, that are hushed in death, again greet our ear, and, though they fall upon the subdued spirit like music from the tomb, yet precious, indeed precious is that gift, which preserves from oblivion, the remembrance of the cherished departed. The voice of the past is our constant companion; it may be a source of happiness and peace, or of misery and regret, and it is always one of instruction and warning; and even when we have passed from this temporal kingdom, to the spiritual regions, the vibrations of these echoes methinks will reach us as merciful delineations of the past, to enhance our pleasure, or to augment our woe.

G.

"THEY THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME."

Cast aside those gems which shine
On thy snow-white neck and brow,
Take the pearl of greatest price
For thy guide and portien now.

Thou hast tried the world, and found
Vanity engraven there;
Death has crushed thy fairest hopes,
And deceit has laid its snare.

Thou hast tried the *friends* of earth
And hast found them faithless too;
Turn then to the FRIEND above,
Who is ever just and true.

When affliction's stormy hour
Comes to break the bruised reed,
He will show this glorious power,
He will prove a friend indeed.

Casting all thy care on HIM
He will care for thee and thine;
Then in brighter worlds above
Thou with HIM shalt ever shine.

There to tune the song of praise
Through unceasing years of time;
Holier pleasures be enjoyed,
Purer happiness be thine.

Brighter gems shall deck thee then
Than India's wealth hath ever told;
Thy hand shall strike a heavenly lyre,
Thy brow shall wear a crown of gold.

MELANIE.

EDITORIAL.

THE EARLY DEAD.

"Blest the dead, the early dead;
Tears for them shall not be shed;
Merty gives a gentle doom,
Leads them to the sheltering tomb,
While the sky of life is bright,
Ere the coming on of night.
Those, who linger long, shall know
Storm and darkness, cold and snow,
But, secure in peaceful rest
Lie the early dead, the blest.

From life's spring-time bowers they fled
Ere one glossy leaf was shed,
While the bee was on the flower,
While the bird sang in the bower;
Fragrance floating all around,
Mingled with delicious sound.
We shall know them melt away,
They shall mourn not their decay,
Birds shall sing, and roses bloom,
O'er the early envied tomb."

Where there is death, there is always grief. But we mourn most when the young die—when those, who are just rejoicing in the spring-time of existence, are stricken down—when the hopeful and glad-hearted are taken away, while the aged and sorrowful remain to weep above their tombs. We plant flowers above their graves as emblems of the beautiful and frail—we carve upon their monuments the severed bough, and broken shaft, and, with few exceptions, we sing our most plaintive dirges over "the early dead."

But was not the old heathen poet also a true philosopher when he said, "Those the gods love die young;" and are not we, as Christians, wanting in fidelity to our faith when we grieve for the young and loved ones who go down to the grave before us? There is so much of sorrow and trial that we know they escape—there are so many burdens they can now never be called upon to bear—they are now free from so many of the snares and temptations which might have beset them—that our feelings should not be all of sorrow because they are taken

"with buoyant hearts and young,
But to notes of flattery strung,
Ere the jarring tones of care
Mingled discord with despair."

True the ways of Providence may often look dark to us—its decrees seem as a sealed scroll; but can we not believe that "every cloud has its silver lining," and though we may not see, yet we may feel that *all is right*.

This faith must often be sorely tried. We see the gladsome child—the idol of indulgent parents, the pet of a delighted circle—we see it taken away, while the unloved infant of the frantic child of want is destined to live unblest and unblest. We ask ourselves this question: Why was the one taken and the other left?

We look upon the young bride, as she stands in her pure beauty before the altar, the joy of him who is to cherish her as his heart's first choice—the delight of the new circle who throng to give her a welcome among them, and still the dearest of that band she leaves, and which she loves not the less because she loves another more—we look upon her, and, as we gaze, a pallor steals upon her cheek which we know is the precursor of a not distant tomb. She is taken, while the broken-spirited wife of a wretched husband still lives to mourn her lot, and pray for death. Again we ask: Why was the one taken and the other left?

We see the young man, whose foot has just been firmly placed upon the threshold of life, who is the hope and solace of a widowed mother, the friend and sus-

tainer of other brothers and of beloved sisters, the centre of a large circle of admiring acquaintance—we see him fall before the destroyer, while the reckless vagabond, the outcast from home, and outlaw from society, still lives—a curse to society, and a torment to himself. And then again we ask: Why was the one taken and the other left?

We may not answer these questions now, but a time will come when the enigma shall be solved;

“When the dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right;”

when that, which seemeth strange here, shall seem clear in the light of eternity.

Do we not strangely mistake when we mourn for the glad-hearted who are taken from earth's most blissful scenes, as though they were deprived of that for which Heaven can make no amends? Is not the grave but the strait gate to that house where there are many mansions? the dark portal to a most glorious home? Are not the pleasures which there they daily enjoy far more blissful, as well as permanent, than aught they could ever know here? O, let us not weep for them, but for ourselves, and those who still remain with us.

We are all journeying to a FATHER'S house—but some are suddenly taken from our sides, and translated in a heavenly chariot to the destined home. We are left to plod along our weary way, through tempest and darkness, night and cold. Because we are sometimes cheered by sunny skies, and because flowers bloom occasionally in our pathway, should we wish to recall those who roam in ever-blooming vales, and under ever-brilliant skies? No, no! let us rejoice that

“secure in peaceful rest
Lie the early dead—the blest.”

This train of thought has been suggested to us by the death of Mr. GEORGE P. STEARNS, aged twenty-seven years, the senior partner of the firm by which our magazine is printed. He died suddenly, though of a disease which had long been sapping the fountains of health and life, at the house of his widowed mother in Dracutt.

It is not in the spirit of a too general elegiac style, that we say we can do no more than mere justice to his public and private worth. To his mother, to his brothers and sisters, to his large circle of acquaintances and associates, he was endeared by his many excellences, and extraordinary equanimity of character. Never, in the petty vexations of business transactions with him, have we heard a hasty word—never, in our friendly intercourse, have we heard the expression of one unkind or unjust thought.

But we do not intend to give here an obituary notice of our departed friend. This is hardly the place for it. And, when the bereaved among our circle of writers have sent us communications expressive of their grief, and eulogistic of the departed, we have, for various reasons, invariably declined publishing them. When death but lately entered our own family circle, and took from us one who was very lovely and very dear, we would not avail ourself of a privilege we had denied to others. Moreover, after the lapse of a few weeks, as we returned to our duties here, there was too much need of all the self-command we could attain to render it advisable to search out the sources of our grief, and give public expression to our sorrow.

But the death we have here noticed is the first which has occurred among those connected with the Offering, since we have had the charge of it. And, during the half-dozen years in which the Improvement Circle has existed, but two have died, of the large number of females who have, at different times, been connected with it. One of those had written but once for publication, and the other had not contributed to this series of the work.

We consider this as a remarkable circumstance; and, as a few months more will finish this publication, may we not reasonably hope that Death may still spare our little band, and all who are connected with us in the issue of our magazine.

H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

JUNE, 1845.

MAIDEN MEDITATION.

WELL, well, there is no use in fretting now. I am an *old maid*, and no mistake. The sunny hours of girlhood have flown away, like a bright dream, too pure to last. Then I was a rosy-cheeked, laughing, black-eyed girl, full of young life's hopes and anticipations—singing from morning till evening, blithe as bird or bee; and life was all bright and beautiful before me. But a change has passed over the spirit of my dream. Now I live and move an isolated being, an *old maid*; a member of the maiden sisterhood.

Yet I do not repine. No! far be it from me; it was my own choice, and I have never yet repented it; though my cheek has lost its bloom, and my raven tresses have changed their hue. This form has grown thin and shadowy, and my voice has lost its melody, yet still I do not grieve. Had I been a wife, age would have shaken hands with me, and perhaps I should have been even more *ugly* than I am now. The very thought of matrimony always affected me like a fit of ague; and when any of my lovers broached the subject, my poor frightened heart thumped and fluttered like a caged bird, always compelling me to say "no." And my lovers all had such homely names that, turn them which way I might, they would not pass. Higgs, Hobbs, Spriggings, Higgings, Jiggings, Riggings, and Scriggings. No! not with any of these could my poetical name of Arabella Estella Corrilla La Mott be amalgamated. It would have been an insult to the good sense of my parents, who bestowed on me such a pretty name; and who, pray, can blame a maiden lady of sixty for being proud of such a name.

By the way, this makes me think of the other *sex*. What a shame it is that they call us such names. One can never be in their company without hearing about "*cross old maid*," "*ugly old maid*," and "*old maids dried up, and ready to fly away*." Now I wish they would remember that we are not ready to fly away with an "*old bach*." It would take something, I reckon, besides steam to carry us, if we should attempt it. "*An old maid!*" The name is hackneyed enough in all conscience; and I am ready to own that it sounds hateful even to me; but I do not see why it is worse than "*young maid*." If it is, let it be exchanged for something better. We often hear the men say, "They are cross, ugly and spiteful,

and because they are *obliged* to live in single wretchedness, they must have something to love, so they get cats, dogs and birds for pets." Well, what if they do? I would as soon have cats and dogs—no, I do not mean dogs, for they are hateful creatures, but cats, at all events—as a stingy scolding husband, and crying children daubing every thing over with their dirty greasy hands—and their noise is insupportable.

There is neighbor Brindle, an old beau of mine, by the way. Whenever I go there I am almost crazed with the noise of his six children. The ever-ringing chorus of their family concert is, "Father, father," "Mother, mother," or what is passing flat, "Papa, daddy, mama, mamy." Now, if I were going to be married, I would get a new order of household words, and never allow the children to call me twice by the same name. My children, of course, I should expect to be very dutiful—But to return to neighbor Brindle's; his wife can never talk of any thing but the children—how wonderfully bright they are; the baby, only one month old, has actually laughed; and, from the description, a body would think as much as one tooth had graced its little mouth. The dear little eyes, sweet little nose, pretty little toes of the other children, are all pointed out to me as though they were so many gems that I must admire. Now this is absolutely ridiculous. If I were a married woman, and could not find any thing to talk about excepting my children, I would hold my tongue, and not talk at all. There is Mark Dobbins—it is just so at his house; every time I go there, I think that I will never go again, for I am almost teased to death; the continual cry, from the time I set my feet in the house till I set them out again, is, "Just see this," "Just see that," as if I care how well Mark Dobbins provides for his family; I'm sure I never wanted to be drawled round the world by him; but folks do say, he married Minerva Temple out of pure spite to me. Well, if he did, poor fellow, he's got his pay; for his wife has grown dreadful slack. Her head, I dare say, aches, sometimes, to see a comb; and her shoes flop up and down like a mill clapper at every step she takes; I do not see how she contrives to keep them on; and her children are so dirty and ragged—there, I never saw them clean but once, and that on an extraordinary occasion. Dobbins himself is altered from the gay and social to the sullen and morose; and his wife, if she had the sense of a goose, would discover the cause in his bloated face and fiery nose. I wonder it has not burnt her before this time. Heigh-ho! I am sick of married life. Give me single blessedness, called after whatever name it may be—"A tall, sallow, gaunt, old maid," or "A strait, stiff, commanding spinster"—any thing—yes, any thing but—matrimony.

Well, poor Tabby is purring for her supper; so, good by to meditation.

AN OLD MAID.

A CLOUD, which neither denoted a storm, nor caught the eye by its graceful beauty, rested upon the horizon. Many saw it; but the summer wind wafted it onward—and it was forgotten.

C.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

AN ITALIAN TALE.

(Concluded.)

AND yet again it was fete day in Italy. Clear and glorious was the sky above—bright and beautiful was the earth beneath. For five years there had been anxious hope and expectation, and the two young rivals had been unceasingly watched.

Rivals! there is something implied in that word which both would have repudiated, for never was there more generous noble friendship than that cherished for each other by the two young men.

That which Montinello felt for the yet nameless painter was second to nothing but his love for his art, but it was not so exclusive as that he received in return. He loved all around him—he had his male and female friends and admirers. He had parents, brothers and sisters, with a host of worshipping relatives. He was almost universally known, and his countrymen waited but his own pleasure to idolize him. He was the child of a valued man, and never before was it thought that father had such a son—never was son so blessed in his father. With all these to share the affections of a naturally susceptible heart, it was not possible that he should give a wealth of love to be compared with an undivided affection.

The painter had no friends. The sweet faces which looked on him from the darkening canvas were the only ones, save Montinello's, which beamed on him with heart-thrilling tenderness. Every thought which was not given to his hallowed labor, or consecrated to the dead, was devoted to the generous warm-hearted sculptor. But so large a proportion of his mind was given to retrospection and aspiration that there was probably an equality of friendship between them. The heart of the painter could not rest to *love* another. When he should be crowned the supreme genius of Italy, then would he share his joy, his praise, his glory, with his friend. This would have seemed to Montinello like selfishness, but for the vow to the dead which hallowed and prompted the feeling. His noble soul looked at every thing in its brightest aspect, and, to know the painter aright, was to look through the Mokanna veil in which circumstances had enveloped him. Montinello was the only one who did him justice, and this they both knew well.

The specimen work upon which each had been engaged for the festival was never exhibited to any one, and the public knew not even the design. Montinello first commenced, and his model was once seen by the painter, who did not however offer the like return of courtesy. He wished, he said, that his own should show all possible contrast, and assured Montinello that he would one day appreciate his motive. This circumstance had been turned to the painter's disadvantage, and there was much said of his abusing Montinello's confidence, and displaying heartlessness, selfishness and meanness. Montinello remained unmoved. "I shall one day," said he to himself, "know, and all Italy will know, that a genius, like that painter, can never be mean, heartless and selfish."

This, the glorious festival day, was the day when all was to be revealed. Hearts throbbed high with expectation, and a few beat almost tumultu-

ously. The crowd was very great. It covered a gently swelling hill, which offered a natural amphitheatre, and upon its summit was a broad screen which hid the trophies of the two artists. The judges—old painters and sculptors—with amateurs, virtuosos, and critics, stood near; but all pressed eagerly upward when the command was given for the screen to be withdrawn. No eye had hitherto witnessed the completed masterpieces of the painter and sculptor; and, for a moment, there was a death-like hush throughout the vast assemblage. Surprise, almost to consternation, paralyzed them at the first glance, and then the blue sky above re-echoed the shout, "*Two statues! Two statues!*" Then there was a low murmur among those who stood nearest, which spread gradually, though not slowly, through the whole congregation. Then they all knew that one was but the *painting* of a statue.

There was indeed the anticipated contrast between them. The work of Montinello was a sweet statue of Pallas, with its gentle beauty, stealing like the calm of moonlight upon the susceptibilities of all observers. It was placed against a rose-colored curtain, which threw a life-like glow over the round delicate form, that seemed but to have ceased breathing because so many eyes were bent upon it.

The painting represented a statue of Romulus, the warlike founder of Italy's kingdom city; and it was indeed the model of a warrior. It seemed starting from the jet black ground-work of the canvas, as from some dark recess, to deal death and vengeance on its foes. The clenched hands, the parted lips, the fierce eyes, all exhibited a stimulus of life, the result of long-cherished passion. It did not look as though its breath had ceased, but all involuntarily listened, at the first moment, to *hear it breathe*.

The low hum of explanation, which swelled tide-like from the summit to the lower verge of the hill, and which assured all that they did indeed look both upon a painting and a statue, and the look which convinced them, was succeeded by a cry of "*The crown for the painter!*" "*THE CROWN FOR THE PAINTER!*"

Both candidates stepped forward, but Montinello in the advance. Within the last five years his fine large form had been still more matured and developed, but his countenance still retained the sunny glow of happy youth. His had been a joyous life—happy without himself, and happy within. This was, in truth, his first trial; but, as he looked upon the painter, he felt that it was no trial to resign the crown to such a friend.

Thin, wan and shadow-like was the form of the successful artist. The eyes, though brilliant, were very hollow, and the damp hair lay in thin curls upon the lofty brow. Ten years before a form and countenance, too much like this, had looked at sunset from a humble lattice, to await tidings from a similar festival. It was evident that the palm of victory had been won at an expense of life which was too great a price.

It was won; and the painter stood as though his head anticipantly drooped beneath its burden, for it rested on his breast, while one small hectic spot burned in the centre of each of his pale cheeks.

The voice of Montinello was heard, as all thoughts were turning from him to his rival; and they listened to hear what he might speak.

"My friends! My countrymen!" said he, at length—"may not I also crave a prize? I know indeed that there is no second crown to be awarded, yet would I have some token that my efforts are approved by you; that when the painter gains the sculptor does not lose. I have toiled hard for

you, for Italy, for myself—my work may not die because a better lives. It is still all that it would have been had no such painter arisen. *All, and more*, for the thought of such a rival has stimulated me to efforts beyond myself. I ask but this, that *I* may be the first to bear that name, and make it known to you, of which all Italy shall be so proud—that I MAY CROWN THE VICTOR."

There were long cheers for Montinello, and the crown was given into his hands.

The painter came forward, and knelt to receive it; and, when he felt its thrilling touch upon his brow, and heard the deafening shout, which from thousands of voices rent the Italian heavens, the blood gushed like a burning tide into each pallid cheek, and left it then forever. ELLA.

A RIDDLE.

Of humble origin am I,
And serve as waiting-maid
To nymphs whose lineage is high
O'er even a prince's head.

And many to their love aspire,
But woo them oft in vain;
And so they change their fond desire
And stoop, my smile to gain.

And so I don a garment gay,
And dance a sprightly measure;
While foolish men, so blind are they,
Will *sometimes* gaze with pleasure.

Though soulless as an idiot is,
If e'er by them forsaken,
I for my noble mistresses
Have *sometimes* been mistaken.

And though 'tis true no servant's power
Should e'er be bought or sold,
I own I've run for many an hour
To win the shining gold.

But I'm a weak and worthless thing,
Oft lame, because I'm troubled,
My feet to equal steps to bring;
I'm crooked—sometimes doubled.

Yet was I *made* for harmony;
Smoothly my life *should* glide,
But rough and harsh is oft my way,
When men my footsteps guide.

Reader, in vain I seek for fame;
Be thou of praise the donor!
You'll say, when you have learned my name,
These lines did me small honor.

L.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REVERIE.

FAITH, it seems to me that mine is a weary lot. Other men have their ups and downs, their sunshine and shade, but my path of thorns lies down the hill, and I imagine that I shall, ere long, arrive at the bottom. To see me this morning, one would judge that I had just returned from a six years' residence among the Shawnees. My mirror reflects an image, clad in habiliments, which, if not "a world too wide, for my shrunk shanks," display many a crevice and loophole, through which to scan the world within. My coat, alas, has seen its palmiest days; when shall I look upon its like again? My soiled vest, surmounted by a collar more than soiled, my half-soled slipshod slippers, (which Cousin Isabel once told me, were fit emblems of a *soulless* old bachelor) all these I can boast of as my own, in addition to a host of blue-devils, which visit me semi-weekly, or oftener, if the northeast wind sweeps over me, or ill luck throws me into the society of the ladies. My hair, that brown glossy hair, of which I was wont to be so proud, is fast leaving me, and, as each individual hair takes its departure, it seems like the knell of departing youth. My magnificent mustaches, too, which flourished so verdantly, have of late received a plentiful powdering from that old barber—*Time*—and give me the appearance of a solemn grizzly bear. Little need I care for this, however, so long as modern invention can supply a dye of any hue, and as to my lost locks, why a superb wig from Froisier's, will more than supply that defect. Yet, after all, what signifies this patching and mending of the outer man.

I am growing old, both body and spirit, and, spite of myself, a foolish something occasionally whispers me that, if I had sought out a better-half, in my better days, my affection need never have become thus rusty.

There is my old friend, Tom, a fair specimen of your domestic men, a kind, generous soul, by the way, and yet I almost hate the fellow, he looks upon me with such a scornful pity, as if I were an utter stranger to all bliss and happiness. When I visit him, (which I do sometimes, although I always wish I had staid away,) he seems so proud of his wife and children, as to make himself ridiculous. And then, they seem so loving and so happy, it would give me infinite pleasure to see them engaged in a furious quarrel. I cannot, for the life of me, imagine how a man, gifted with common sense, can ever think a woman perfect. Yet I believe Tom would worship his wife, even though she should tear his eyes out. Strange, that he cannot see that she is like all others of her sex, fickle and vain, with a tongue longer than Jacob's ladder, and a determination to rule and reign at all hazards, as strong as that of old Queen Bess.

Yet, why is it, that sometimes when I am launching a thunderbolt against the whole feminine gender, that the image of Helen Shirland will rise up before me, in spite of myself, and, in an instant, I live those bright days o'er again. Ah, Helen! In truth, she was a glorious creature. I see her now, with her raven curls, her sparkling eye, and sunny smile. I verily believe, that, had I not been a downright ninny, she might now have borne my name instead of another's, for I am satisfied she loved me. I wanted to test her affection, and vex her a little, and so pretended to love another, when that New York lawyer, confound him, I wish he had been translated years before, stepped forward with the offer of his heart and

hand, which she was foolish enough to accept, leaving me to suck my fingers. Many a time have I tried to hate her for it, but, whenever I think of it, I only get provoked with myself, and I believe it is best to forget her altogether. I think I will destroy that locket of her hair, which I have foolishly kept so long. How well do I remember the time when she lost it returning from a walk, and I picked it up without her knowing it, and stowed it away in my cabinet. Little did I think then, that I should be a bachelor at the age of forty-eight, but so it is. Since Helen married, I have undergone several flirtations and negotiations, and once went so far as to pass the question to a brilliant girl, who referred me to her father for an answer, and the next day ran away with her father's clerk. Since that period, I have eschewed all thoughts of matrimony as the very quintessence of evil, but lately, somehow or other, I begin to grow restless and uneasy, and quite tired of my lonely joys, and hang me, if I don't think I should find wedded life quite as endurable as single blessedness. It will be a change, at all events, and it cannot well be for the worse: so unless I have another attack of the rheumatism, I will make proposals to Dr. Richmond's niece, ere another month has passed away. She steps like a divinity, and such fine eyes! I met her last week, and have dreamed of her every day and night since. Suppose she should say *no*, what then? No matter; I think I should survive the shock, and if she say, yes, why then I am no longer an old bachelor. I'll do it, I'll do it—by the powers, I will.

O. P. Q.

THE PLEDGE.

At the close of a bright summer day might have been seen, through a thick copse of trees, a neat white cottage, resembling a white spot in the forest; so completely was it embosomed in trees and shrubbery. A woodbine encircling its green door and creeper-curtained windows, with the bright foliage wavering gracefully in the air, together with the beautiful flower garden in front; and its neatly laid paths in the regular walks of which, engaged in innocent gaiety, were two rosy children.

This formed one of the most picturesque and beautiful scenes the eye could desire to look upon. At the little parlor window, overlooking this lovely spot, sat a young female who, from her youthful appearance, could not have numbered more than eighteen years, holding in her arms a beautiful infant boy, whose bright black eyes sparkled like two beautiful stars, as, with the tenderness of a mother, she fondly caressed him.

A few paces from the window, in a corner of the room, sat a gentleman several years her senior, apparently in deep thought. "Brother!" said a sweet musical voice, "come here!" The gentleman rose, and approached the window. "Who is that?" said the same sweet voice, looking out of the window, and pointing,—"who is that, with those tattered clothes and that reeling gait?"

"Miles Singleton!" replied the gentleman.

"And one of your companions at the ale house," said the lady, placing

her small white hand on his arm, and gazing, with her full blue eyes, into his face, with a look so full of anxiety and affection that it sent the blood mantling to his very temples. "Oh! brother; is it possible you can associate with such filthy and degraded beings? Is it possible I have left my home in the city, and come to this sweet cottage to render your home so uncomfortable that you must seek companionship with those who are so unworthy of your regard, who have fallen so entirely beneath the dignity of a man!"

"You have not made my home uncomfortable, my sister. Indeed, you have been very kind to make this your home, and you have manifested all the kindness of a mother to my little cherub," said he with much feeling, stooping and imprinting a kiss on the fair brow of the infant, for which may God bless you.

"I do not wish to wound your feelings, brother; but let me entreat you by the affection of a sister, by the near and endearing relation of a father in which you stand to these motherless children, by the sacred memory of your departed wife, whom you promised to love and cherish, by all that is great and good, let me entreat you to abandon those companions, and promise me, oh promise me, that you will never again visit that den of degradation, that you will never again taste of that poisonous cup, in whose dregs dwelleth misery and death."

He seemed moved by the manner and deep-toned affection with which this petition was uttered, for he was not yet hardened, and the voice of affection had ever found an answering chord in his bosom.

"Will you," resumed the sister, "will you promise me dear brother?"

"By the help of God," said he with emotion, "I will *promise*; I will *take the pledge*."

The lady then took from her finger a plain gold ring, and placing it on the finger of her brother, "This," said she, "was the gift of thy departed wife, and the motto is a *sister's love*. Let this circumstance, together with the motto, serve to remind you of the promise you have solemnly made in the presence of ALMIGHTY GOD, and may HE grant you strength sacredly to keep it." To which he added, in an impressive tone, *Amen*. Then, falling on her knees, in a low voice she fervently commended to the care of our FATHER in Heaven that beloved brother, imploring HIM to suffer him not to be led into temptation, to be with him in the hour of trial and guard and protect him in the hollow of HIS hand. Nor did she forget his companion in sin, but prayed that he might be the instrument in the hand of GOD of turning him from the wickedness and sin, in which he had found misery and wo, into the paths of righteousness and consequent peace. She arose calm and serene, for she was a Christian, and believed that the prayers of the righteous are answered.

Scarcely were they again reseated when both the children came rushing in, exclaiming, in one breath, "Oh! Pa! Charley Singleton says his pa has been whipping his ma, and she is on the bed crying, and they are very hungry—they have not had hardly any thing to eat these two days." This was too much for the already softened feelings of the father.

He burst into tears and, taking the infant from his sister's arms, "Go, sister," said he, "and prepare something for this afflicted family, for you are capable of comforting both soul and body. Thank GOD we have yet something to spare for our unhappy neighbor." With her accustomed cheerfulness and benevolence she prepared a basket of nice bread and cold

meat, and proceeded to the cottage of the inebriate. Like the good Samaritan she accomplished her errand, returned again to her home leaving the remembrance of a kindness and sympathy manifested more by actions than words. They succeeded in reclaiming the inebriate. In the little garden, where weeds were suffered to grow, is now manifested the care of the husbandman; every thing about the cottage has a more prosperous and cheerful appearance.

The father is again welcomed by the gay laugh of the children, and cheerful smile of the wife. And now may be seen, at each returning twilight, on a green plot between the cottages, beneath the shade of a stately elm, the two families mingling their united orisons, while their children join in singing the praises of their FATHER in Heaven, for they are trained up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD. * *

OUR NATAL PLACE.

THERE is no place like home; it is the centre of every one's affections, and well does it deserve our best esteem and love. But what is it that binds every heart so strongly to the place of its birth? Why is it that, amid other suns, and under other skies, the heart still turns with affection and love to the first home of its youth? Why is it that the traveller, as he returns from some distant country, feels such joy and gladness as he again comes in sight of his native hills? Is it because the flowers are fairer, the grass greener and the trees more tall, and stately than in other climes? Is it because the air is purer, the breezes softer, and more gentle, and the sky more beautifully blue above him? or is it because the sun shines more brightly, and beams more kindly upon him there, and all nature around presents a new aspect, and attracts his attention more?

No: it is none of these; but it is because it is his native home; because he knows he shall meet with a happy and smiling circle of relatives and friends, who will welcome him with joy and gladness to the home where he has so long been a stranger, because he will be surrounded with cheerful faces and happy and affectionate hearts; or if perchance, time has desolated his once happy home, if the friends, whom he once fondly loved and cherished, are now laid cold and silent in their graves, still does he love the home of his youth; he loves it for the memories it brings; he loves it for the scenes of other days, because it brings to mind the time when he was a free and happy child, before a knowledge of the world had stamped his brow with care, or taught him the cold, stern lessons of distrust and deceit. He loves it because it is the resting place of his friends, and he loves it—he knows not why; there seems to be a feeling, a something implanted in his breast by his CREATOR, that binds him with a golden chain to his native home.

Ask the foreigner as he makes his home in other climes than his own native lands, why it is that his brow is so often shaded by care, and why the silent tear so often steals unbidden to his eye, and he will answer: Because I am a "stranger in a strange land." I left my own happy home

to seek my fortune in a distant land. The entreaties of my father, the prayers of my mother, and the tears of affectionate brothers and sisters, were alike unheeded, they were all vain to bind my restless spirit to my native land. I broke through every tie of affection that bound me, and, lured on by ambition, love of fame, and love of gold, I became a wanderer. I have spent many years in a strange land, my hopes of wealth and fame have all been realized, but I am not happy. I have gold, but gold will not purchase sincere and lasting friendship. I seem to be alone in the midst of creation; no friend is near to cheer my hours of loneliness and solitude, to wipe the cold sweat of death from my brow, or soothe me with the voice of affection and tenderness. But I am alone. This he will tell you is the wanderer's lot, and in the loneliness of his heart he exclaims,

"O give me back my happy home, my dear my native hills,
The stranger's home, the stranger's smile, my soul with sadness fills,
O, what could tempt my youthful heart to leave my friends and home,
To change them for ambition's smiles, in distant lands to roam.
O, I have labored long and hard to gain a store of gold,
And passed my days in weariness, and now am growing old.
Riches and power! what are they now? I hate their very name;
Misery and care are all they bring, and all that they can claim,
O, I would give the richest gem, that ever decked this earth,
To see once more my native home, the land that gave me birth."

ESTELLE.

MY MOTHER.

MY MOTHER, oh the sacred name! As its echo rings in my ear what varied thoughts at once rush on my mind. It was her who first gave me birth, who nourished and cherished me, and anticipated every want before the power of speech was granted, who spent, not only long and tedious days, but sleepless nights, watching by the bedside of her child, when the withering hand of sickness had laid it on a couch of pain. It was my mother's sweet kiss that drove each care from my young bosom, and dried the falling tear. It was her gentle smile that encouraged my first tottering footsteps, and bade me make another and still another effort. Yes, and more than this. It was her affectionate voice that first taught me to lisp forth a prayer to the GIVER OF ALL GOOD; that bade me shun the paths of sin and vice, and choose those of virtue and holiness. And with what anxious solicitude, did she watch my riper years. Each bud of virtue, that unfolded itself to view, brought joy and delight to a mother's heart. While, with tender affection, she admonished and reproved me for every fault, and, with many prayers and tears, entreated the FATHER OF MERCIES to keep her beloved daughter from the many snares laid to entrap the youthful mind.

This is a mother's love. It knows no bound. But with an undying fervor yearns over her offspring, from the cradle to the grave. If they are blest with health and prosperity her fond heart rejoices with them. While,

if the thorns of adversity thickly strew their pathway, and lay them on a bed of sickness, her fond hand is the first to soothe their affliction, and administer the healing draught. My mother! may I never be so ungrateful as to neglect or forget thee when in the decline of life. Sooner let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than I forget my aged and venerable mother. But may I, in the vigor of youth, strive by every means within my reach, to soothe her downward passage to the grave. May I consider no sacrifice of my own feelings too great to make, if, by so doing, I can, in any way, contribute to her comfort or happiness. One gentle approving smile, in connection with a mother's blessing, is sufficient to repay me for all privations and bury at once the past in forgetfulness.

This world to me, would be but a dreary blank had I no dear mother. In vain would spring return with its opening buds and flowers, succeeded by summer's bright and joyous days. In vain would the mellow days of autumn strive to tempt me forth, while the merry bells of winter would sound like some death knell, had I no kind mother. May I learn to appreciate her kindness more, and bend a listening ear to all her kind instructions, and at last be prepared to meet her in that better world where we may spend an endless eternity together.

PROSILTHA.

WHERE SHALL MY BURIAL BE?

Oh, bury me not with the silent dead,
That people so thickly earth's lowly bed,
For I could not bear to lay me down,
Beneath the shadow, and darker frown
Of those mouldering stones, which stand to tell
Of some sleeper's rest, and guard it well.
Nor would I sleep in the cold, damp tomb,
That place of darkness, death and gloom;
Where no soft sunlight breaks the spell
Which the prisoner finds in his lone cell,
Where no gentle breeze of evening air
Can fan the cheek of the sleeper there.
I know thou art true, and dost treasure thy trust,
More safely than the miser his golden dust,
But in thy dark confines no flower ere bloomed,
For Death, the grim tyrant, is king of the tomb,
And I would that my grave should cherish the flowers,
For we have been friends from my earliest hours.
Then bury me far from the home of the dead—
By some gentle stream let me pillow my head,
Where the beautiful flowers, which kiss the blue wave,
Their fragrance shall shed o'er their lowly grave;
But no sculptured stone, shall mark that lone spot,
For I fain would be by the worldling forgot.
But if, perchance, I may not rest
In such a spot, so deep and blest,
Then bury me by my mother's grave,
Fast by old Ocean's swelling wave;
For could I slumber by her side,
Where rolls the heaving foaming tide,
There I would gladly die.

E. W. J.

ELLA HOWARD.

"Oh, you have come at last, William," said the sick girl, quite unconscious of what she was saying, or whom she was addressing. "Well, I knew you would; although they told me I never should see you again. Oh, I am so glad to see you. Come sit down by my side, and don't be so distant. Shake hands with me once more, for it is a long time since you left me. Eight long weeks! Is it possible? Well, they are gone now, and you have returned. We shall not be separated again, shall we, William?"

Thus spake the dying maiden as her physician entered her room; but she knew him not. Her thoughts were of an absent friend, although in the unconsciousness of the moment, she deemed him present.

Friend, just look in upon that pale sufferer. The effort which she has made to speak has quite overcome her, and she has fallen into a gentle slumber. Do you mark the hectic as it deepens on her cheek? It tells you she is the victim of consumption. But listen; she speaks again: "William, that rose-tree which you gave me has already blossomed. Do you see it?—'tis there in the window. I keep it there, for I love to look at it, and now I shall have a rose to wear in my hair. To-morrow is the day we have fixed upon. Well, my dress is all finished, and they tell me white becomes me well."

But look! she is awake. Do you mark the wildness of her eye, as it fixes on every individual in the room, and scans, with the strictest scrutiny, their every look. Hark! she calls her mother; she is not wandering now, for the energies of her expiring nature are, for the last time, called into exercise. "Oh, he has not come, has he? Well, I have had a sweet dream of him. I have seen him in a better land than this—a land of sunny skies, of gentle streams whose banks were clothed with bright hued flowers. And he looked more beautiful than when he left me. But then every body was beautiful there, nor were they so cold and selfish as people are in this world; but they smiled on us so gently, and spoke so kindly. Oh, I wish I could always live there. But, mother, the room grows dark, and I am very cold. Is this death! tell me—am I dying?"

The morrow came, that day which was to have witnessed the union of Ella Howard and William Holbert, but Ella was no more. The bridal dress had become her shroud, and the white rose she had cherished so fondly, now drooped amid the snowy folds of her winding sheet.

Kind friends had assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to departed worth, and already had the aged pastor uttered these words, "I am the resurrection and the life," when a tall and well-dressed young man entered the church, and walked up the aisle. A breathless silence pervaded the assembly, while all eyes were riveted on the stranger. But he heeded them not. The object of his affection was enclosed in the narrow coffin before him. Thick and fast fell the burning tear-drops on that marble brow, but it was too late. The "curtain had fallen," and Ella Howard was a spirit in that better land. But she went not long before him, for grief soon severed the chords which bound him to earth, and they were reunited in heaven.

E. W. J.

"FIRST LOVE"! ALAS!

"There is nothing like first love"! [Yes, *there is. Put a hot potato in your mouth, and shut your teeth upon it, and it will produce precisely the same symptoms as first love: rolling eyes, starting tears, ejaculatory "oh"s, and a constant succession of sighs.*] "The warm and generous gush of the heart's young affections! It is never forgotten, but haunts the soul like a dream of music, through all after life. It clings to the heart amid the wreck of all our earliest, brightest hopes, and reposes in the sanctuary unsullied amid corruption. We look back to it, as to an existence enjoyed under the influence of an enchanter's wand; there appears to have been so little of earth's dull reality mingled with those hours. Even the villain, hardened in crime, whose rank offences smell to heaven, weeps over his life of shame, as he thinks of the hour when his soul was spotless, and his heart adored a fair being, who filled both waking thoughts and dreams. It was the sunlight of existence, but the shadows have passed over it, and all else is dark and desolate."

"*Fudge!*" as the man in the Vicar of Wakefield says.—But after so long a quotation of sentimentality, one must stop to breathe.

The author of the sentence, or sentiments, which I have quoted, *is* one of the *handsomest* men in America, distinguished in the literary world, and one of the "observed of observers." He is "a delight—a jewel of a man;" and he might find truth in what he has written, but *my* experience is vastly different; and I question, whether nine-tenths of the masters and misses of this precocious age do not experience sensations nearer allied to shame than regret, if, in after life, they meet their "first love" and compare them with those whom their more matured judgment approves. And I must say, that this feeling, sighing, lack-a-daisical fancy, which appears so well in romances, in real life constitutes *the* one step from the sublime.

I once had a "first love;" and for the benefit of the broken-hearted, will relate "my experience."

I was young, not having seen my sixteenth birth-day, but my head was crammed full of all the exquisite trials of the heroine of the "Children of the Abbey," and novels of a like class. But alas! for the barometer of my "young affections," there was not a young gentleman within twenty miles, that would answer for a hero to my heroics, or worth "falling in love" with. The young masculine progeny of the fathers in that region, seemed designed by Providence to fill the footsteps of their fathers—that is, marry reasonably, take care of their farms and wife, and provide for whatever other blessings, or responsibilities, the future might commit to their care. With my sentiments and feelings elevated and refined into the region of ethereal nonsense, there was no danger of my descending to "earth's dull reality," without a severe lesson from my Utopian dreams. But who could be the hero? There was not a gentleman within the space I have named, unless it was old Judge Fiske, who had sufficient assurance to play the fool for the benefit of any lady in Christendom. Still, I am not certain what necessity might have done, if the Fates had not been propitious. And, further, I am not certain that even a lover of threescore years and ten would not have been preferable for the experiment of inducing my heart into the mysteries of "first love," as he would

have died in reasonable time, and not lived to haunt my memory with the caricature of the being whom my imagination and inexperience had exalted to a little less than divine.

Do you, my reader, (for of course I have one,) remember your first love as he or she appeared to you in the first days of the hallucination? Did not a halo seem to envelope the form of the beloved one like—but I can liken it to nothing but the beams of light which herald the sun's approach, or the radius of glory which encircles the heads of saints in pictures. And thus encircled, with a light more pure and soft than the last sweet ray of sunset, did the being appear who awakened the electric fire of first love in my expectant and weary heart. I had waited for him—watched for him at twilight hour, until the clouds seemed to assume human form and look down with the melting tenderness for which my heart yearned. And while watching for him in the clouds, could any one have supposed that my eyes would have turned earth-ways for the being who was to awaken the life of love in my heart, and teach me for what the boon of existence had been given? Ah me! those delicious reveries and fancies *did* repay for the hours of bitter anguish which their indulgence engendered. The vapor lover did very well until a more substantial one appeared upon the scene; and then, I grieve to say, the earthly one soon displaced the heavenly.

It wanted some months of my sixteenth birth-day, when the quiet of our little village was disturbed by the irruption of a stranger, who avowed an intention of locating himself within its precincts. Truth compels me to add, that on my first acquaintance with him, I discovered nothing but a tall red-haired gentleman of about twenty-five years of age; courteous, good-humored and affable in his manners. My unpractised judgment did not detect the influence which he was to wield over my destinies. I only regarded him in the light of pleasant and agreeable acquaintance; and nothing but a mere human being like the rest of the world. *He* discovered the similarity of our tastes and the congeniality of our minds, long before I had done watching for the divinity which was to drop from the clouds to teach me the "generous gush of the heart's young affections," and "the influence of the enchanter's wand."

I will not positively assert, that he did not discover rather, that I was the greatest dunce in the vicinity; and that while I was full of all the ingenuous artlessness of sixteen, joined with romance sufficient for a dozen misses, that common sense and real life were as unintelligible to me as the contents of a Greek Testament. Or he might have been very innocent, entirely ignorant of the magazine of tenderness which unconsciously he was igniting. My prattle, in which there was a strange blending of the woman and child, might have amused him, while my merry infantine rattle might have been his assurance that I had not thought of a lover. Be the question whether he was designing or unconscious, as it may, (and it is one which I cannot even now decide,) the consequences were the same to me.

Love was a word that never passed between us, although "pure and exalted friendship" was often expatiated upon.

But time progressed; and we read the same books, walked, rode, and sang together. We admired the same passages in the volumes which we perused, saw the same beauties in the landscape, loved the same songs, and watched the same clouds. If twenty-four hours passed, without spend-

ing one-fourth of it in his society, I thought the day lost. Sometimes his business would detain him, and then I would stand and watch the corner he must turn to reach the house, until darkness had veiled the light; and if he did not come, would seek my couch and weep myself to sleep. And if he had only been detained until a later hour, I would run to meet him, and in childish glee chide him for his tardiness. I had a small *petit* form, and being the youngest by many years of my brothers and sister, my mother still regarded me as a baby, as well as "*her* baby." My friends never seemed to think that I had reached the years of girlhood, or that I could pass childhood without attaining more stature and dignity. As long as I remained frolicsome and was kept in short dresses, I could not be any thing but a child. But my heart grew faster than my stature, and my affections were drawn out before my skirts were "let down."

When we went to walk in the summer, mother would tie on my sun-bonnet, and give him charge not to let me take it off. And then, I would place my hand in his, and pass quietly along until some flower caught my eye, when I would bound off, perhaps challenging him to "catch me." And when winter came, mother took the same care of my hood and mittens, and her charge would be varied to "not let me slip down."

And whenever he was going to ride, he would come in with, "Bel, where is your bonnet?" and if mother objected for fear that he was not a skilful driver, or that his horse was too fiery to trust me with him, he would combat her objections, and with the promise to return me "safe," would gain her consent.

One evening there was a walk planned by my companions of my own age, where I was very anxious to go. Mother refused her consent, and to all our persuasions was inexorable. Billy Butler, who was one of the number, beckoned me aside—

"Bell," said he, "you must go, or there will be no fun. Your mother will let you go with Esq. Smith, if she went with us; and I am going after him."

"But he will not go," I replied. "He was in here to-day, and was sick."

"Pish!" returned the boy, "if *you* want to go, he will come if he can stand. Don't you tell your mother where I have gone."

I *felt* that if Esq. Smith would come, mother would not refuse him; but I knew that he was actually unwell, and besides, the walk, or the attraction of our destination would be no inducement for him to join us. And I was weeping in bitter grief for my mother's refusal when he entered.

"What is the matter, Bel?" said he. "Come, dry up your tears, for I have come for you to go to Mr. Hoskins's."

"Mother says that I cannot go," was my sobbing reply.

"But, Mrs. Cleaveland," said he, turning to mother, "you will trust Bel with me? I will keep hold of her hand so that she shall not fly off, and by half-past ten return her safe home."

Still, as much as I wanted to go, I was not selfish; and I remembered that he had complained of illness when he was there in the morning.

"But you are sick?" said I, inquiringly.

"Oh!" he replied, "nothing but a headache. I feel better now, and the walk will do me good. Go and get your bonnet, and I will persuade your mother to say 'yes' while you are gone."

Nothing loath, I went after my bonnet, and as mother made no objection when I returned, I supposed her consent granted, and departed. The rest

of the company were a long way before us, and I went chattering along until I chanced to remember mother's refusal. As the thought struck me,

"Mother," said I, "would not let me go when Billy, Charlotte and Jane came after me."

"Yes, Billy told me so," he replied, "and said you were crying your eyes out."

"I did not cry until they were gone," I hastily rejoined, ashamed of my childishness.

"But, I suppose Billy thought you would cry," he returned, and a faint smile passed over his countenance.

I looked him full in the face as he spoke, which I had not done before, and saw that he was very pale.

"You *are* sick!—you are certainly sick!" I exclaimed in grief; "why did you come?"

"I am not very well," he replied, aware that he was unable to conceal his illness, "but you must not say any thing about it at Mr. Hoskins's, nor when you get home. It is nothing but the headache, and the walk will do me no harm."

"But you are sick," I persisted, "and I shall get some camphor of Mrs. Hoskins and bathe your head as soon as we get there."

"You must do no such thing," he hastily replied—"it would create"—and he paused abruptly for an instant, and then added, "uneasiness, and spoil the pleasure of your young friends. Will you promise me, Bel, to do as I wish?"

I reluctantly gave my consent to the request, and as he chatted more freely, was relieved, or forgot my apprehensions before we reached our destination.

"Remember, Bel," said he, as we reached the door—"no remarks, no uneasiness about my headache."

(Continued.)

IS THERE A GOD?

Is there a God? Whence came this bright and beautiful world, with its green fields and verdant meadows, and mighty trees of the forest gladdening earth with their presence, and cheering the heart with silent teachings? How came the bright flowers? And the high green hills, and lofty frowning mountains, whence came they? The little stars, too, those brilliants of the universe, that shine with such sparkling splendor, and the pale beams of the silvery moon? Whence sprang the glorious frame of universal nature, and how came man? Who endowed him with life and sensation, and reason which exalts him above the rest of creation? How originated all these—so beautiful, so sublime? Have they no Creator? Can it be that all this happened by chance?

No: there is an ALL-WISE BEING, who "created heaven and earth, and all that is therein." Who can doubt the existence of a Supreme Being when gazing upon nature, decked in her bright and beautiful robes? Let us gaze upon the stars as they shine forth in all their brilliancy, and add such beauty to the clear celestial sky, and the pale moon, as she rides

up the cloudless course, and looks down with her sweet smiling face upon us; and the sun, too, as he rises from the deep blue sea, to lighten the heavenly canopy with his glorious beams. How delightful to wander forth at early dawn, when the blush of morning beautifies the heavens, to gather wild flowers, and to listen to the deep-toned melody of the babbling rills, and the warbling matin song of the little birds, as they wake from their quiet slumber. At evening, too, when the golden rays of retreating Sol are sparkling through the leaves of the trees, and his dazzling beams gild the mountain tops, and the high hills. But soon the scene is changed, and twilight's peaceful, thoughtful hour is ours, and the quiet of evening comes stealing on. Now the stars make their appearance, one by one, to illuminate the cerulean vault with their diamond rays. Now Phebus, with dignity, rises to rule queen of the night. Soon the hour of midnight approaches, and all is peace and tranquility. Does not all nature, with united voice, say "there is a God"? and bid us not found our hopes of happiness on the things of earth, but look upward to a far more beautiful world than this, where God shall reign supreme forever. ELAN.

MISS F.: This article was written one moonlit evening in autumn, after reading that excellent one entitled "*The man out of the moon.*"

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

HAIL! thou bright orb, in yonder blue,
Fair sovereign of the nightly train;
Thou'st come again to greet our view,
Friend of the past, and still the same.

Good evening to thy majesty!
Thou art an old familiar friend,
As e'er we gladly welcome thee,
In whom the happiest memories blend.

We call to mind our youthful days,
When hope soar'd high, on pinions free,
And pleasure lured a thousand ways,
Still Fancy fondly turned to thee.

This evening, thou art fair and mild,
Gilding the autumn scenery o'er,
As ere thou wert when I, a child,
Gazed on thy face in days of yore.

How oft, in some sequestered place,
Where spring had spread her loveliest scene,
I've listened to the croaking race
Beneath thy dew-distilling beam.

And then, in Contemplation's hour,
The fickle thread of fancy spun,
And almost feared that mystic power
Would let thee from thine orbit run.

I've watched thee when all others slept,
With pensive pleasure all mine own,
And tried to count the stars, that swept
In pomp around thine azure throne.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

In queenly state thou dost appear,
Fair token of the Power that guides
Thee in thine own revolving sphere,
To bless the earth, and mark the tides.

How often, by the sportive throng,
Were various speculations made
About that dark and manly form,
Upon thy shining disc portrayed.

Yet, though our reasoning all was fraught
With wild conjecture, spiced with mirth,
We never dreamed, or even thought
That he would deign to visit earth.

But one dark night he did appear
On earth, as some of late have said,
And did, with deep compassion, hear
Her starving children cry for bread.

And this was on that Christian isle
Where mitred man no worship claims—
Or heathen temples e'er defile—
The land o'er which Victoria reigns.

But there the princely palace soars,
And pampered men its mazes tread,
While brothers pass its trellised doors
Unclothed, uncherished, and unfed.

There starving thousands toil for pelf—
Well might he question them, if God
Designed the image of HIMSELF
Should cringe to man, and kiss the rod.

Then round the Mediterranean sea
He sought her cities fair and grand,
But still dissatisfied was he,
And sighed to find a better land.

Then turned to bid the scene adieu,
And the swift wings of transport caught,
And o'er the broad Atlantic flew
With the velocity of thought.

And here he found the far-famed land,
Where freedom grows on every tree,
And every seeking stranger-hand
May pluck the fruit of liberty.

Here waved the fig-tree in its pride;
Here stood the lemon all in bloom;
The rose and lily proudly vied
In beauty and in rich perfume.

Our vales with sacred temples teem;
Knowledge is scattered far and wide;
Here wealth is borne on every stream,
And commerce floats on every tide.

But why was bliss by grief beguiled?
Why did his heart from all revolt?
For him the generous banquet smiled,
But all in vain—he "smelt a fault."

Out spoke our hero while beneath
The gracious orange bowers he stood:
"Ah! here they deal in stripes and death;
The soil is stained with human blood."

Alas, the rest I dare not tell;
So I will charge my muse to whist,
Lest some good readers think they smell
Me out an Abolitionist

And some will say, "Fy, 'tis a whim;
He ne'er did come to earth—not he;"
So I will say no more of him,
But now address myself to thee.

Long centuries with ceaseless tramp
Have glided by, yet thou dost shine
As bright as when thy lucid lamp
Was lit to strike the march of time.

Where are the young, the proud, and those
Who fought and bled for victory?
Ah! nations sleep in dark repose,
Yet time hath wrought no change in thee.

Thy smiles are yet as young and bright,
On Andalusia's foreign shore,
Or where Grenada's ancient height
Was traversed by the dusky Moor.

And yet the wing of light doth brood
Where wondrous Rome but ruin shows;
On Afric's plain, where Carthage stood;
Where Tadmor in the desert rose.

Here, too, thy smiles are worn, and blend,
Reflected on our temple spires,
As when the red-men of the land
Convened around their council fires.

O thou blest orb of heaven! 'tis thine
To light the dark funereal pyre;
Above the solemn grave to shine,
Where even mourning friends retire.

'Tis thine to look, with cheering beam,
Upon the midnight couch of care,
Athwart the prison bars to gleam,
And cheer the stricken captive there.

Fair queen of night! methinks thou art
An emblem of true sympathy,
That comes to cheer the sorrowing heart,
When pleasure-serving votaries flee

Friend after friend will greet our view,
When wealth or fame assert their power,
But they are friends, we know them true,
Who cheer us in life's darkest hour.

I love the streams that onward run,
To fertilize the thirsty plain;
I love *thy* beams, thou radiant sun,
That smile to bless the ripening grain!

I love the flowers that gem the glade,
The vine that clasps the cottage wall;
But oh, thou virtue-teaching maid!
Thy love I prize above them all.

Were't not for Him, who reigns on high,
That Being, who is all divine,
To thee I'd turn my spirit's eye,
And worship at thy gracious shrine.

M. R. G.

FACTORY GIRL'S REVERIE.

'Tis evening. The glorious sun has sunk behind the western horizon. The golden rays, of sunset hues, are fast fading from the western sky. Gray twilight comes stealing over the landscape. One star after another sparkles in the firmament. The bird, that warbled its plaintive song through the long day, has pillowed its head beneath its wing. The prattle of playful children is hushed. The smith's hammer is no more heard upon the anvil. The rattle of noisy wheels has ceased. All nature is at rest.

Evening is the time for thought and reflection. All is lovely without, and why am I not happy? I *cannot* be, for a feeling of sadness comes stealing over me. I am far, far from that loved spot, where I spent the evenings of childhood's years. I am here, among strangers—a factory girl—yes, a *factory girl*; that name which is thought so degrading by many, though, in truth, I neither see nor feel its degradation.

But here I am. I toil day after day in the noisy mill. When the bell calls I must go: and must I always stay here, and spend my days within these pent-up walls, with this ceaseless din my only music?

O that I were a *child* again, and could wander in my little flower garden, and cull its choicest blossoms, and while away the hours in that bower, with cousin Rachel. But alas! that dear cousin has long since ceased to pluck the flowers, and they now bloom over her grave. That garden is now cultivated by stranger's hands. I fear they take but little care of those vines I loved to trail so well; and my bower has gone to decay. But what is that to me? I shall never spend the sweet hours there again.

I am sometimes asked, "When are you going home?" "*Home*, that name ever dear to me." But they would not often ask me, if they only knew what sadness it creates to say, "*I have no home*"—if they knew that Death hath taken for his own those dear presiding spirits, and that strangers now move in their places. Ah! I have

"No kind-hearted mother to wipe the sad tear,
No brother or sister my bosom to cheer."

I *will* once more visit the home of my childhood. I will cast one long lingering look at the grave of my parents and brothers, and bid farewell to the spot. I have many friends who would not see me in want. I have uncles, aunts and cousins, who have kindly urged me to share their homes. But I have a little pride yet. I will not be dependent upon friends while I have health and ability to earn bread for myself. I will no more allow this sadness. I will wear a cheerful countenance, and make myself happy by contentment. I will earn all I can, and "lay by something against a *stormy* day." I will do all the good I can, and make those around me happy as far as lies in my power. I see many whose brows are marked with sorrow and gloom; with them I will sympathize, and dispel their gloom if I can. I will while away my leisure hours in reading good books, and trying to acquire what useful knowledge I can. I will ever strive to be contented with my lot, though humble, and not make myself

unhappy by repining. I will try to live in reference to that great day of accounts, and ever hope to meet my parents in a land of bliss.

One boon of kind Heaven I ask, though far from that loved spot, that I may be laid beside my mother, "neath the dew-drooping willow."

T*****.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Calm and beautiful was the morning of that day when a noble vessel sailed from an eastern port. A light wind wafted it gently from the harbor of N. Not a cloud obscured the rays of the sun, and the beautiful Merrimack rolled peacefully on. On board of the vessel were an aged father and mother, who were on their return home from visiting their children, little imagining that it would be the last time that they would be permitted to see them. But so it proved. Besides those were a widowed mother, with her young son, and a young lady. These were going to visit their relatives at the East. Methinks I see them enjoying themselves with the pleasing anticipations of meeting those that were near and dear to them. But alas! those anticipations were never to be realized by them.

Before night of that day, the sad tidings was brought their children and friends, at N., of their melancholy deaths by drowning. How it was the accident happened, I know not, as I was young at the time, but it was reported that it was the fault of the captain, who had disabled himself by intoxication, and if so what must be his feelings in his sober moments. But I leave him to be judged by a higher power. The vessel was towed into port, not far distant from where it capsized, and the bodies taken from the water and brought to N.

It was Friday they were drowned, and on Sunday they were interred from the church. I remember the melancholy scene as it were but yesterday. There they lay, side by side, the aged and the young. Those five coffins, with their black palls. The church was crowded with people, and many, who could not get in, were standing without the door. Scarcely a dry eye was to be seen in that large assembly of people. The services were performed by Mr. M., the worthy pastor of the church, and very affecting were his remarks, and well calculated to call forth the deep feelings of his hearers on such an occasion. From the church they were taken to the burying-ground, and there laid in the narrow house prepared for all living.

As I followed with my eyes that sweeping train, I thought, with what heart-felt sorrow they would return to their once cheerful, but now desolate, homes—no kind parents, or beloved brother and sister to meet them there. And should we not fear and strive to destroy that evil *spirit* that caused this woe?

E. S. P.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S LAMENT.

I ~~am~~ lonely! I am lonely! My friends have all gone
 And left me an orphan, in sadness to mourn;
 I had parents and sisters, and brave brothers too,
 But they've all gone and left me.—Where—where are they now?

But yesterday their eyes were all sparkling and bright,
 My mother caressed me—I was her chief delight;
 My sisters sang sweetly, my brother joined too,
 But they've all gone and left me.—Where—where are they now?

Oh! dark was the night when I saw them the last,
 The tempest howled fiercely, the wild billows dashed
 Against our proud barque, till she reeled to and fro,
 Then sunk in the waters.—Where—where are they now?

In some deep dark cavern, mid the wrecks of old time,
 With the sails of all nations, and every bright clime,
 She hath sunk down to rest. But her brave hardy crew
 And my own dear connexions—where—where are they now?

On the ocean's low bed, mid the corals so deep,
 They have lain down to rest, and all peacefully sleep,
 The long sleep of death, till the last trump shall blow,
 But their spirits immortal—where—where are they now?

In the haven of rest. In yon bright happy home,
 Where sorrow, nor sighing, nor parting, can come,
 But before the white throne of JEHOVAH they bow
 With angels and seraphs—there—there they are now.

But do they not love me, in that happy land?
 Do they not ever think of their lonely Bertrand?
 Oh! yes: their loved spirits watch me here below,
 Though unseen by mortals.—Here—here they are now.

Then I will not mourn them, though orphaned I roam,
 In Alleghania I must live, without parents or home,
 But I'll think of the lost ones, and weep my own lot,
 And my parents and kindred shall not be forgot.

A. F.

WHERE IS THY HOPE?

I ASKED this of a child, whom I saw eagerly chasing a beautiful butterfly, and ever, and anon, stretching forth her tiny hand, to catch the little flutterer, which always eluded her grasp. She stopped and looked at me, as if wondering at the question, but suddenly comprehending my meaning, she pointed to the beauteous insect, and with a joyous shout, darted away, eager to win her expected prize.

I saw her again; but she was no longer a child, but a gay and careless maiden, just blushing into womanhood. Her brow was wreathed for the festival, and the proud glance of her eye, with the musical laugh which greeted my ear, told me that her Hope was yet upon the painted butterfly.

Years passed, and I again revisited the home of my childhood. I en-

tered the churchyard, and approached a newly made grave. A female figure, clad in the weeds of mourning, bent over it. She threw back her veil, and I recognized, in the features of the mourner, those of the gay and happy girl. But, what a change!—She was still beautiful, but her smile was hallowed, and chastened, by the gentle influence of the meek and quiet spirit within. A faint glow passed over her features, at the repetition of the question, which many years before I had asked her, as she answered: My hope is in HIM who dwells on high. I have sought for happiness amid the gay and thoughtless, and, when I turned away disappointed, Hope whispered to me of a brighter world above; and HE hath taken from me, all that I held dear on earth, that he might draw me closer to HIMSELF, and that, being purified in the furnace of affliction, I may be worthy to meet them in the bright Spirit Land.

Merry youth, who art eagerly pursuing the pleasures of earth! remember that they are but butterflies, and can last but a summer. Turn then to the pursuit of higher and purer joys, that the spirit may drink from the pure fount of wisdom, and thirst no more. * *

A LONG COURTSHIP.

WHEN I was a little girl, I used to sit in the doorway, in pleasant weather, and watch for the coming of *Enoch*.

He passed my father's regularly once a fortnight, on Thursday, about an hour before sundown. He had a beaten path across the fields, and a particular place where to get over the fence. He wore a black coat and pants, with a white vest and cravat; thick shoes, and blue socks. This was his *Courting Suit*. Enoch was a very stout good-looking man. His hair was somewhat inclined to gray.

Jemima was a neat prim-looking maiden lady, at my first recollections of her, but I presume she was quite a belle, in her young days, for a country villager. She was a tailoress by trade, but she taught school occasionally, and had accumulated considerable property by her industry, expecting, no doubt, that she would one day enjoy the fruits of her labor with Enoch.

And why should she not? for where there is life, there is hope, and she, poor girl, had been hoping for the last twenty-five years, and "*Hope on! hope ever!*" was her motto. And she still lived on in hopes, for that was some fifteen years ago, and it is but a few months since I was informed that he departed this life, leaving his disconsolate Jemima to mourn his loss, with nothing to console her but the perusal of the only token of affection with which he had ever presented to her, and that was an *old almanack* of 1809.

ELIZABETH.

EDITORIAL.

A DAY'S EXCURSION. A *summer day's* excursion, we were about to write—for, though it is not more than a week since we saw the snow-flakes falling spitefully around us, and changing to tears of vexation as they fell to the ground, because it would no longer be an abiding place for them, yet now it certainly is summer, if sunshine, and birds, and flowers, and thermometers up to *ninety-three*, can make it such. And, if we went upon an excursion where shawls proved a care, and high-necked dresses a torment, and sun-shades a treasure, why, it must have been a *summer day's* excursion.

There were eighteen of us—more than two-thirds ladies—as parties are usually thus proportioned in our *feminine* city—all pleasant, animated and social—with a fine clear day for our ride, and a good object as its aim and termination. It was a semi-annual meeting of the MIDDLESEX SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER'S ASSOCIATION, and always to us a day of great interest. We were not disappointed in our high anticipations upon this occasion. The remarks we heard made upon the duties and responsibilities of teachers, and the nature and wants of children, will not soon be forgotten. Nor will the excellent sermon, prepared for the occasion, nor the pleasant hymn which went up from the lips and hearts of the vast choir of happy children, pass quickly from memory. Nor was the collation, prepared by the ladies of *that* society for the entertainment of their guests, to be forgotten, even in a passing notice of the occasion. For, in the profuse display of flowers from fields, gardens and green-houses, which seemed almost to overshadow the viands placed there to satisfy "the keen demands of appetite," there was that which met other than "the coarser wants" of our natures.

The time allotted also to social communion, was most agreeably spent. Then we formed new acquaintances, and repewed old ones; we greeted those who, unknown to us by name, looked familiar, because we had met them regularly at former meetings of this nature—for sympathies, like those which animated us there, wait not for an introduction, ere they go forth and meet each other.

We will give a retrospective thought to our homeward ride, and then close.

We waited for evening, as the dust, which in the morning had seriously vexed us, would then be less annoying. True, we lost the fruit blossoms, but not their fragrance. The fresh tint of the foliage was invisible, but the outlines of the budding trees were more distinctly defined upon the darkening sky. We lost the bright sun, but hailed the gentler "queen of night." We lost not the clouds, and we had the bright stars. We lost nothing for which we received not an equivalent; and, for the merry voices of the day, we had the clear full notes of the whip-poor-will, and the chorus of the frogs—and this latter, however tedious it may at times become, is always pleasing in early spring; as, aside from its merits as a concert of voices ranging from the heaviest bass to the shrillest treble, it is always connected with early and rural associations.

Pleasant as were our companions the spell of the evening was upon us; and, when our head drooped, and we thought of other days and other friends, the remark that "Miss F. was certainly resolving the happy experiences of the day into an editorial for the Offering," was what first suggested to our own mind the possibility of the thing. We had passed many an eventful and delightful day, with whose reminiscences we had never troubled or gratified any of our patrons, and hardly judged it advisable so to do. But the thought, which had been suggested now by our friends, did not immediately pass from our minds. Whatever we might have been meditating upon before, we did bestow a thought upon the Offering at last. And we have written this, not to preserve those thoughts, for we have not effected that, but to let our distant subscribers have an idea of the "white days" which sometimes occur in the life of a factory operative—(there were others besides ourselves of the company)—to let them know what some of our occupations and recreations are; and to assure them that, in the toilsome avocations of our daily life, its monotonous routine is often broken by scenes and hours of the purest and most elevated pleasure.

H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

JULY, 1845.

A VISIT IN THE COUNTRY.

IN the spring of the year 18—no matter when—I visited the country town of my childhood. On my arrival I stopped at a neighbor's house in the immediate vicinity, and within eye-exploring distance of the spot that I once delighted to designate my own "home, sweet home." But I have told you about that much-loved place in a preceding article, so I will hasten along with my story. While at the house where I established my head-quarters, while visiting the "country gentry," I was invited to visit a *very* old-fashioned family, that dwelt in a secluded nook, far from the sound of the village bell, and the lumbering teams on the main road. I accepted the invitation through a threefold inducement, namely, to be gracious to the giver, to gratify my curiosity, and to obey the dictates of duty, for I had promised my mother, before leaving home, that I would "go and see Uncle Jenkins's folks, because they were always such clever neighbors."

This family in their domestic doings was a perfect copy of the first edition of New England settlers. The cobwebs of bygone days had not been swept from their dwelling by their intercourse with modern customs and the march of improvement. It seemed to be a matter of choice that they lived thus isolated from the commotions that convulse the world without. The wrangling politician seldom visited their domicils, or, if he did, was silent upon his favorite theory; and the promoter of a new fangled doctrine also stood aloof, for there he found no convert to his dogmas, thus leaving them to enjoy the forms and ceremonies of religion transmitted to them by their forefathers "under their own vines and fig trees, with none to molest or make them afraid."

It was a happy home. "Let not grandeur hear with a disdainful smile" while I describe to you the residence of "Uncle Jenkins" and his interesting progeny. The house was one of those ancient-looking ones of which there are many yet to be seen in the Granite state—palpable specimens of the rustic taste and carpentership of our forefathers. It was one story in height, and spread out so capaciously on *terra firma* that it seemed as though it had been patted down till the roof rested upon the window frames, and thus impeded in its "downward road" could settle no further.

It had never been painted by mortal hands, yet, through the instrumentality of those "artists of the upper region," it had assumed the dun color of accumulated ages. Contiguous to this was a prodigious long ell, pointing out towards the north star, which afforded a comfortable residence for Levi Jenkins, Jun., and his portly spouse, with a trio of "olive plants" that clustered around their domestic board. Every thing about the premises bore the indications of old age, without being shabby. The stone walls and board fences were covered with a thick coating of yellow moss, and the trees had such an ancient look that they reminded you of spectacles, wrinkles and gray hairs. If Fanny Kemble and Dickens, who manifested a disposition to find fault with the newness of things in these "regions," had seen this time-honored domicile, I think they would acknowledge that there are some things even here that have a squint of the olden time.

But I must go on and tell you about my visit. One pleasant afternoon found me on my "winding way" to the residence I have attempted to describe. I met, as I anticipated, a cordial welcome from "Aunt Levi," who greeted me at the door with a hearty shake of the hand, and a look of complacent pleasure in her little gray eyes that spoke volumes of un-forgotten and time-hallowed friendship. The door, through which I was ushered, was an old creaking rickety concern, with a large tow string dangling outside which was fastened to a wooden latch upon the inside, readily reminding you of the song where

"Jack stepped up and pulled the string,
And she came down and let him in," &c.

Permit me to introduce you to "Aunt Levi," and then I will tell you about her parlor, or rather "west room," as they were wont to designate it. Aunt Levi was about sixty years of age, and looked as though she might have been mistaken for an old maid. This peculiar look, which none but an idiot can fail to observe, no doubt was imputable to the fact that she lived a life of single blessedness near fifty years. She was Uncle Levi's second wife. She wore a cap starched and "done up" with the utmost neatness, and her silvery threaded locks were parted on her ample brow with all the proverbial nicety of old maidishness. The blue skirt and "long-short" were exchanged for a rock-moss-colored flannel dress, and the checked woollen apron was laid aside for one of homespun linen.

Now let me tell you about the fixtures of the parlor. The floor was nicely sanded, and a bright fire was blazing in the old-fashioned fireplace, which we cannot pass without noticing. It was not more remarkable for its width from jam to jam than for its prodigious depth, which was five or six feet. What could induce our progenitors to construct such immense fireplaces is to modern comprehension a marvel. If it had been a sky-gazing age, the problem would find a solution in the fact that you could seat yourself in the chimney corner, and look at the stars as they sparkle in the cerulean deep; but this was not the case—they were deplorably wanting in a love for all that constitutes the beautiful and sublime. One thing is certain; that is, they did not appreciate domestic economy in the article of fuel. At one corner of this mammoth fireplace sat puss, purring away like happiness itself, and at the other reposed the dog that had grown gray with age. I remarked that the dog looked natural, when I was informed that he had suffered much by the *rheumatis* through the winter, and had been hardly able to go out doots.

In one corner of the room was a *beaufet*, which contained the most antique specimens of ware that I have ever seen. In another corner was a bed made up with the exactness of a skillful geometrician, on which were sheets and pillow-cases of homespun linen, so very white and smooth that they made me feel drowsy. At the head of the bed hung the warming-pan, which, perchance, had occupied the same place for ages; yet it was so bright that it sparkled like a star. Near this hung an ingeniously wrought basket, such that I have never seen its fellow, in which Aunt Levi kept her patches and darning balls. Between the front windows was a looking-glass that old granny Jenkins's mother had when she was married, and under this was a table of the most obsolete style conceivable. It was round when the leaves were spread, and of gigantic dimensions, yet so narrow when they were let down that Uncle Levi could hardly lay the big Bible on it. This wonderful table was supported by a legion of feet and legs, turned off with the most elaborate workmanship of the "olden time." Behind the entry door was a round hole expressly for the accommodation of puss. Near this was a high chest of drawers that reached from floor to ceiling. There was a clock in the room that went tick-tock, tick-tock, as it measured off the seconds, minutes and hours of the present, for the dim chronicle of the past. On the face of this was a representation of Night's gracious queen, which had waxed and waned from time immemorial. Levi Junior's wife soon joined us, and enlivened the scene with her happy countenance and sprightly conversation. We seated ourselves before the blazing fire to knit and talk as fast as we could make our needles and tongues fly. Among the happiest moments of my existence I shall ever regard the brief season spent with those good ladies at their domestic hearth.

It may be a strong assertion to you, my dear readers, who are accustomed to spacious drawing-rooms, Turkey carpets, sofas, pier-tables, pianos, and all the et cæteras of wealth and fashion, but, let me tell you, these trappings, which adorn the halls of opulence, do not confer happiness to be compared with that which is found in the quiet cottager's home. There was a blending in this family of republican simplicity and home-felt enjoyment, so that the very air, within and without, seemed redolent with domestic contentment and "rural felicity." After we had chatted awhile we went into grandma'am Jenkins's room to see her. The dear old lady had not been apprised of my vicinity; so, to let me see how well she retained her faculties, it was proposed that I should speak to her without the ceremony of an introduction. When I inquired after her health she caught hold of my dress, shaded her eyes with her shrunk hand, and ejaculated, "Who in the name of the old cat is it? You look *desput nateral*, but I can't call you by name." As soon as Aunt Levi told her my name she exclaimed, "Hoity-toity! hoity-toity!—I am *desput* glad to see you." She had a cargo of questions to ask about my folks, and if I remembered when I used to sit on the block in the corner to hear her tell stories—did I remember when I fell from the cherry-tree, and how *desputly* my nose bled when they carried me into the house, &c., &c.

The young lady left us to perform some culinary duty, when Aunt Levi commenced her search, in chests and drawers, for genuine relics of antiquity with which to regale my senses. She was not very conversant with the gossip of the neighborhood, and feared no doubt that my spirits would flag for the want of variety; so, to give a new impulse to the scene,

she spread out before me the habiliments of a buried race. "Calamink," poplin, brocade and damask dresses, with immense trails, were presented to view. Then came mantles, whimples, crimping-pins, fine linen hood and veils, "ruffs, puffs and farthingales;" also all sorts of "tinkling ornaments," such as knee-buckles, ear jewels, wristband buttons, bracelets, &c.

The next episode in the afternoon's entertainment was my interview with the juvenile members of the family. As soon as they were returned from school their faces were washed, heads combed slick as a mouse, and then were led in by their mother, an interesting trio indeed, Sarah, Enoch and Elesiah. The youngest was regarded by the whole family as very remarkable for his precocity. In their eagerness to make a man of him at once they had hurried him into a "long-tailed-blue," though he was but about three years of age, and very dwarfish at that. This *manish* garment made him cut the most ludicrous figure of the kind that I ever saw. Indeed he might have been taken for a dressed monkey if seen at a back view in the road. This was the little *manny*. I was told repeatedly that he was worth "forty-'leven thousand dollars, 'cause he had two eyes in his face, and he had ears, and a nose, and fingers, and toes, and *every sing*, and he was a little *manny*, every inch of him." He could repeat several nursery songs, such as "Ding dong bell, the cat's in the well," "Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater," "Goosey, goosey gander," &c. He could also count ten, and sometimes get as high as twenty by the simple process of skipping a part of the intervening teens.

Then came Enoch with his primers, tops and balls, and Sarah with her sampler, patchwork and writing-book. I had to compliment them with the prettiest speeches that I could manufacture, and I am ever horribly awkward at every thing in the line of "baby talk;" however, I lived through it.

Supper was now announced, and Uncle Levi was called from the field to partake of the good things prepared by his notable dame. Should you like to know how he looked? Fancy to yourself the old hero that Holmes had in his mind's eye when he wrote,

"I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches—and all that
Are so queer."

After we had supped, the chickens, ducks, turkeys, pigs and goslings had to be fed. I had great curiosity to know what they had in the chamber, so, when Aunt Levi went up to get meal for the "dough dish," I followed on, and commenced my search in that quarter. On one side of the chamber was a row of barrels filled with grain, and on the other side was a long chest. I could not, for the life of me, conjecture what they could do with such an *unaccountable* huge chest, but on raising the lid I found it to be their receptacle for beans. Aunt Levi apologized for not having a greater quantity. She said that they generally had beans to sell in the spring, but last year they were struck by the frost, and then the sheep got in and trampled them down, so that they had only eleven *booshels* when they were winnowed up. There was a loom in the chamber at one end, and a quill-wheel; at the other end, the warping-bars and spool-frame.

When the occupants of the poultry-yard were fed and housed, and the

"work done up," we all assembled ourselves in the long kitchen for evening devotions. This was in the first part of the evening, on account of old grandma'am Jenkins, who wished to retire early. "Old Hundred" was the tune selected and sung on the occasion. Then the

"Sire turned o'er wi' patriarchal grace
The big ha' bible ance his father's pride,"

and read a portion therefrom. This was followed by a prayer, which, if not eloquent, I trust was sincere.

As I happened to be seated near the door which led into the old lady's room I heard her rake up her fire, wing her hearth, and then get into bed. When she had got fairly cuddled down in the feathers, she commenced saying her prayers.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul"—

Here she stopped short, and ejaculated in a fit of hearty vexation, "O Lordy massy suz alive! if I haint come to bed with my specs on!" The old lady mustered and laid aside her spectacles, then recommenced her prayers and went through with them, which was the last I heard of her that night. Poor dear old lady! she is dead and gone, and I really believe has gone to heaven, for she certainly was a Christian, though she did go to bed with her *specs* on.

The remainder of the evening was spent in Levi Junior's room, where we had apples, beer, walnuts and "hard cider." Before parting for the night, Levi Junior, like "Old King Cole, a jolly old soul," called upon me for a song. I gave him two—"Fanny Gray" and "Rory O'Moore," which he paid back by singing the "Ship Carpenter," one of Uncle Peter's songs, and one about

"Dick the joiner lad—a joiner to a station,
Who courted Nell, as handsome a gal as any in the nation,"

if we may rely upon the verity of the song.

Perhaps you would like to know more about this specimen of ancient songology, so I will tell you. Nell, it seems, was a bit of a coquette; to be sure she told Dick that she loved him best of any body under "the canopy of heaven," but he inferred, as well he might from her habits of flirtation, that she told others the same story; so he managed to try the strength of her affections in a disguised *tete-a-tete*. This was done by dressing himself in female attire and letting himself for a servant in her father's family. They became familiar, as young ladies sometimes are with their female domestics, and in a precious colloquy which they held one evening,

"She told him of her sweetheart, all how she had slighted many,
And she told of Dick the joiner lad—she loved him the best of any."

Now this was just what Dick wanted to know, and the emergency of the case will half-justify the stratagem by which he accomplished his purpose. I have forgotten a part of the song, but believe it ends in matrimony, after the fashion of a novel.

The next morning I took leave of my friends amid a profusion of kind wishes, and, with a kindred feeling, I will now take leave of my reader.

M. R. G.

MY SISTER'S GRAVE.

" Oft as I haunt the dreary gloom
That gathers round the peaceful tomb
I love to see the lightning stream
Along thy stone, with fitful gleam,
To fancy in each flash are given
Thy spirit's visitings from Heaven ;
And smile—to hear the tempest rave
Above my sister's quiet grave !"

My sister!—it seems but yesterday since she was with us, though the flowers of ten summers have bloomed above the humble mound which shows her last earthly resting-place. She was a being formed to be loved, though she was not what the world would call beautiful. To the stranger there was nothing to excite interest, or attract observation ; but, to those who knew her, the quiet, gentle disposition and unassuming manners which she possessed, were far more lovely than the beauty of a Peri. Secluded as we were from the temptations of the city, she had no wish to mingle in its gay scenes. Her home was her elysium, and she had no interest beyond its precincts. She felt that it was her duty, as the eldest child, to set an example for the younger members of the family ; and it was from this circumstance, that she acquired the staid and matronly deportment which was so far beyond her years. She was passionately fond of reading, and of poetry particularly ; and the short poetic effusions, which she occasionally penned, showed that her choice had not been misplaced ; and, though written in a simple style, yet the buds showed what the flowers would have been.

But she was not long to be permitted to remain with us, and, ere sixteen years had passed over her, we saw that her days were numbered. She strove to appear cheerful, and her countenance wore the same smile that it had been wont to do, but it had a more saddened expression, and the hollow cough, and hectic flush, told us too truly that she was the victim of consumption. Weeks and months passed away, and her seventeenth birth-day arrived. It was a beautiful morning ; the sun shining upon my face awoke me, and, after dressing myself, I went to my sister's chamber, as I had been accustomed to do for some days, for her indisposition confined her mostly to her room. As I entered I perceived that the inmates were in tears ; I crept softly to my mother's side, and looked up into her face. A strange foreboding of evil came over me, and, hurrying away, I sat down and gave vent to my grief. Soon after, a lady came to me, and, taking me by the hand, led me to my sister's bedside. I scarcely dared to breathe lest I should disturb her repose. Her light-brown hair floated in disordered masses upon the pillow, while the bright spot upon her cheek, which, ever and anon, succeeded the death-like pallor, showed that her repose was painful. Presently she opened her eyes and a faint smile flitted across her features. They hastened to her bedside. Her lips moved, and, with a scarcely breathed " Farewell," her gentle spirit took its flight. I was very young then, but the impression which that scene made upon my mind will never be effaced.

They buried her beneath the bending branches of a beautiful willow ; a murmuring rivulet chants her requiem, and the white-rose tree, which

she planted with her own hands, casts its yearly tribute upon her grave. When the tumultuous tide of passion has risen in my bosom, I have gone to her lowly grave, and poured upon it my tears of repentance and shame, and peace has come to my grieved and wounded spirit, and exerted a chastening and subduing influence over me.

Farewell, sweet sister; we meet not again on earth, but there is a world where sorrow and death are unknown, and there I trust thy pure spirit dwells. May I be permitted to meet thee there; and, when this frail tenement of clay is dissolved, may my earthly remains be deposited beside thy quiet grave. *A. L.

THE HEART'S TRIAL.

TWILIGHT deepened into night; and, as the shades of evening gathered around, the pale gentle stars came forth, exerting their holy and subduing influence upon the heart. The summer breeze, laden with the sweet perfume of flowers, moved, with fairy-like tread, through the leafy forest. Earth was beautiful; clothed in Nature's fairest robes. Hard is it to turn from loveliness like this, to scenes of pain and suffering. But it is ever thus; sorrow, suffering and sin mingling with joy, hope and virtue; crushed and bleeding hearts concealed beneath a smiling exterior, moving quietly along, amid festivity and mirth. The brightest picture may be shadowed over, and the sunniest spot possess a darkened side.

So it was with Rosa Elton. Shadows began to gather around her, though in the morning of life, with hope bright and beautiful before her, and hearts warm and truthful around, where every pulsation seemed but for her happiness. A thousand ties, too strong for death to sever, bound her down to earth; but it was not to be thus. The picture was too bright, too deeply tinged with earth, to let the mind rise heavenward. The night-lamp burned dimly on the stand, and the inmates of the sick-room moved with muffled tread around the apparently dying girl. Hearts were there almost bursting with grief, and the silence was often broken by sobs that could not be suppressed. The gentle spirit of Rosa was hovering between life and death, and seemed uncertain whither to take its flight. The cheek, white as the snowy pillow on which it rested, was cold and damp; the long silken lashes, wet with tears, drooped heavily over the fading eye. Her thin pale hand was clasped in his, who had fondly hoped to call her wife; and as he bent over her in speechless grief, and kissed her cold lips, she murmured, "Death is terrible!—Oh let me live!"

The crisis had come, life trembled, flickered in its fount, and seemed gone out forever. The struggle was long, but life triumphed over Death, and Rosa went forth from his dim shadowy portals, to the world she loved so well. A few months saw her a happy bride; and years of unalloyed happiness rolled over her sunny brow. New ties sprung up—new links were added to the chain that bound her down to earth; and Heaven was farther off, save the household heaven in which her heart was enshrined. That chain was now, for the first time, about to be shaken—its links loosed and eventually severed, and that heart was to bear its worst trial, the

giving up of its loved ones. The ever-patient, loving mother was first summoned to the spirit-land, and then the gray-haired father meekly bowed his head, and passed through the dark valley of shadows. Rosa wept burning tears over their flowery resting-place; and turned with increasing devotion to her idolized husband, and cherished babe.

Earth was still bright, and more ties must be severed ere the spirit could struggle upward. The angel Death, in kindness sent, again came, and bore away the cherub babe from its mother's fond embrace. Yet still there was left an earthly staff upon which to lean; and to it the bereaved mourner turned with a love stronger than death. But, as the messenger passed by, he laid his withering hand upon him, and the sunken eye, hollow cheek and faltering step paved the spirit's pathway to heaven. Rosa marked the change, and wept and prayed that the last tie might not be broken. But it could not be. Again the angel Death came and bore, on his sable pinions, the spirit home. The ties thus severed were woven amid the heart-strings of the sufferer, and when they loosed, like a broken reed that bends to the blast, the heart bowed in silent submission to its MAKER'S will.

Again the night-lamp burns dimly in the still room, and the pale cheek and throbbing brow press the pillow, but not as in former times. Then hearts, that thrilled to every wish of the sufferer, were there; now strangers must smooth the rugged way, and catch the last sigh of expiring nature. The spirit was struggling to be free, and a faint smile lighted up the features of Rosa, as far-off melody fell sweetly on her ear; and the shining angel band came to welcome her home to the loved and lost of earth.

J. L. B.

THE LADY ARABELLA.

HER light form resting on a lowly bed,
Wasted, but lovely still, a lady lay,
Rude was the cottage roof above her head;
Her country and her home were far away.

Her home? Oh no! *this* was her chosen home;
And one stood clasping now her pallid hand,
For whose sake, and for God's, she had become
A willing exile from her father-land.

The region all around was wild and new:
The ocean rolled before: the forest shade
Of dark, mysterious depth, a shelter threw,
O'er the few cabins clustered in the glade.

'T was early autumn; the declining ray
Of mellow sunlight, slanting to the shore,
Fell broad and beautiful upon the bay,
Whose waves were breaking with a dirge-like roar.

The lady's languid eyes beheld the glow
That on her tresses cast a golden stain,
Her pale lips moved. "Husband," she whispered low,
"Raise me to see the dying day again."

Gently he lifted then her weary head.
 Sad was his heart;—he had but her and God.
 He knew that she was sinking to the dead,
 And his strong soul grew weak beneath the rod.

“My Arabella! oh! the blame is mine
 For that deep hectic flush, that fading eye!
 Far o’er the sea a princely home was thine,—
 I brought thee to a wilderness—to die!”

“Beloved!” breathed again her liquid voice,
 “I look not wishfully across the wave.
 With thy dear glance upon me, I rejoice
 To drop, unknown, into my forest grave.

“But not for thee alone did I forsake
 Those halls where life flew like a summer day.
 Had I not vowed my Savior’s cross to take,
 And follow Him, however rough the way?

“I glory that amid this humble band
 Of holy pilgrims, I am called to die.
 In Heaven’s high courts theirs is an honored land.
 Joy! for *our* record is with theirs on high!

“I love thee most because thou lovest Him
 For whose pure faith and worship here we dwell.
 His smile is on me while the world grows dim,
 But ah! how can I say to *thee*, Farewell!

“No more with thee, beneath the azure dome,
 Shall I send up the ‘hymn of lofty cheer,’
 Nor, leaning on thine arm, yon wild woods roam
 Where dusky faces through the branches peer.

“Never again our humble shepherd’s tones
 Shall greet mine ear, nor soothe my fainting heart,
 No more sweet converse with these exiled ones;—
 Hark! angels call me, and I must depart!

“I know, beloved! how thy heart is wrung;
 But God shall give thy widowed spirit peace.
 Weep not; for thou wilt share my grave ere long;
 And I will meet and welcome thy release.

“Then, hand in hand, to our new home we’ll soar;
 Our white robes purified from every stain,
 We’ll sit serenely down on Eden’s shore,
 And never wander, never weep again!”

The last beam sank behind the dark pine trees
 That stretched away from the low open door.
 A faint sigh died away upon the breeze:—
 The Lady Arabella spoke no more.

A few more autumn sunsets on the bay;—
 But once the moon o’er the brown woodlands waned:
 And, by his bride, the lonely stranger lay;—
 His soul, with hers, a FATHER’S house had gained.

New-England’s soil hath garnered up their dust.
 Still doth the ocean-spray their requiem weep,
The pilgrim-ashes! ’t is a glorious trust!

THE PILGRIM-SPIRIT! MAY IT NEVER SLEEP!

L. L.

H O M E .

SWEET home ! beloved place of my infancy, where first I lisped the dear names of mother and father, brother and sister, where first I was taught to admire the beauties around me ; well do I remember that cherished spot, where I roamed at will in the garden and the orchard. O ! those were halcyon days ! for then I knew no cares, no sorrow, all was bright and joyous before me. The very creature of impulse, laughing and crying by turns, as happened to be my humor. One moment chasing the gay butterfly from flower to flower, the next mourning over its untimely death. Not a few insects had a share of my tears, and a decent burial, and pebbles for grave-stones. Then the frogs, that lived in the brook hard by, shared considerably my attention ; for no sooner would they seat themselves upon the bank, in the warm sun, than they would have to hide their golden heads under the water just for my amusement.

Not far from my home stood the old school-house, where I conned over my lessons, or stood by the long-faced, stern-looking master, to read and spell, or, with others of his hopeful pupils, watched him, as he came in sight over a hill a little way off, then we would hasten away to our seats, to await his coming, with the gravity of sages.

But those days are over, and we are separated, both the teacher and the pupils ; some have found a resting place in the cold grave, others are in distant parts of the world, while a few of them are still living in the village. I visited the place of my birth, but how changed. I passed the school-house, but no familiar faces were there ; a new generation had arisen, and taken our places ; yet still I love my native town, for there are the graves of my parents, and the home of my childhood, though home to me no more.

ELIZABETH.

I A M N O T P O O R .

No, I am not poor, for, have I not wealth of affections pent up in my full heart, waiting occasion only, to burst forth, beautifying and fertilizing the desert of human existence. I have smiles and kind words of welcome, both, for the stranger and the unfortunate. Sympathy I have too for the mourner and the friendless ; not always wordy, it may be, but, radiating from the heart, it illuminates the whole being, brightening every feature, and speaking in every gesture. Words, the gentlest and sweetest, often sound harsh to an agonized heart ; not so a soft kiss, or gentle pressure of the hand—these will subdue, even to tears. Times there are—dark spots in our existence—when these silent tokens of sympathy thrill along the finer chords of our being with a melting, a subduing pathos.

I am not poor ; no, Nature with her inexhaustible stores of wealth and beauty are above, beneath and around me, inviting me to banquet at will. She amuses me with the glowing drapery of her hills and dales, her woods

and waters. She instructs me. Her lessons are written on creation's endless variety of forms, with a pencil of light. Every blade of grass, every nodding flower, every rolling stone, is a text-book of instruction. She raises and exalts me by the gorgeous beauty of her skies, when, in the majesty of might, the god of her idolatry rises to bless, or sinks smiling to rest. Her leaping cataracts, her belching volcanoes, her snow-clad, cloud-capt mountains sublime my soul to ecstasy. The far-off roll of her thunder fills me with a delicious awe. Then, how like a kind mother she nurses me, from sweet fountains in her breast, cradles me on her velvet turf, and lulls me to rest with the sweet melody of her winds and waters.

I am not poor!—no, health is mine, strengthened and invigorated by daily industry; and cheerfulness too, the result of a mind at peace with the world, with itself, and with God. How could it be otherwise, than that a mind exquisitely tuned to the harmonies of Nature should participate in her simplicity, purity, trustfulness and truth. And are not these the basis of all happiness.

I AM NOT POOR!—no, there are hearts true to me, who with the knowledge that I possess neither houses, nor lands, nor many of this world's goods—that to me are neither father, nor mother, nor home, yet who, with open arms, receive and welcome me as their own. O no; I am not friendless! a heaven of happy faces meet me at every turn, and smile God's blessing on me. I am not poor: aye, more—I *am rich* in possessing a capacity to see, to feel, and to appreciate beauty wherever found; and rich in a firm unshaken faith of a nobler, a better, and a holier existence beyond the grave. S. S.

MAY-DAY MUSINGS.

It has come at last, the long-anticipated day of flowers; and those, free to roam in search of nature's jewels, doubtless regret its dullness and gloom, and that the sun refuses to open, with the warmth of his beams, their bright petals. To me it matters not; yet for others' sakes I would it were warm and pleasant, fit even for a *May-day* walk. *My* ramblings are limited to the walls of a factory; yet, in thought, I wander to far other fields, and other forms and scenes surround me.

Memory guides me to the wide field of the past, and brings before me the May-day scenes now within its bounds. I think myself again with my childhood's playmates, our wanderings boundless, and footsteps free and unguided, save by fancy. We roamed whither we would, and our voices rang loud with unrestrained delight as each new-found flower was drawn from its hiding-place. I had almost wished "I were a child again." There was then no unhappiness; we had no perplexities, no sorrow. Nothing demanded care from us; no grave subject called for deep and serious thought; grief and anxiety had never chased far from us sleep and quiet. Time was naught to us; we knew not its use and worth. True, each moment came—we enjoyed it as it glided past, and forgot it in the succeeding one. We knew then no hours of sadness, of heart-sickness and gloom. If aught dimmed our happiness the kind voice of a fond mother was all powerful to drive it away.

But the halcyon days of childhood are now past, and lie far, far back from the present, in the vista of by-gone years. Many and variously spent have been the intervening May-days, yet one alone fills my thoughts this day. It was one year since; a day all unlike this—warm and brilliant. I was then more pleasantly engaged than now—at school in the pleasant village of L——, with dear friends and schoolmates. And, on that day, we walked together in quest of flowers. We roamed far, over streams, amid hills, dales and groves, and our voices rang forth merrily as it were in gladness of heart. Not fruitless—or at least not *flowerless*—was our ramble; for Nature had not forgotten to deck the earth with many bright and beautiful flowers. We chose a green mound in the midst of a beautiful grove, for the coronation of our floral queen; and she was indeed our queen; the loveliest in heart and mind, and reigned in the hearts of her willing subjects. Never was a happier band than walked together that day. We were united; we loved each other with the warmth of school friends. We spent the day thus, in cheerful and friendly intercourse; and then receiving the thanks of our queen for our willing allegiance, we dispersed to our homes, with happy hearts, well pleased with the events of the pleasant day, all feeling that it would ever, when reverted to, call up pleasant thoughts.

'Tis changed now, and the members of that scholar-band are scattered, O how widely! Even in the far-off Arkansas, one of our number this day plucks the bright-hued flowers of a southern clime, while I am buried deep within the walls of a factory. Yet, though parted by distance, many, I ween, think now of that day as one of the happiest ever spent, and sigh for the presence of those friends with whom they held sweet communion in that May-day ramble. In *my* heart it will ever be cherished, a bright spot in memory's waste.

SERENA.

DAME NATURE.

DAME Nature has thrown off her robe of dull brown,
And decked her fair form, in a dress of rich green;
All painted with landscapes, surpassingly fair,
By the pen of an Artist, who never was seen.

Her brow is encircled with beautiful flowers,
Her jewels are dew-drops transparent and bright;
Throughout a whole day she seldom these wears,
And always by stealth puts them on over night.

For Sol is so jealous of bright gems she wears,
To humor his will she puts them away;
But next night when he sleeps she again puts them on,
And wears them, until he arises next day.

She appears quite coquettish for one of her years,
In this fanciful dress which she chooses to wear;
But in spite of the many hard winters she's seen,
There's not on her brow one wrinkle of care.

Her breath is all fragrance; her face is all smiles;
She's as merry a dame as ever was seen;
And all woo her beauty, the rich and the poor,
Whene'er she appears in her full dress of green.

MINERVA.

We do not like to write any thing which would seem like censure, especially upon a contribution written with the force and vivacity which characterizes "First Love." But we have sometimes been censured for admitting articles into the Offering, which shocked the prejudices or principles of some of our patrons. One lady said to us, "I was not aware, myself, that there was any thing objectionable in the story, until I found myself compelled to hide that number of the Offering from my children." Now we should not forget that our magazine goes into many families where it is quite a favorite with the children. Nevertheless it is very different from a magazine which we should prepare for children, or for any set of readers, excepting those who wish for specimens of the different powers, tastes, educations, and *opinions* and *feelings*, of "factory girls." For this reason we like to give all the variety possible, and there is certainly something unique in this story. Let parents then read it first, and after that do as they choose about transferring it to their children.

We must say, in behalf of Mabel, that we think she was much more innocent when she committed the follies upon which in her introduction, she intimates that she looks back with regret and mortification, than she is now while indulging those regrets. And, if she does not, there may be those who look back upon their second or third love with quite as much uneasiness as upon their first—that is, if there are any of a nature sufficiently affectionate to love so many times.—Ed.

"FIRST LOVE"! ALAS!

(Continued.)

Our arrival was hailed with delight by the company, and for awhile, in our glee, I did not notice where, or how, Esq. Smith (as we all called him) had disposed of himself.

But soon observing that he was not present, I wandered into an adjoining room, where I found him resting his elbows upon a table, and his hands firmly clasped across his temples. A light stood near him, and I saw that his face was deeply flushed. As the pallor had left his countenance, I supposed that he must be better, and attributed the color in his face to the heat. Stealing as noiselessly from the room as I had entered, I proceeded to the keeping-room, where, possessing myself of a large pitcher of cold water, I immediately returned, and, before he was aware of my presence, dipped one of my hands into the water, and laid it upon the upper part of his forehead, which was exposed. I started as much as he did, for his head was burning.

"Thank you, thank you, Bel," said he; "that will relieve it." And putting his head out of the window, he bathed it freely. "What is the matter, Bel, that makes you look so pale?" he asked, as he sat the pitcher down, and turned towards me.

I had stood both speechless and motionless from the time my hand had touched his forehead, and when he spoke, I started and flung myself into his arms, sobbing with grief.

"What is the matter?" he inquired anxiously, as he turned my face towards his.

"You are sick, and will not let me get any thing from Mrs. Hoskins. Oh do!" I answered and petitioned stammeringly.

"You must not," he replied decidedly. "But cheer up, my sweet Bel, and when it is nine o'clock we will start for home. I will tell them that was the condition which your mother imposed upon her consent."

"But nine o'clock never will come," I persisted, still sobbing. "It is not eight yet."

"Yes it will," he returned with a pleasant smile. "Come, now go back to your young friends before they miss you, and before you think, it will be nine o'clock."

"I shall *think* all the time that you are sick," I continued, "and that you came out to-night to please me."

"I would do much more than that to contribute to your pleasure, my dear girl," said he, half-unconscious of his tone and manner, and imprinting a kiss upon my forehead.

My tears were as instantly dry as though their fountain was sealed. What was it? I had long been conscious of a pleasure when with him, that the presence of no other person produced. But now it seemed as if a liquid fire of happiness was coursing through my veins; and yet, I was unhappy. I did not forget that he was ill. But—oh, what or why was it? He had kissed me thousands of times. He often called me his "sweet Bel," and his "dear Bel." He had often expressed as much desire for my pleasure and happiness; and almost the only variation in the expression which had aroused the slumbering fire of my ardent nature, from thousands which had preceded it, was, he had called me his "dear girl," instead of "dear Bel." But that was not sufficient for the effect produced. An instant before I had thrown myself into his arms in childish unconsciousness; and now, I disengaged myself from them with my my face and neck crimsoned, my heart throbbing with emotion, and my veins thrilling with delight. I know not whether he noticed the transition, or whether he noticed the tremor of my frame (which I could not command) to my sorrow for his illness. But he did not seek to detain me; and immediately added in a voice, which had a slight degree of constraint in it,

"Come, Bel, you must go now; at nine o'clock we will start for home."

How quick I thought! There was no study, no delay; my plan arose as if by intuition, ready matured. Does love necessarily teach woman deceit?

"I will," I replied, "if you will give me your watch, so that I can know when it is nine, for I suppose that you had rather stay here alone, if you can, than go into the other room to be disturbed by our mirth."

He had replaced his elbow upon the table, and his face was shadowed by his hand, but, as he gave me the watch, I noticed that his hand slightly trembled. My first impulse was to repeat the exclamation "you are sick," and petition to go then; but I restrained myself, and immediately left the room.

The house was an old-fashioned country house, with long rambling rooms, which were almost celled by doors which connected the different parts in every direction. I was intimately acquainted with all its intricacies, and instead of returning to the company, or through the hall, the way I had been before, turned into a small closet, and, opening an opposite door, went through a bed-room into the kitchen, which was deserted by the whole family for the evening. The clock, which was a useful, rather than an ornamental piece of furniture in Mr. Hoskins's house, was ticking away with all the regularity that belongs to an old-fashioned time-piece, which has done its duty, without remissness, for a quarter of a century, and its hands marked that it wanted five minutes of eight. I took

up a book which lay near, and propping up the weight which carried the striking machinery, turned the hands around, until it wanted seventeen minutes of nine. That was the only positive evidence of the time in the house, excepting Esq. Smith's watch, which was safely concealed in my possession. I then retreated through a door in the rear of the kitchen, and passed round through the corner of the house into the garden, gathered some flowers, and appeared at one of the windows of the room where the company were, with them in my hand:

"Oh, here you are!" several exclaimed; "we have been looking for you." And in an instant, half-a-dozen of the girls were out in the garden after flowers. Each head and hand was decked, and then we obeyed the summons of our companions to "come now."

I had not been absent from that room fifteen minutes, and yet, how much had transpired in that short time. I had learned woman's sad lesson of feeling that mysterious sympathy which links being with being, and which, to her, begets that sadder lesson of necessity to woman's heart, to conceal and deceive. Even then, child as I was, one half hour before, with my heart throbbing with wild feelings of ecstasy, and my anxiety excited to the most painful degree by the illness of the one object in my thoughts—even then, to the observer, I was calm, gay, unconcerned, and the very soul of our frolics. As I passed a mirror and caught the reflection of my face, I saw that my eyes sparkled with a new light, and my cheek brightened by a deeper color; but to others this was but the excitement caused by the present scene. If they could have seen the heart! Not one thought was there; all was concentrated upon the part I had to *act*—yes, it was *acting*! And with the contingencies, I did not forget to make it appear natural. How long time seemed; and yet, I feared to go and look at the clock, lest they might suspect my anxiety to have it pass. No one noticed Esq. Smith's absence, for the older company, who occupied another room, supposed him with us; and the young hosts and guests thought him with the more sedate. But I watched my opportunity when I was sent into the hall to execute some penalty, to slip into the kitchen unobserved. The hands pointed to twelve minutes past nine. I turned the hand back to nine, removed the book, and returned to my young friends. Never had that good old clock made so many false signals in so short a time, and never before had a true heart studied its lesson of falsehood.

After showing myself so apt at expedients, it is not necessary to relate how that, in the most accidental manner, I discovered that it was nine o'clock! Nor how natural my exclamations were, "could it be possible!" "how provoking!" "where was Esq. Smith?" and the simplicity of my exclamation that he had "promised mother that I should start for home by nine o'clock." And while I was seeking my bonnet, I sent Billy to tell him that it was time, for "if I did not start at the time, mother never would let me go with them again." Oh, how much lying to gain one little half hour! And was the misery, which followed, a punishment for the departure from truth? Who can explain the mysteries of life? Why its pains? or why its enjoyments? Did God give us feelings to be as ashamed of them as we should be of crime? Is it instinct, or the falsehood of false education, which teaches woman to veil, to conceal, to *lie* about those sympathies in her nature, which were implanted by Him who gave her being? If she has abused them—if she has sacrificed virtue at their shrine—if they have debased instead of ennobling her nature, I can

well see why she should conceal and deny. The thief does not avow his crime, nor the murderer his guilt. But when sympathy, feeling and passion remain pure—when they exalt and purify from selfishness, as they assuredly do, in their true exercise, I know not why the heart should shrink from acknowledging, even to itself, the emotions which thrill its pulsation. But it does; and the young heart feels a violence to its own nature to own that it *loves* in fervency and truth.

Our walk home was a silent one. I was confused and oppressed by the novel sensations which were developing in my breast, and I was alarmed at the illness of my companion. And his "headache" was sufficient pretext for silence, if he needed one for so being. As *our* clock struck nine, we reached the door.

"I thought that it was nine before we left Mr. Hoskins's," said my companion.

"It was by *their* clock," I replied.

He did not make any rejoinder to me, but advanced to my mother.

"Mrs. Cleaveland," said he, "you will acknowledge that I have returned Bel in good season."

Mother made some reply of surprise at the early hour by which we had arrived, and asked if the others came with us.

He replied in the negative, saying that he had been afflicted with a severe headache through the day, and that I consented to return early. And, bidding us good evening, he immediately took his leave.

That night, I could not sleep. I was glad to be alone; I wanted to think; and think I did, if the wild, passionate reveries of my brain, could be called *thought*. Towards morning, I sunk into a broken slumber, and my sleeping fancies took their shape from my waking ones. I thought I stood surrounded by one of the loveliest scenes that eye ever looked upon. I was enraptured, but could not enjoy the beauties spread out before me, until *he* also had seen it. I called him; in an instant he was by my side, but his countenance was clouded, and before I could inquire his displeasure, he disappeared, and I was alone; the beauty was gone; a fearful tempest raged around me, and in terror I awoke. The next day I neither saw, nor heard of him; and at dark I watched until my own tears but rendered the darkness more dreary, and then sought my pillow to conceal the bitter drops which I could not force back to their fountain.

A WOFUL PREDICAMENT.

GENTLE hearers or readers, whichever you may be, before I proceed to relate my mortifying adventure, I want to ask you one question. Do you ever forget both text and sermon, after having listened to both attentively?

I called on my pastor on Monday morning not long since; he had exchanged with a neighboring clergyman the Sabbath preceding, and, wishing to know something of the sermon, politely asked me to repeat the text. "Oh!" said I, "I cannot remember the text, but the sermon was delightful!" "Well then," said he, "please give me some sketch of it; what were the leading topics?"

I looked out at the window, up to the plastering, and down to the floor, but not a word could I remember.

He appeared not to notice my confusion, and changed the conversation to some different subject—but alas! I *could not forget the text which I had forgotten*. If “rosy, mantling blushes” make one beautiful, I was *awfully handsome* for about five minutes. I soon departed, though they urged me to stay longer; but I have not yet been able to recall the text.

Was I ever more mortified? I have no doubt but the preacher supposed I was thinking of my new bonnet, but it was not so. To be sure I *had* a new one, but I kept it before me all day, Saturday, that I might not think of it in sermon time. I thought I was sufficiently mortified, but had not received all my punishment yet. Yesterday, I went to church determined to remember every idea, and surely I did; I might give it to you verbatim, had I time; so pointedly did it come home to me, that I can never forget it.

What do you think the sermon was about? one principal thing was—forgetting *texts*! The preacher looked directly at me, at least I thought he did. He remarked that he did not mean to be personal, but if it referred to any person, they might say, “It is I!” Involuntarily, I half rose in my seat, to say, “It is I!” but, recollecting where I was, I sat down again. After service, I went to him, and humbly told him that it *was* I.

Good friends, pity me, and always remember the text. DELVANA.

It is so short a time since the writer of this “Predicament” was in the mills, that we hardly think an apology necessary for inserting it.—ED.

GERTRUDE.

GERTRUDE LOVEJOY was the daughter of poor parents, residing in a small, but romantic town, in the old Bay State. Shall I say she was beautiful? Yes, she was beautiful. But she possessed little of that beauty so much admired by many at the present day. She was small, but well formed; her features were neither extremely handsome, nor extremely homely; and her auburn hair was combed plainly, and smoothly, over a lofty brow. Her lips were not like ruby, and her cheeks were not tinged with the rosy glow of health, but she possessed a mild blue eye that spoke volumes, while the tongue remained silent. She had never had the advantages of a superior education, and therefore possessed few of those accomplishments deemed so essential to a lady of modern times. But she had studied the beauties of nature, and the goodness of God; and hers was that beauty of the mind, that wears not away with age; that remains unscathed by time, unfettered by prejudice, uninfluenced by the love of popularity. The days of her childhood were spent happily, for she had never dreamed of wo, or realized that earth bore up one sorrowing heart. She had loved her home, the old-fashioned cottage with its low roof, the spacious gardens on either side, with their fruit trees, vegetables and flowers; a plat of grass in front, and in the back-ground a small hill and lily-pond; and besides these, at a short distance, a beautiful pine grove, and church-yard.

In summer she loved to ramble in the woods and fields, to pick berries, and cull the pretty wild flowers to make a *boquet* for her mother. In winter sometimes she would repeat little hymns she had learned, sometimes watch the snowbirds as they hopped from branch to branch, and sometimes amuse herself at play with her favorite speckled kitten. Thus passed the brief, but sunny days of her childhood. Shadows were hovering around her, but she knew it not. Her heart was full of glee, and her joyous song was rendered beautiful by the touching melody of her rich voice; earth seemed a paradise to her, rife with joy. And bitter was the hour when she was made to realize that grief, that lawless intruder, had taken up his abode among the sons and daughters of men, and she was forced to drink of the cup which he had turned out for her. Gradually did the joys of life begin to fade to her view, as she advanced from childhood to womanhood. Every thing appeared strangely new to her: not that Earth had lost all its charms, but she now found sorrow and affliction mingled with what she had once supposed happiness.

At the time of which I write, those moderate and willing murderers—in other words, *rum-sellers*—were deemed to be people of as kind hearts, and good principles, as other men; though it was not unfrequently the case, that a poor female, deprived of all that could render life happy or desirable by the intemperance of her husband, would dare plead that the baneful beverage might be withheld from him, but she was looked upon as a bold woman, and her entreaties were in vain; even while her children were suffering around her for food and clothing. While he, whom she fondly loved, and whom she had wedded in her early days, with the prospect of peace and plenty, was spending his days in dissipation, regardless of the wants and sufferings of his family.

Such were the severe trials of Gertrude's mother; and had it not been for the joys and consolations of religion, she might have sunk beneath their weight; but she was a woman of great fortitude and sound principles, and she resolved, trusting in God, that she would try to do her duty, as far as it was made plain to her. She strove to instil good principles into the minds of her children, to bring them up in such a way that the world might be benefitted by their existence. And not only to fit them for ornaments in society here, but for the society of angels and the pure bliss of heaven hereafter; and she lived long enough to see that her exertions had not been in vain. Gertrude was her eldest. She had been the sharer of her joys and sorrows, and had offered her that sympathy which is so gladly received in the hour of trial. She saw her a young lady, amiable, beloved and respected, and then, bidding adieu to them all, and all she held dear on earth, she departed in peace, to commence a new life of unbounded happiness, at God's right hand.

Thus deprived of a mother, and a mother's counsel, Gertrude sought happiness in striving to diffuse it around her, and in alleviating the sorrows, and adding to the comforts of her younger brothers and sisters. Her many excellent qualities had remained, as it were, shrouded in oblivion, for few eyes saw them save those of the nearest kindred. But now that her dear mother slumbered in the embrace of death, she felt that she was called upon to act a woman's part, and the beauties of her mind shone forth to the surprise and admiration even of strangers. True, she was poor, but she was contented and happy, for she rejoiced in doing good; and many were the hearts that bounded with gratitude, invoking the choic-

est of Heaven's blessings upon her, as she entered with careful step the apartments of the sick and the dying.

She entered not the circles of wealth, gait and fashion; but her presence was thought essential to the cheerfulness and enjoyment of the little circle in her own neighborhood, composed of young ladies who assembled themselves together in the afternoon, once in three weeks, to sew for charitable purposes, and were joined in the evening by gentlemen.

At one of these circles she became acquainted with a young man who was much esteemed by his associates for his kindness and generosity; their acquaintance ripened into friendship; he became a constant visitor at her residence; and after the lapse of a few months ventured to offer her his hand in marriage. She accepted the offer, and looked forward with joyful anticipations to the prospect of spending her life with one whom she had every occasion to believe would ever remain her most sincere friend. She well knew that many new duties and responsibilities awaited her, but she never borrowed trouble, and resolved she would be happy while she could. Walter Williams became the husband of Gertrude Lovejoy. . . .

It was at that season of the year when nature puts off her robe of snowy white for one of beautiful green, that we entered a small cottage by the wayside, where, in a darkened room, lay the form of one whom death was about to claim as his own. It was Gertrude. But a few years had passed since her marriage, and she had drained the cup of affliction to its very dregs. She had borne all her trials with a meek and submissive spirit, and her life was now terminating with a severe and protracted illness. She did not fear death, for she had chosen Christ for her friend; and, with calmness and resignation, rejoicing in the hope of eternal happiness, she bade farewell to her kindred and friends, to her husband and children, who received her parting blessing, and her spirit took its flight to a better world. Thus passed away the lovely Gertrude. The rose-tree blossoms over her grave, and her early friends often visit it to think of her they so much loved, who sleeps within; whose life was so exemplary, and whose death was so happy.

LAURA.

We do not think that this sketch needs any apologies; but we would like to increase the reader's interest by adding, that the writer is one who has enjoyed but few of the advantages so common among our country girls. The corrections have been very slight indeed.—ED.

THE OLD VILLAGE CHURCH.

How does fond memory love to linger around the scenes of early childhood; when the heart was filled with joy, and all creation was budding with promise; when the mind was free from care and sorrow, and nought but peace and happiness dwelt in our bosoms. But the one most beloved, one endeared by every sacred tie, and long to be remembered after other scenes have been obliterated from memory's fair page, is the *Old Village Church*. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the thousand recollections that cluster around that loved spot. Well do I remember the sensation awakened within my young heart when the last footfall was heard

retreating from the long aisle, and nought was heard save the rustling of the leaves as the gentle breeze passed through the branches of the lofty trees that surrounded the church; when the aged Minister arose with heavenly serenity beaming in his countenance, whose clear and silvery tones sent a thrill to every heart as he read a portion of scripture, and then offered a deep and fervent prayer which seemed to reach the high court of heaven, and bring the blessing down to every waiting heart. Then came the swelling notes of the organ, mingling sweetly with the rich and melodious voices of the choir.

And ah! methinks I now behold those aged sires and mothers in Israel, all in their respective places; those whose heads had blossomed for the tomb since that ancient structure had stood as a beacon to the wayward traveller, who was journeying to another world, a city not in sight. With in those sacred walls many a smiling infant has been consecrated to God, who has since arrived to manhood, and gone forth as a herald of the cross, proclaiming "Good news and glad tidings, peace on earth and and goodwill to men."

ANGELINE.

H A P P I N E S S .

THERE is nothing more earnestly sought after and ardently desired, by every human being, than happiness; and, in accordance with this, every thing that yieldeth pleasure, evasive though it may be, is tried, till the soul cries out in the agony of despair, "O that I were happy! O that joy would once more be mine!"

Mankind has sought for this in light and trifling pleasures which may have answered for a time, and perhaps were well in their places, but eventually they have vanished and left those, who have leaned thereon for support, to fall helpless and unnerved to the earth, and wo to him, who thinks to find a permanent resting place beneath the shadow of their airy wing. This cannot be, for happiness cometh not of outward things, but wellet up from the fount within, from the pure and gentle heart, and of this only is it begotten. Can we expect sweet waters from a bitter fountain; or pure happiness to emanate from a corrupt heart, actuated by corrupt motives? Be assured it cannot be thus; there is no such thing as happiness in wrong doing. It dwells not in the dark abode of sin, and holds no communion with vice; though, for a moment, it may flit around Pleasure's gay and heartless throng, yet it dwells not there, but soars aloft on white wings to the clear blue heaven of virtue and innocence, and illumines, with rays of celestial light, the true and upright soul. Then those who would be happy must seek the treasure within their own bosoms; they must subdue passion, conquer sin, and make the issues of their own lives beautiful. So shall happiness, rich as mortal may know on earth, be theirs; and the fire, which she shall kindle on the altars of their hearts, shall burn till their souls wind their way, far above clouds and storms, to that better world "which eye hath not seen," and there be merged in the perfect and eternal happiness of heaven. True, outward circumstances over which he has no control, may combine to mar his happiness, and throw their dark shadows above and around him; yet no gloom

of theirs can so darken and chill the spirit within, as the blackness of despair, the groanings of remorse that guilt ever brings. Over these the truly good man grieves, and sorrows that sin and wrong should so mar the beauty of this fair earth; but this he trusts shall soon pass away, and, as he heavenward lifts up the tearful eye, but trusting heart, bright glimpses of the glorious future burst on its rapturous vision; and peace, with her olive branch, passes over his wounded spirit, rich with the healing balm; while a strong deep and holy current, that cometh from the consciousness of right, pervades his whole being, and happiness, for which he has laid a firm foundation, is still his, true happiness, built upon the right foundation, which nought can take away. 'Tis the foretaste of the joys of heaven, and, like the still small voice that fell on the listening prophet's ear, speaks in tones of love to the rapt soul, of its own bright and glorious home, far beyond the blue skies. A word for you, ye seekers after happiness. Seek for it in your own bosom; strive to purify your hearts and live truly good and blessed lives, not for self alone, but for those around you; and then shall the object, for which ye have so long sought, be thine.

L. B.

EDITORIAL.

AUTO-BIOGRAPHICAL. Sometime since we mentioned a very prevalent wish among our patrons to know more of the writers as individuals—more of their personal character—more of the influences under which they had been educated, and brought forward as writers. We suggested to our contributors to gratify this wish, so far as it was reasonable, and they appear willing, but say they do not know how to write an auto-biography; they “do not know what to tell, and what to leave out.” “If you will commence, we will follow.”

We hardly know whether we should be able to judge precisely of the things best to tell, and those which had best be omitted; but, if we err, we think it had better be in errors of omission than of commission. But there is a curiosity that would not be well pleased with an article too concise and cautious. We have frequently been amused by the visits to our *sanctum* of those who did not appear to imagine that “The Offering’s Editress” had any conception of the courtesy due to ladies in general, and questions, which, in any other situation, would not be answered on account of their impertinence, have received very patient and frank replies.

But we have not considered as impertinent the visits and letters of some who ask, “Why did you come to Lowell? Had you ever written before you came here? What first suggested the idea of writing for the public,” &c., &c. We do not hesitate to answer candidly and publicly these questions.

So now to commence. I was born in the year 18—O no!—that will never do! must teach the others better than this what to omit.

The writer’s birth and earliest education was in the Granite State, in the beautiful town of C—, upon the banks of the Connecticut, and within sight of the Green Mountains of Vermont. Although she left this place when but a little child, yet she still remembers the impression made upon her mind by its natural beauties. The broad and beautiful Connecticut, with its broad and beautiful green meadows—Sugar river winding among its glossy-leaved maples, or tumbling over its frothy falls—Ascutney, lifting its blue head towards the clouds, with its jewelling of rocks glistening in the light of a noonday sun—the distant hills of Vermont—all these are painted with unfading tints upon the tablet of memory. Quite as distinctly does she remember the broad village plain, the octagon churches at the head of it—of one her father was then the pastor—the school-house, and HOME, with its log aqueduct—Barney-sweet apple-tree—and the strawberry hill behind it.

She learned to read by her mother’s sick bed, before she was old enough and

strong enough to attend school. She cannot remember of this, though she has not entirely forgotten the extensive assortment of hymns she learned from a domestic in the family. Some of these were Methodist hymns, some were WATTS' DIVINE SONGS, and some were very good; and that is all she knows about them. She can vividly remember the delight with which she pored over MRS. BARBAULD'S HYMNS in PROSE, and the tears she profusely shed over WICKED SARAH.

When about six years of age her father removed from this beautiful place to one with scarcely any natural advantages, and nothing but a good academy to recommend it as a residence. At the same time disease, both of body and mind, deprived her, with seven other little ones, of a mother's care and guidance—a blessing which since that time they have never fully enjoyed. Four little girls, one an epileptic, and herself an asthmatic; four young boys, one an infant, were in a most painful manner deprived of a mother's care: and that mother for years an anxious burden upon them, and their invalid father. But childhood is careless and happy, and theirs was still a merry home.

How many ways there were to occupy and amuse themselves. There was the school, at which she was anxious to be the best scholar; there was the Juvenile Society, with its library, of which she was a member; and then there were fields, lanes and woods to play and ramble in.

With regard to personal appearance she can remember little. She is said to have been very small, very round in limbs and features, with feet so small that the first specimen of her knitting was kept as a curiosity—with large violet-blue eyes, which attracted much attention, and "flaxen hair." Alas for the changes which Time has made! How have the feet expanded, and the eyes comparatively contracted! The "lint-white locks" are now a very uninteresting brown, and the violet orbs have turned gray.

In disposition she was sprightly; docile, through deference, not from want of will, and very peaceable—seldom aroused to anger, but when this was the case she was "a little fury." She was active but not strong; a sufferer from her childhood's complaint until she was twelve or thirteen years of age, and after that for several years inclining to consumption.

This is mentioned because many think that she must have brought an exuberant quantity of health to Lowell, to enable her to withstand so long the effects of factory labor. She never enjoyed such uninterrupted good health as since she has lived in this city, but is aware that Lowell must seem a different place to those who have come here but to lose their health, strength and spirits.

But though sometimes sick, even to the verge of the grave, she was never humored, petted and cosseted. She was out of the sick-bed into the school-house, or on the play-ground, and can remember going with her father through the snow-drifts to school, when her only way to get along was literally to "follow in the footsteps of her predecessor." Though fond of books she did not confine herself to them; but *play-houses*, in doors and out of doors, with their barns, outhouses, chambers, cupboards, ovens, and all the *et ceteras*, occupied much of her time, not omitting however, the inhabitants thereof, whose names were *Legion*. They were men and maidens, women and children, and their extensive wardrobes gave ample employment to her needle. The rag babies with their make-believe housekeeping, occupied her until her elder sister really feared it was to become one of the occupations of maturer years. She did not give it up, however, until her sister, three years younger than herself, could no longer be persuaded to be called the proprietor of the baby-house. But the dolls had their rivals—her whole heart was not absorbed in the mimic home. If she could get a story book, the babies might go without food, drink and clothing, until it was read through; and to go herrying, to swing, to see-saw, to see who could run farthest and fastest, to slide, to get the boys' sleds when they were out of sight, and coast down hill, to do these and many other things, which a watchful mamma would entirely have prohibited, contributed nevertheless to her physical improvement, perhaps with no permanent detriment to her mind.

She read with avidity all the books, suited in the least degree to her age, which came in her way, and indeed many more. Her craving for works of fiction was a cause of much solicitude and reproof from her good father, who sometimes locked up the novels she had borrowed, and expressed his earnest disapprobation of their contents. In the family library there were three religious novels, which she perused and reperused to her heart's content. They were *Thornton Abbey*, *Religious Courtship*, and *The Velvet Cushion*. *Pilgrim's Progress* was one of her great favorites. The day when she first saw *Robinson Crusoe* is never to be forgotten; and

she went a mile from home, on cold winter evenings, to read through an edition of *Fairy Tales* which were borrowed by a little friend.

Perhaps few little girls evinced more versatility of taste and capacity than she did. Picking whortleberries, dressing dolls, school-lessons, scouring the knives, making patchwork, Scott's novels, *Paradise Lost*, climbing apple-trees, and "taking care of little brother," might all come in one day; or if it was Saturday, she might, in addition, have to be one of the *committee* of the Juvenile Society, or be requested to read at one of their meetings. That Juvenile Society! Is it still in existence? The ninepenny tax, levied at its annual meeting, is it still collected from the children of A——?

When eleven and twelve years of age "the natives" were all astonished by the introduction of a preceptress into the academy. The writer now had an opportunity to take lessons in embroidery, drawing, painting, French language, &c. The latter season, however, she was so much debilitated that all her lessons were studied at home upon her bed. Latin had previously received a very little attention, and this was almost the last opportunity she ever enjoyed to acquire some of the *accomplishments*.

And now, as correctly as memory will allow, she will relate her experience as a writer. She was a very little girl when she one day heard her brother and sister enjoined, by their father and tutor, to prepare a composition for an academical examination. She solicited permission to write, which was granted, and chose *Winter* for her subject. She was delighted with her exploit, and others also looked amused and gratified. After this she wrote compositions quite readily, and with much regularity.

Her first attempt at poetry was while lying upon a sick bed, from which she feared she should never arise. She must have been then about twelve years of age. It was not an *attempt*, however, for there was no effort connected with it. The words came of their own accord. We give it without the correction of a single letter.

A few more days, and I am gone. Gone where?
My body 'neath the cold damp clod, fit food
For worms. My soul in an unseen, an unknown world.
And shall I leave no memory sweet behind,
Like fragrance of the dying rose, which spreads its
Faded leaves towards the zephyr, as 't far off bears
The aromatic gale? Ah, no! Perhaps some low small stone,
Erected o'er the last remains, will tell
The passing traveller the name and age,
The birth and death of her who was, but now
Is not. And oh, will this be all? It may
Be that a few, a very few, of childhood's
Loved companions will sometimes cast a look
Upon the days, long since gone by, and think of
Harriet.

After this she ventured to write in albums, and succeeded better perhaps in rhyme. Contributions from her were much sought in those "repositories of friendship," and she has preserved a very few of these "first efforts." There is no originality about them, and the following are specimens of the whole.

TO SARAH.

Dear Sarah, now to tell the truth,
My poetry is very bad,
But then my prose is still much worse,
So that no other can be had.
If when these lines do meet your eyes,
You do begin to criticise,
So many faults will come to view
You'll find you have some work to do.
But if you will with candor read 'em,
And let the faults all go for nothing,
I'm sure you'll very much oblige me,
And for it I shall better love ye.

We have met and we've parted; we may ne'er meet again
Till we meet where there ne'er shall be parting or pain;
O then may we meet, and eternity spend
Where friendship and happiness never shall end.

TO PRISCILLA.

We have met and we've parted; we may ne'er meet again
In this valley o changing with pleasure and pain,
But may the remembrance of this meeting be
As cherished in thy heart as 't will e'er be with me.

We have met and we've parted; how often 'tis so
That affections, which just are beginning to blow,
Are nipped in the bud by that chill hand of Fate
Which the long, long beloved will so oft separate.

We have met and we've parted; we may meet again
Even here. We will hope—and perhaps not in vain;
But should we ne'er meet, Priscilla, oft look
At the name which is traced on this page of your book.

But, after writing for her friends, her powers were frequently called into requisition by those for whom she cared nothing at all. In an hour of ill humor, she wrote the following:

THE ALBUM.

'And now bring the paper, the book, and the pen;
'Let us fill up the album—with what?
'Bright thoughts I have none—no matter! for them;
'Useless in such a place would be thought.
'What a fool was Miss Tracey, to ask me to write,
'When she knows I hate her, and her book;
'And then she spoiled mine—though she scrawled but a mite,
'Yet it's blotted all over—just look!
'I suppose I *must* write—and she'll show it all round,
'So I will do my best—though my worst
'Is what she deserves, for spoiling mine bound
'In a cover, which much money cost.'

She sits a few moments, her hand on her brow,
And anger with thought mingled there,
Then she takes up the book, and lightly she now
Draws her hand o'er the pages so fair.

TO MISS ANN TRACEY.

'Dear Ann, we must part—and O with you go
'The choicest of blessings Heaven has to bestow;
'May the joys which you share be lasting and bright,
'And Sorrow's dark cloud never darken thy sight.
'Would Heaven but listen, and answer my prayer,
'How perfect the happiness my Anna should share;
'But ah, when I haply petition in vain
'Unanswered I'll bend, and petition again.
'When thou art away, and other friends smile,
'And others' fond arts thy cares shall beguile,
'Then think there is one who oft sighs for thee,
'And those sighs with that thought rewarded shall be.
'But remember me not when the lighted hall
'Glow's bright with the beauty of the midnight ball;
'But think of me oft in the silent hour,
'When the mind is awakened to friendship's power;
'Then look on these lines, and think of the friend
'Who traced them as tokens of love ne'er to end.'

Thus much for the first efforts at prose and poetry. In the next number the auto-biography shall be concluded. H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

August, 1845.

THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

Ah! the old meeting-house! In the far-away fields of memory its ancient steeple rises above all the pleasant things which surround it, the dearest and most beautiful of all.

And yet the old meeting-house was not an elegant structure: far from it. It was of the plainest order of Puritan architecture; its shingled walls were of a yellowish hue, adorned on each side with two rows of small unblinded windows. There was a portico in front, shading a door which opened into the "broad aisle,"—a porch on the western side, looking into an apple-orchard, the parting branches of which revealed an old brown house beyond, garlanded with lilac and rose-bushes—and another porch at the east, from which a green bank sloped down to the road. The reason why there was no entrance upon the fourth side was, because the pulpit was there, and its large long window with its innumerable panes decorated it.

Within, the house was arranged half-way between the old and new styles; part of the pews being square, and part long, and part of the seats being made to lift up when their occupants arose, and slam down again when they wished to seat themselves. This *slamming* I always regarded as a portion of the service, preparatory to the singing of hymns, and certainly performed it as zealously as any one.

The pulpit was high and large; and it puzzled my juvenile curiosity not a little to see the minister, after ushering his family into the front pew, disappear at a small door in its side, and then reappear (I never could guess how he got there) before the great church bible on the desk. I imagined that there were some mysterious rites to be performed before preaching, and that here was the minister's "*sanctum sanctorum*." My wonder was dispelled one Saturday afternoon, when I went with my mother to adjust a new green cushion in its place. I crept to the strange little door, and tremblingly opened it: there was nothing to be seen but a flight of steps and a trap-door above, and with them the space was quite filled. I remember how I laughed at the thought of seeing the minister coming up, head foremost, through the floor.

But the minister was a most august personage, especially in the eyes of the children of his parish. Did he smile upon me when he met me in the street? I stood motionless, with my fingers in my mouth, and my eyes on the ground, not daring to "courtesy" a reply to this overpowering honor. Did I hear his voice in my mother's parlor, when he made there a pastoral visit? I crouched timidly under the windows to catch its tones; or, if I supposed him approaching, ran from the house like a frightened rabbit. Yet, I loved him as I would have loved an angel, with reverence and awe—gazing upon him at a distance, but never venturing to talk with him.

The New-England village minister is usually beloved by his people. In the dusty crowd of the city men grow pævish, and *will* cavil and criticise to their heart's content; but in the bland, free, country atmosphere the spirit unfolds, like the flowers to the west wind, to drink in gladly whatever speaks to it of God and of holiness.

But to return to the old meeting-house. How happy we used to be, when we clambered up the ascent to the eastern porch on a summer Sabbath morning. It was our custom to provide ourselves with some simple nosegay, before starting. Each of us was sure to have a beautiful white or red rose, or a bunch of pinks with a sprig of camomile. My unlucky brother was once the means of depriving us of this privilege. We were all snugly seated in the family pew; he was taking long and deep draughts of fragrance from a half-blown rose-bud, when he unexpectedly snuffed up the bud itself, and being unable to extricate it, was led, crying, out of meeting. The poor fellow did not

"Die of a rose, in aromatic pain,"

but we were prohibited carrying flowers all that summer.

In winter, the children carried foot-stoves filled with coals, for the use of their mothers, furnaces being "new-fangled notions," and air-tight stoves probably not dreamed of. Sometimes a broad piece of soap-stone, wrapped in flannel, was allowed to us, but we could never agree whether the oldest or the youngest had the best right to it.

But the occupants of the old meeting-house have not yet been mentioned. There was one old man with an auburn wig, who, on account of deafness, sat in the pulpit. I could not be reconciled to this for a long time, but came at last to the conclusion that the act was sacrilegious, or else he was an uncommonly good man.

Then there was a solemn-looking personage with a ruddy face, and black hair, which, slightly curling at the ends, was combed smoothly down as near his eyes as was possible without obstructing his vision. How we dreaded his sharp eyes!—for he, we were told, was the "tidy man," and had three times been known to shake his head at naughty children!

A shadowy-looking old lady in a green calash, was another object of curiosity, chiefly on account of an odd-shaped Chinese fan which she carried. Many a time I stood and watched her face, to see how often she stopped to gaze upon its silk and tinsel beauties. To my surprise, this was very seldom. The fan kept on its regular motion to and fro, and her serious eyes were always upon the minister, or meekly bent to the ground.

But I gazed with the deepest interest upon a young lady who sat just before us. She was beautiful and good; this I knew because she was my Sabbath-school teacher, and all my thoughts of purity and heaven were connected with her. I often sat and amused myself with pleasant fancies about her dress, when I could not see her face. Why did she wear a

white shawl? Oh! surely because the hue was an emblem of her own spirit, so pure and unspotted. And why was the ribbon on her straw bonnet always of a delicate blue or pink color? Because the heavens were azure, and I doubted not her home in heaven was dearer to her than her earthly home; and pink—that was the hue of the first summer rose, and was not she like the rose, yielding the perfume of goodness from her heart to all about her? She never knew the dreams of her little pupil, nor will she, for “consumption smote her,” and now she sleeps in the rustic burying-ground.

Then there was the choir, conspicuously stationed in the front gallery. These were the men, with flute, violin and bass-viol accompaniments, and the red-cheeked “head-singer,” the beauty of the village, with a bevy of minor beauties at her side. It was thought improper, in those days, to open the mouth widely when singing; and it was impossible to guess how sound could be emitted through their imperceptibly parted lips. But there was sound, and *music* too. Oh! the strains of the parting doxology, blending with the cool breeze that floated in through the open windows on a summer afternoon! How they thrill through every feeling, even now, bringing with them all soft Sabbath memories! Those were rude and untutored strains, perhaps, but, to a daughter of the Puritans, such melodies are the sweetest of all. The “Ranz des Vaches” might not have a more powerful effect upon the wandering Swiss, than the singing of one of Watts’s hymns in a village church upon many an exiled New-England girl.

But now we must bid farewell to the old meeting-house. One Saturday night, there was a lurid glare in the sky; the cry of “Fire” rang through the silent streets of our village, and the inhabitants awoke to find their sanctuary in flames. All hastened to its rescue. Women left their homes, and lent their assistance in staying the devouring element, but it was in vain. When the Sabbath dawned, the meeting-house was a heap of ashes. How dreary it was to see the cushions and crickets thrown in confusion into an adjoining field, while the mass of embers, mingled with melted bell-metal, was still hissing on its site. Yet even that was long ago. A new sanctuary has taken the place of the old; but that will not be forgotten. Pleasant will its memory be forever!

EDITH.

WHAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL?

Is it the vast and mighty sun, revolving in immensity and giving light and heat to unnumbered worlds around it? Or, in the words of another, “is it when its rays gild the eastern horizon, after the darkness of the night, and the landscape is adorned with a thousand shades and colors; when millions of insects awake and bask in its rays; when the birds start from their slumbers, and fill the groves with their melody; when the flocks and herds express their joy in harsher acclamations; when man goeth forth to his labor, and the hills rejoice on every side.”

Is it this? Or the moon, pale empress of the night, as she moves, amid the music of the heavenly spheres, along her shining path, pouring “her

lustre on spacious cities and lofty mountains, glimmering on the ocean, the lakes and rivers, opening a prospect wide as the eye can reach, which would otherwise be involved in the deepest gloom?

Or is it in the mild gentle stars, as, one by one, they light up their brilliant lamps on high, and gaze with unnumbered eyes of love, like sentinels, over a sleeping world, where, perchance, some lone watcher of earth, with heaven-directed eye, marks their glorious beauty and exclaims, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Is it the mighty heaving ocean, when its mountain billows madly lash the shore, and toss the foundering ship upon its bosom, till the timbers part and she sinks far down to coral beds, and caverns dark; or when, like a sleeping infant, in calm repose, it mirrors the clear blue sky above?

Is it the tornado, the hurricane, the sweeping avalanche, or the storm-spirit striding over the ruins of forests, towns and cities; in some worn, moss-covered piles; in lofty mountains, sculptured marble, the breath of fame, the voice of flowers, or the fanning zephyrs?

Is it man?—his stately form and noble brow? Or woman's voice and love-lit eye? Are these the most beautiful? If so, who would have marked their beauty, and of what value would earth's varied hues and tints have been, had noble and godlike *mind* never been created? Surely it cannot be in these that the highest beauty dwells, but in the ever-active, never-dying soul; the vital principle within, that naught can ever crush; the ethereal spark struck from heavenly mould, that is destined to live on, after all these have perished; after worlds upon worlds have been blotted from existence; and system upon system has vanished away. J. L. B.

TO I. W. S.—.

I have sent thee a wreath of wild May-flowers.

I have sent thee a wreath of wild May-flowers,
That danced by the stream to the bright-rosy hours,
And twined with their beauty a braid of my hair,
To tell how affection lies clustering there.

O flowers, wild flowers; I've drank from your lips
Love's own burning words, as the bee honey sips,
And thou, dearest Brother, wilt read in them there,
A love, a devotion, no words can declare.

They will tell thee of days when our own "Granite Hills"
Breathed the fragrance of love to the green mossy rills;
And bounding together we caught the wild lay,
Nor heeded the monitor, "*Passing away.*"

The "Merrimack" laughs now a fresh blooming bride,
And sends to the "Huron," of statelier pride,
A flower from her toilet to bloom on her shore,
To hush in the tempest her billows' proud roar.

And I, dearest Brother, have sent thee a flower,
To breathe of deep love in the heart's darkest hour,
Press, press, to thy bosom an Angel so fair,
It beareth from fond hearts the unspoken prayer.

S. S.

CONSTANCY.

AUNT LUCY was the favorite of all the little lads and lasses in the rustic village in which she was a resident, and much esteemed by the older inhabitants. The little ones needed no greater punishment for disobedience than to be denied the privilege of going over to Aunt Lucy's—not that she was *aunt* to any of us, but she had taught us to call her so, it being more familiar then than “Miss Lucy.”

Our parents, when speaking of her, usually called her “*Miss Lucy*,” or “*the good lady*.” We supposed she was good, because she gave us good cake and pie, and such things, which we valued more highly than any thing of twice the value from our parents. But we were told that she was called good because she visited the sick—cheering them up by her lively conversation, fanning them when feverish and hot, or administering some cooling draught to their parched and burning lips, and watching with them through the long nights of pain.

Often, after the heat of the day was over, she might be seen wending her way to the dwellings of the poor, with some little present for them, or a bunch of flowers for the children, from her pretty garden. Aunt Lucy purchased a snowy little cottage, adjacent to my father's. It had a green lawn in front, with a gravel walk shaded by trees of various kinds, extending to the main road the distance of nearly a quarter of a mile.

One afternoon, in the pleasant month of August, about a dozen of us were collected together at Aunt Lucy's, gathering flowers and forming them into nosegays for her, and making wreaths for her favorite Tabby, who seemed to admire the sport of tearing the flowers to pieces as much as we in putting them together; but what seemed to annoy Puss the most was a miniature that roguish Fanny had put around her neck.

After we had become somewhat weary of our fun we reminded Aunt Lucy of her promise to tell us the history of her young days, which she consented to do as soon as she had finished the work she was engaged in. “Tell it to us in the pretty vine-covered arbor,” we said; and then bounding away, without waiting a reply, we seated ourselves to await her coming.

Presently we heard footsteps approaching; and, thinking it was her, we arose to make our courtesies, when what was our surprise on beholding—not Aunt Lucy, but a gentleman somewhat sunburnt, and, to appearance, about forty years of age. We were a little afraid of him at first, but he spoke to us very kindly, requesting us to give him a glass of water, which we complied with, and then presented him with some fruit, which he accepted, and then began a conversation with us about our books and plays, how old we were, and what our names were, when Fanny, thinking that Tabby would like to take a part in the conversation, carried her to him, and asked him if she was not pretty. Puss' head was so completely covered with flowers that it was hardly discernible, but, taking hold of the miniature, he said he thought she must be very pretty if she resembled that. This caused considerable merriment for us, but it was soon changed to fright, for the gentleman's face was of a death-like hue; and, clasping the miniature in his clenched hands, he exclaimed,

“It is—it is she!—it is my own Anna!”

Just at this moment Aunt Lucy, or Anna, as we shall hereafter call her,

made her appearance among us. The gentleman arose at her entrance, and begged her pardon for intruding upon her premises, which she readily granted, and requested him to be seated.

After a few commonplace remarks, the gentleman asked her, if she would inform him whose miniature that was, "for," said he, "it resembles a lady I used to be acquainted with."

She replied that it was hers, and that it was taken when she left school, at the age of sixteen.

"And your name is Anna Wallace?"

"It is," was the brief reply.

"And do you not know me, Anna?"

"Can it be possible that it is Allan Grey? How changed. And I am changed. Eighteen years have passed since we met."

But my readers perhaps are as impatient for the history of Anna and Allan's past lives as we were.

Mr. Wallace, the father of Anna, was the wealthiest merchant in P——. His father died, leaving him sole heir of his vast estate, and he, unlike many young men, did not squander it away, but calculated what he should do to add more to what he already possessed. He thought of one expedient to gain more, but did not mean to be in a hurry about it; and that was, to marry some one that was as wealthy as himself, if he could find one. If not, he would not marry one without property, if he did not marry at all; and fortune favored him for once. He was somewhat advanced in life, when chance threw in his way a lady from the South—a young widow, and said to be very wealthy. Suffice it to say, they were married, and went to the South to reside, while he still transacted, through his agents, his business at P——.

After five or six years' absence, he returned to his native place, a widower, with Anna, his only child. He placed her in a boarding school, in an adjacent city, at the age of six years, and kept her there until she was sixteen. He then took her home to assist him in his business—not that he cared much about her company, but he thought she would save him the expense of a clerk, as he had been at so much expense for her education, and, as he also said, to keep an eye on her, that she would not marry beneath her in worldly wealth.

About the time of Anna's return from school there came into P—— a young physician, the son of poor but respectable parents. His office was exactly opposite the rich merchant's store, and he had frequent opportunities of seeing the pretty Anna.

Allan Grey used often to call into the store and chat with Anna, but her father had told her that she would not marry any one that was not wealthy, and he only waited for young Allan to ask her in marriage to forbid him her society at once. Allan did propose, and was rejected; and neither prayers, nor tears, on the part of Anna, could move him from his stern decree. Allan left P——, and went—no one knew whither. Anna's father became very cross to her, and used often to keep her shut up for weeks at a time, fearing that she would see Allan. One day he told her that she was to be married to a gentleman, some years her senior, in six weeks, with whom she was but slightly acquainted. She replied, that if he chose to sacrifice her happiness, she would obey.

"Happiness!—how can you be otherwise than happy," he replied, "with thousands at your command."

Anna said nothing, but by her apparent willingness to acquiesce in all her father's wishes, he concluded she had forgotten all her foolish love, as he called it, for young Grey. But Anna knew what she was about, for before the end of six weeks she was nowhere to be found. She took her clothing, and the money that had been given her, and bade adieu, as she thought forever to her home. She arrived at the rustic village of H—, about a hundred miles from P—, and by changing her name she eluded the vigilance of her father.

Eighteen years after, we find her on her return to P—, not as Anna Wallace, but as Mrs. Grey.

Mr. Wallace did not recognize them, for he was old, and his eyes were dim; but when she told him who she was, the old man wept like a child, and holding out his hands to them he begged their forgiveness, and prayed God to bless them.

The old gentleman lived to hold his little grandson in his arms, and then he was gathered to his fathers, and his God. ELIZABETH.

SONG IN JUNE.

Sing me a song in the month of June,
For the tinkling rill plays a merry tune;
The robin sings on the leafy thorn,
And the sky-lark sings in the ear of morn,
There's music flowing from hill and tree,
Then sing ye a song in June to me!

Twine me a wreath in the month of June,
Of flowers that hide from the sultry noon,
There are roses blown, by the old stone wall;
The blue-bells hang o'er the waterfall,
All bright with blossoms the wild woods be,
Then twine ye a wreath in June for me.

Weave me a shroud in the month of June,
Friends! ye can grant me but one more boon,
I know that my joyous life is brief
As the wasted span of the first spring leaf,
Its white dew robe in the grass ye see;
Then weave ye a shroud in June for me!

Dig me a grave in the month of June,
'Neath the paly light of the waning moon,
The lilies bloom where the snow-drop died;
Come ye and smile by my green grave's side,
Oh! smile and sing when my soul is free,
And dig ye a grave in June for me!

L. L.

"FIRST LOVE"! ALAS!

(Continued.)

THE next morning they said he was sick—dangerously sick. How still my heart lay as I heard it. I listened, and each word seemed to add a mountain's weight to my oppressed and bursting bosom. The next day, and he was worse. Why, why did they not take me to him? They all loved him, and all were sorry for his illness, but no one seemed to think that I could feel or suffer when they told of his suffering. My mother certainly must have seen my restlessness and weary looks. But she said nothing to me, and it seemed that they said less of him. Did they suspect the secret which I would not own to myself? A week passed, and his symptoms grew more alarming. The fever increased, instead of abating. They said that he was delirious—that he raved constantly. My feelings began to grow insupportable, too much for even my tact to conceal; and I know not what my madness might have prompted me to do, if Fate had not befriended me.

After dinner, Doct. Freeman came in hurriedly. "Mrs. Cleaveland," said he, "I wish to speak with you a moment."

Mother led the way into an adjoining room, and closed the door. The doctor's countenance had expressed anxiety; and a curiosity, or painful interest, which I could not withstand, tempted me to possess myself, without leave, of the purport of his visit. Between the two rooms was a closet which communicated with both, and by stepping in there, unless they conversed in a very low tone, I could hear the conversation. The temptation and the execution of its promptings, were instantaneous. The doctor's communication had commenced before I reached my listening place, and the first sentence which reached my ear convinced me that I had not mistaken the subject of his visit; but I was unprepared for all of his information.

"He is very sick—dangerously so," were the first words which reached me, "and his life depends upon quiet. His mind seems disturbed, and that you know is out of the reach of medicine; but unless I can soothe the fever of his mind, it is useless to prescribe for his body—he raves constantly for Mabel." He paused as if for mother to make some remark, but she remained silent, and he continued, "His mind evidently is excited about her, and he dwells upon it continually. He begs for her to come and lay her cold hands upon his head, and then entreats that I will not send her away. It is dangerous to give him an opiate strong enough to drown his delirium, and I came in to see if you were willing that she should go in and see what effect her presence has upon him; and if it soothes him, to allow her to stay a few hours."

"Mabel is too much of a child—" began my mother.

"Child as she may be," interrupted the doctor, "I suspect that he had forgotten it before he was sick. Have they not been almost constant companions for this year?"

"Your question suggests what cannot be," returned my mother; "I have never thought nor regarded her but as a mere child, and—"

"You never thought what the consequences might be in the constant
 ve between a lovely little girl, just ripening into womanhood, and

a pleasant agreeable gentleman—(her senior by a dozen years perhaps—but that would only make her the more bewitching to him)—I ought to suggest it to you, as perhaps it would have an influence upon your decision with regard to my request.”

“If there was any foundation for your suggestion,” my mother rejoined, “it ought perhaps to influence me to deny you; but I can’t think it—”

“What her feelings may be towards him,” continued the doctor, “I am ignorant of, but there is some anxiety in his mind about her that increases the virulence of his fever; and it must be soothed and humored, or his life may be the forfeit.”

I was upon the point of bursting into the room and declaring that I should go, be the consequences what they might, when my mother’s voice arrested me.

“If you say so, Mabel must go; but do not betray to her the reason; prepare her for his ravings by telling her that he is unconscious, and that she must not notice what he says—for, believe me, she never thought of such a thing, and I should be unwilling to have her for years.”

“The young heart does not always wait to love until mama has told it that it was old enough,” returned the doctor.

A sense of suffocation alarmed me, and but for the alarm, I should have fainted. But I escaped from my retreat, and tears came to my relief. I reached my own room, and flung myself upon the floor in the agony of prayer. Then, then I learned to pray from the outpourings of an anguished heart. With what fervency I besought the ALMIGHTY to spare *his* life; and, as if the GREAT I AM could be propitiated by sacrifice, I besought HIM that if one must die to take me, but oh! to spare him! The act of prayer, and the sense of Whose presence I was in, calmed me; and I arose conscious only of *his* danger, and the power of HIM who could save him, who could restore him to health, and to my earnest love. I bathed my eyes, and was preparing to return to the parlor, when my mother opened the door.

“Bel,” said she, “Esq. Smith is very sick to-day; I am going over to see him, and you may go with me, if you wish.”

She was very calm, but I was conscious that she scrutinized my countenance with a most earnest gaze, and the tone of her voice was sad. But I calmly thanked her for the permission, and putting on my bonnet, followed her down stairs.

Doctor Freeman had remained to accompany us, and as I met his inquiring look, I felt my face slightly flush. But I was too full of sorrow to be embarrassed by consciousness, or to appear otherwise than calm, and the self-possession of my grief deceived him. I heard him say in a low tone to my mother as we passed out of the door,

“Give yourself no uneasiness about her; her heart is free, although she is sad that her friend is sick.”

And then he turned to me, and taking my hand in his, repeated my mother’s instructions that I was not to notice what people said when they were insane and light-headed; that they did not know any thing about it, and were as likely to say one thing as another, and very likely to run of queer fancies about those who were around them.

The doctor left us as we entered the house, and went to see his patient before introducing us into his chamber. In a few moments he returned, and said that we could go up. With the nervous and thrilling anxiety of

my mind, it is strange how I retained my self-possession. But I did so, and as we entered the room, the sick man was violently commanding the nurse to do something. I did not hear what he said, but she replied, "She has come to see you."

The doctor stepped forward to the bed-side, and that and our entrance distracted the attention of his patient from what he was urging to the nurse.

"Mrs. Cleaveland and Mabel have come to see you," said the doctor cheerfully; "and now will you accuse me of not keeping my promise?"

"Where is she?" demanded the sick man, without noticing the doctor's closing interrogatory.

The doctor motioned for me to approach, and placed my hand within his, saying, "Here, will you not welcome your little friend?"

For a moment he recognized me, and a faint smile illumed his features as he essayed to speak, but the word remained unspoken, and for an instant his jaw quivered, his frame was convulsed with a slight tremor, and then flinging my hand from him, he turned restlessly in the bed, and begged for "Mabel to come and lay her cold hands on his head."

"He does not know you," began the doctor; but I had turned to a table near, where I had noticed when I entered a pitcher of ice-water. I instantly plunged my hands into it, and the doctor paused to see what I was going to do; and the nurse started forward, and said there was "a bowl where I could wash my hands." After allowing them to remain in the water a few seconds, until they were thoroughly chilled, saying to the doctor that I had done so when we were at Mr. Hoskins's the evening before he was confined to the house, I returned to the bed and pressed my cold hands upon his forehead. He looked up, and said, "Oh, Mabel, have you come—I thought you were gone;" and for a few moments he remained perfectly quiet.

The doctor exchanged a look of intelligence both with my mother and the nurse, saying, "That explains—the fever was in his veins then."

They acquiesced in the idea which his remark presented to their minds, and my mother appeared relieved from some anxious thought.

As soon as the sick man exhibited any sign of restlessness, I returned to the table, and immersed my hands in the water, and then returned to the bed again. This I repeated several times, and each time when my cold hands touched his forehead, I was rewarded by a look of recognition.

The doctor and the others had remained silent spectators of my movements, until my mother expressed a fear that I should take cold.

"That is true," replied the doctor; "but to keep him quiet and his head cool is what we in vain have tried to do. I ordered ice kept upon his head, but he resisted so strongly, and finally flung it at the nurse, that the exertion to keep him still did more harm than we could do good by having it remain but a minute. He is quieter now than I have seen him since yesterday morning. You try, Mabel," continued the doctor, addressing me, "and see if you can keep some ice upon his head."

The nurse prepared some ice in a cloth and I laid it lightly on his head. He opened his eyes, but seeing me, said, "I thought that it was not you, Mabel."

"But it is," said I, taking the hand which he had raised, "and you will allow the ice to stay on your head, will you not?"

"Do you want it to?" he asked in a faint voice.

"Yes," I replied; "and I want you to be very quiet, and go to sleep, if you can."

"Will you stay?" he asked, opening his eyes and clasping my hand still more closely.

"Yes," I returned, slightly pressing the hand which clasped mine.

He started as if in sudden pain, and looked at me so wildly that I was alarmed, and quickly added, "But I shall go away unless you are perfectly still, and try to go to sleep." He did not seem fully to comprehend me, but, as if he wished to please me, he closed his eyes.

The doctor had prepared some mixture for him, and handed it to the nurse. She approached the bed, and putting her arm under his head, raised it, and asked if he would take it.

"Have you come again?" said he, looking round wildly; "where is Mabel?"

"Here," I replied.

He drew my hand towards him, and put his lips to the cup, but the nauseating draught sickened him, and he turned from it with disgust.

"You must take it," said the nurse, firmly but kindly.

"Must!" he repeated, and turned his eye upon her with a look of unqualified contempt and scorn.

"If he is sick, he does not forget what is due to his manhood, nurse," said the doctor, laughing.

"Oh, sir," she replied, "I never see any body so downright stubborn in my life. If he takes a notion that he won't take any thing, I can't make him."

"You take the cup, Mabel," said the doctor, "and see if he refuses you with such a withering look."

I obeyed; and as I presented the cup to him, he at first rejected it, by a motion of the head.

"But you will take it?" said I, in a low pleading tone, looking him earnestly in the face.

A slight shudder of loathing passed over him, but he opened his mouth and drained the cup to the last drop.

"Well done, my little nurse," said the doctor, as he stepped forward and received the cup from my hand. "And now, if your mother will permit, we will leave you and the nurse to see if your quiet womanly ways will not induce our patient to sleep."

Suffice to say, that from that time as long as it was necessary to soothe and coax the sick man, I was head nurse, and he very rarely refused to take any thing from my hand, or to listen to my entreaties that he should remain quiet.

In a few days the alarming symptoms of the fever abated, but he continued very low and weak for a long time. My anxiety braced my nerves to endure the unaccustomed fatigue of confinement, and my fear of betraying the secret of my heart, compelled me to retain my self-possession. But when night came, and I was dismissed from attendance—when I had reached my own room, and my face was buried in my pillow, then I gave way to tears, moans and prayer.

One night my mother heard my stifled groans in her room, and came to know what was the matter.

"I suppose I was dreaming," I replied with counterfeited sleepiness, shading my eyes with my hand, as if to protect them from the light.

"Your confining yourself so closely to a sick chamber, I fear is injuring you," she returned, "and I will see the doctor to-morrow, and see if it is any longer necessary."

I made no reply, and supposing me exhausted by fatigue, she left me.

ASPIRATION.

Oh when eve's dewy silence fills the air,
And the still burning stars look out on high,
When the hushed zephyr's tone breathes Nature's prayer,
And shadowy forms of night are sitting by;
Whene'er I roam through the green solitude,
Nature's own temple, vast, sublime and grand,
With beauty far exceeding art endued,
Untouched, unchanged from its CREATOR's hand,—
'Tis then wild burning thoughts rush through my soul,
And wishes vain that may not be repressed,
And ardent longings o'er my spirit reel;
And glorious visions of the pure and blest,
Come stealing o'er me, like some midnight dream.
Those misty shadows haunt my spirit still,
Flinging o'er Fancy's web a radiant gleam
Like sunlight sparkling over dale and hill.
Then oft I turn, soul sick, from earth away,
And long for brighter worlds, and purer air,
And if to Genius it were right to pray,
To Genius would I breathe this restless prayer.

"O give my mind to soar, unchanged and free,
Far through the depths of the blue vault on high,
Through the wide realms of vast immensity,
Free as the mountain winds that pass me by.
Give me to tread the spirit's viewless path,
Among the clouds to take my chainless way,
And, when the storm bursts forth in gathering wrath,
To stand where thunders roll, and lightnings play.
I fain would soar to yon bright worlds of light,
And hear the music of the rolling spheres,
And with Creation's organ choir unite
In anthem tunes to Him of endless years.
O! for a freedom from low grovelling thought,
From glittering toys, and littleness of mind!
O for that wealth that never can be bought,
Thought pure and high, and sentiment refined!"

Alas my wish is vain! Genius may strive
In vain to break earth's fetters and its chains;
Its meteor fire from earth can never rise,
But, fettered down, a prisoner still remains.
And Science's classic fount can never quench
The ardent longings of the deathless soul,
Which from the present turns unsatisfied,
And presses on to some far-distant goal.
Then let my restless spirit drink her fill
From Resignation's fount, and ask no more,
While Patience whispers to my soul, Be still;
Thou shalt be free on Jordan's farther shore!

M. A.

THE following lines were written after perusing and reperusing the *Biography and Poetical Remains of Margaret Miller Davidson*, by Washington Irving, and suggested more particularly by reading the poem entitled "To die and be forgotten," in which she gives way to the ebullition of a full heart, with regard to literary fame, in an affecting manner.

TO M. M. DAVIDSON.

Thou art gone, sweet one; thou hast passed away
From life's ever-changeable scene,
Like the floweret that dies ere the close of the day,
Or the forms of a cherished dream.

Yet thy memory shall live, and ages to come
Shall love to repeat thy sweet name:
O, the golden thread that thy genius has spun
To weave in the web of thy fame!

No, thy name upon earth will surely not die,
For a *soul* unto song thou hast given
And the loveliest scenes hast portrayed to the eye,
And a vision hast pictured of Heaven.

Each song thou hast sung benignly lends
To the zest of life a part,
For thy sweet-toned lyre forever blends
With the music of the heart.

Thou hast painted the passions, fierce and strong,
The affections deep and mild,
O, Nature doth mourn for thee, sweet one—
Her lost, her favorite child.

By the muses blest e'er since thy birth,
And thy mind was richly fraught.
With the wealth of love, while it peopled earth
With the images of thought.

Thy fancy explored the boundless waves,
That roar for the mighty deep,
And down, far down in the coral caves
Where "the green-haired sea-nymphs" sleep.

Methinks 'tis a theme may well inspire
The heart with a kindred flame,
O, would, while I touch the tuneful lyre,
I could imitate thy strain!

Thy voice we hear when the merry bird
Pours forth its matin song;
When its pensive vesper notes are heard
Thy dewy meads along.

When the moon rides high, in her azure car,
There's a voice that speaks of thee;
While thy spirit looks forth, from its home afar,
Like the moonbeam on the sea.

Alone—all alone by the forest brook,
Where the wild waves murmur free,
Where the old oaks groan, by the wind-god shook,
There's a sigh sent up for thee.

In the heart's lone home, mid its severed ties,
 There is ever a vernal spot;
 For remembrance to thrive for those we prize
 Where decay intrudeth not.

The "good man" often will wander forth,
 By the purest reverence led,
 From the scenes of fashion and festal mirth,
 To seek thy lowly bed.

Here the gay may repair, by thy goodness won,
 And the pilgrim of hoary years—
 'Tis a sacred retreat—ay! let them come,
 And embalm thy grave with tears.

Sweet peace to thy ashes! peace profound
 Where they've lain thee away to rest,
 Till the great archangel's trump shall sound
 At JEHOVAM'S high behest.

O, then may we meet in the heavenly choir,
 Where eternal anthems ring,
 And strike with thee the seraphic lyre
 To the songs which *all* can sing.

M. R. G.

LETTER FROM CAMBRIDGEPORT.

MISS FARLEY: When I left Lowell, I promised to write and tell you my first impressions of the place I was about to visit. I will now fulfil my promise, at the risk of wearying your patience. We left Lowell the day before the, ever to be remembered, *Fourth*. Our ride was pleasant, for a rainy day, and the company disposed to be agreeable, notwithstanding we were very much crowded. In Billerica, we stopped at a fine-looking farm-house for two passengers, a gentleman and lady. After much packing and unpacking, we succeeded in getting snugly stowed away: a solid mass we were, particularly the middle seat, which contained four ladies of no small dimensions. An elderly lady on the end of the seat, after hitching and squeezing and sitting against the coach door, exclaimed, "Well, there, if this door should *burst*, I should go out *cowollops*." At Woburn, we stopped for another passenger, a stout rosy-cheeked Irish girl. Poor *crathure*, she was in a sad dilemma: *the coach was full, and she could not be after taking a sate on the outside, for she would be after catching her death; could not some of the young ladies plase exchange for her.* This was an appeal to our benevolence which we could not withstand, and Miss J—— and myself mounted to the outside. The driver played the agreeable to perfection; he said he "had two Lowell 'school-marms' all the way down with him the day before." We told him that he had one then in the inside, and besides all we were first-rate "school-marms" ourselves, but notwithstanding we were afraid our seat was so high that we should go over *cowollops*.

Woburn is a pretty place, but I think Medford is prettier. The entrance to the village is delightfully dressed in its quiet rural beauty. I was much pleased with a stone cottage of the Grecian style, which was

surrounded by a beautiful garden. Truly, love in such a cottage would be desirable. I counted nine vessels on the stocks, and viewed them with no small degree of interest, as they were the first I have seen since a child. Charlestown—O my! My spirit must needs be more closely allied to the beautiful than it now is to find beauty in its busy, muddy streets, though allowance must be made for a cloudy day. Shipping and brick-making seemed to be the principal business. A number of vessels lay in the harbor at anchor, from which the stars and stripes were gaily streaming.

As much as I disliked Charlestown, it is preferable to Boston. Truly this is a city of "notions," and, I should think, of *humbug* too. In passing, a handbill, something like the following, caught my eye, "The mammoth hog, and a living three-legged calf." I could not help thinking that a living calf was better than a dead one, and wondered if they were as interesting as the learned pig, lately exhibited in Lowell. Boston certainly was not built for beauty; at least some parts of it. The streets are too narrow and pent up. It seemed to me that the sunlight could never penetrate to the damp pavements. Like Mrs. Child, I saw some doves alight in the street; their plumage was soiled, and their tiny feet covered with mud; the beautiful associated with the unlovely. Little ragged, dirty children were on the pavements, while their mammas were seated on the doorsteps.

Cambridgeport is a pretty place. Its gardens and shaded walks were beautiful to me, though viewed through drenching showers. After our arrival the clouds broke away, and the sunset was glorious. The rich golden sunlight streamed up from the west, forming a brilliant contrast with the dark clouds that yet lingered; while a rainbow, the most beautiful I ever beheld, spanned the eastern concave. The bow of promise!—how much of faith and hope it ministers to the doubting heart. There, faithful to the promise of the Most High, it has appeared since the waters covered the face of the earth, a token of the covenant between God and man.

Since our arrival, we have visited the colleges at Old Cambridge. The scenery is delightful. I could drink in poetry there; and O! I would that mine were the power to trace the burning thoughts that struggle for utterance in the characters of living, thrilling eloquence, that would nerve some soul to deeds of noble worth. Professors' Row is enchanting; words are lame, and lame is all expression to describe the beauteous scene. I was admiring the shrubbery as we passed along, "When forth there hopped a toad," and placed himself directly in our path. Notwithstanding the meek stare of his great eyes, I could not resist the temptation of cuffing him with my parasol, when he submissively bowed his head and retired. Long before we reached the college grounds we saw the lofty turrets of the library peeping up through the trees. It is an elegant edifice of stone, and the style in which it is built is in admirable keeping with the place where it is located. The other buildings would be prettier were they of stone. Brick I dislike, perhaps, because I have been accustomed to brick walls so long. The grounds around the colleges are delightful. While walking through them the words of the "Irish Emigrant" were recalled to my mind with a peculiar power and sweetness.

"And often in those grand old woods
I sit and shut my eyes,
And think I'm back again to where
My own poor Mary lies."

The lengthened twilight was deepening into night, and the bright beautiful stars came forth one by one as we retraced our steps to the Port. We turned to take a last view of those consecrated grounds. The golden clouds still lingered in the west, and I almost thought that I could gaze "through golden vistas into Heaven." The birds were singing their vesper hymns, and the dew distilling on the grass and flowers filled the air with a refreshing fragrance. We gave the parting hand to a Lowell friend, and with a touch of sadness left the parting scene.

"If so much of loveliness is sent to deck our earth by Him,
How beautiful!—how beautiful will be the world to come."

July 9th. I visited Boston. The walk over Charles-river bridge is delightful, especially when the tide is in. Boston, in the distance, reminds me of Jerusalem; the hill city. The State House, like the Temple, towers proudly over all. We ascended to the cupola, and had a fine view. The white sails, like birds of snowy wings, thickly studded the blue waves. In the opening, as far as the eye could reach, a dark smoky wreath curled upward from a noble steamer that gallantly rode the bright waves. The Common, like an oasis in the desert, looked up smiling and green from its home of brick and mortar, bidding a ready welcome to the passer-by. Over all these the emblems of American freedom, at half-mast, and clad in mourning, were hung, for one of her noble sons had gone to rest.

"He fought his last fight, and gained his last battle,"

and laid down to rest where the rolling drum can never waken him more. His obsequies were observed by a large concourse of people with appropriate badges and banners; one was surmounted by a snow-white dove bearing the olive branch of peace. Nine bands of most excellent music accompanied the long procession, and their soul-stirring notes awakened within me the musings of other days, and I fancied that the spirits of American heroes were hovering over the country which they loved so well, and for which they bled and died.

Boston is not so gloomy after all, as I at first imagined, but it requires a sunny day to display it to advantage, and then life, decked out in gala dress, walks through her busy streets. Business is the watchword, and with true Yankee perseverance it is borne onward. We have visited the Navy Yard at Charlestown. The implements of death and destruction were blended with industry and commerce. Cannon, cannon-balls and bombshells were thickly strewed around, in an inclosed arena within the yard. I was much pleased with the dry-dock, into which we descended. It is built of granite, and, from an inscription on one of the blocks, I learned that it was commenced July 10, 1827, under the administration of John Q. Adams, and completed in June, 1833, when the Hero of New Orleans filled the presidential chair. The rope-walks are extensive, and I viewed the making of ropes with interest. We saw several steam-engines in operation, but did not stay long where they were, for "we could not stand the fire." One, however, chanced to be cold, and we lingered sometime by the iron railing, capped with polished brass, to admire the exquisite finish of the ponderous machine, and the genius that joined its various parts in one grand whole. The steamer Mississippi was lying at the wharf, where she has been undergoing some repairs. She is now manned, and goes out the first of August. We had permission to go on board, but such a formidable array of men frightened us poor factory girls,

and, to use a popular expression, we "backed out." The United States, the Marion, and the Medora, a merchantman, were lying at the wharf, and a number of others, but I will not enumerate them.

From the Navy Yard we proceeded to Bunker Hill. The sun had just sunk to his western home as we ascended the height. Associations came crowding thick and fast upon me as I stood upon the soil once stained by heroes' blood. The Mystic flowed, with its low murmuring music, along, and Charles river proudly bore commerce on its bosom. Copp's hill was there, covered with her peaceful habitations. Over all these the Monument looked a proud memento of freedom, and points back to that morning when the whole peninsula was enveloped in awful atmosphere of smoke, and "illumed in every quarter by streams of fire from the various instruments of death;" when the groans of the wounded and dying rose fearfully on the ear and mingled with the roar of musketry, the crackling of flames, and crash of falling timbers. The "miserable shanty" still "adorns Bunker Hill Monument," and the inscription, "Admittance 12½ cents," has not yet faded out. But I have faith enough in Americans to believe that it will ere long. It must not remain. The sons and daughters of freedom ought—nay, it belongs to them, the privilege of flocking to that sacred pile, and viewing from thence the goodly heritage that valor bought, not with "*ninepence*," but with life-blood, and secured to them.

There is one thing I must not omit, as it concerns factory girls. After leaving the Navy Yard, we stopped at a friend's to rest. While there, the conversation turned upon the factory system and girls. We were busily engaged in discussing the merits and demerits of both, when a beautiful little gray kitten came bounding into the room. I took it up and began to play with it, when a gentleman present remarked, that he had often heard that the Lowell girls were so fond of cats that they were obliged on their account, to pay a shilling per week more for board. He cited a case of a lady from Vermont, who brought her petted favorite to Spindle City, and actually paid its board. A gentleman in Boston, speaking of the great number of girls employed in the mills, asked how in the world we contrived to get along without beaux. O! I told him that we experienced no inconvenience whatever! We were used to going out alone, and did not mind it at all. He was mum, but looked just as though he would like to say, "Tough story that for me to believe."

July 15th. A trip to Nahant. The day was delightful, and a large party of us with light hearts and lighter steps started for Nahant. We did not have "music and moonlight on the waters," but we had what was better, music and sunlight. The water was calm and peaceful as a child at rest, and mirrored the blue arch above. When the bell rung the noble boat, like a bird, darted into the water, and gaily cut the waves. For a long while I leaned over the railing and watched the sparkling track in the steamer's wake. I never could imagine any thing more beautiful than the crystal foam that mounted the green wave and chased its fellow over the bright way till both were lost. The cool sea air, the sweet music from the band on the upper deck, the receding city, and the green isles, that seemed like sea nymphs to glide by, were all full of eloquence. The approach to Nahant is romantic in the extreme. It rises gradually out of the water, and assumes shape and hue as you approach it and admire the dark rocks that, like sentinels, guard the spot. In the distance sky and water blend in one, and white sails thickly stud its bosom. If the ocean

is so beautiful when, like a sleeping tiger, it reposes, what must it be when aroused? How grand! How sublime! Old Time, regardless of our pleasure, winged rapidly on his way, and, ere we were aware, the day was far spent. We had time to visit "Irene's Grotto," "Lover's Leap," and "Swallow's Cave" only. The tide was coming in rapidly, but we, determined to see the cave, scrambled down the rugged rocks and entered in. I was disappointed in not being able to go through to the other, but it was impossible; I stooped down and gathered some pebbles already wet by the coming tide. The hoarse waves gurgled and roared amid the rocks as if angry at the intrusion, and one old fellow, ere I was willing to retire, lifted his foaming head high as the rock on which I had placed my foot, and with loud murmurs broke over it. The entrance to the cave is from eight to ten feet wide; in the inside, it is seventeen feet wide, twenty high, and seventy-two long. The Lover's Leap is a high rock, time-worn and hoary, and Irene's Grotto is still, wild and grand, though the arch that once spanned it, is partly gone, and over it a walk is thrown for the accommodation of foot passengers. Wild roses thickly clustered around it; one of them I plucked for you, but it is still too wet to inclose. Miss J—— and myself are anxious to hear from the Circle. If your time is not too much taken up, do please write to me.

Yours with respect,

J. L. B.

THE YOUNG BRIDE

How gentle and mild the young bride looked

When first she met my transient view,
I thought that an angel of light had come,
My purest pleasures to renew.

She approached me with a smile divine,
That few but angels can possess,
With gentle looks and soothing words
Did she my wakening grief repress.

Oh! little thought I then how soon
Her gentle soul would soar above,
To those bright realms of endless day,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love.

And yet I knew by her pale brow,
And by that soft cheek's hectic flush,
She could not long on earth remain,
But she my fears would calmly hush.

And when I asked if she loved life,
Or grieved to think her race was run,
She said, in tones both sweet and clear,
"His will alone, not mine be done."

'T was thus her bridal months passed on
In slow, but sure and sad decay,
Too soon, old tyrant Death did call,
"Come, fair one, to me! come away!"

'T was midnight; all was calm and still,
No sound the waning night beguiled,
Save the dropping of the old man's tears
As he gazed upon his dying child.

Mildly she oped her sweet blue eye,
 Whispering, "He's come!—'Tis he!—He's come!"
 Then sweet, as seraphs sing on high,
 She sung aloud, "Sweet home, sweet home."

Her father raised her in his arms;
 Her head dropped heavy on his breast;
 The old man groaned aloud, "She's gone!
 Sweet Lizzie is at length at rest!"

They sent for one, her bosom friend;
 And bade him to them quickly come,
 For she was in her childhood's home,
 Where he her true heart's love had won.

Could ye have seen him when they said,
 "Your sweet bride lives on earth no more,"
 It would have made the hardest heart
 In sympathy his grief deplore.

"Oh! God!" he cried, "is this my lot?"
 And sank beside her on the floor,
 As pale and cold as his dead love,
 But life's dark grief was not yet o'er.

He rose, and gazed upon his bride,
 And wildly kissed her marble brow,
 And sighing, murmured, "She's not mine—
 She's with her HEAVENLY FATHER now."

Wild grief returned; tears drowned his eyes;—
 "She is not dead!" he loudly said.
 A still small voice then echoed, "Peace!
 She sleeps!—she sleeps!—she is not dead!"

E. R. H.

And she is now Mrs. Anderson

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

THERE is one place in this wide world where I love to linger: 'tis beside the grave of my mother. There, beneath that sacred mound, lies a fond mother, who fell a victim to that fatal disease, *consumption*. One year has passed since she bade adieu to all earthly things. She was a dearly beloved mother to me. My father having died some years before, the care of our little family devolved wholly upon her. Being her only daughter, my affections were more closely interwoven with hers. Yet Death, that grim monster, who regards not youth nor age, marked her for his victim. Often, after a long summer day's toil, have I wandered to that lone spot, and spent an hour in reflection. There, beneath the pale moonbeams, have I called to mind her pious examples, the many prayers she had offered for her orphan children, her counsels and advice. The many times she pointed us to the Lamb of God for consolation in times of trouble. Oft have I bedewed that hallowed spot with my tears, and found it good to think of the dead. Well might I have cause for grief were there all that remained of that dearest earthly friend—was that the last that I had to hope: but it is not so. Her immortal spirit basks in the sunshine of glory. There she is chanting praises to that blest Savior, who died that we might live. Yes, I look forward to that blest day when I shall meet her, clad in a robe of righteousness, and hope to spend a never-ending eternity of bliss.

THEODORA.

EDITORIAL.

Upon the last page of the last editorial article there is a sad error. The poem commences, at the top of the page, with the fourth stanza; then comes the caption, and then succeed the first, second and third stanzas.—In the June number there is an awkward mistake. On the cover is a notice of the *Practical Christian*, in which it is spoken of as a newly-established *Coos*. This error affects half the edition, and both blunders were made after the proof left our hands. The latter must have been the exploit of some mischief-maker. We regret the first-mentioned, as it makes ridiculous what was but passable before.

To continue our narrative. Specimens of the first efforts have been given, and perhaps our readers will think, as the friends of the young writer did, that it would be better to discourage the little scribbler than to encourage her. Her father seriously reproved her for the waste of time in "reading and writing silly stories"—her eldest brother laughed and sneered, and vexed her extremely by sarcastic requests to see *her poetry*. Her elder sister was no more encouraging, and the little ones cared nothing about her. In this state of affairs she wrote little, and that by stealth. Never has her imagination been so lively as then; and had her discipline been different—had she been flattered and her pen encouraged, many foolish things might have been written which would afterwards have been more of injury than advantage. So a few occasional stanzas, written upon the back of an old letter, or the stray leaf of a mouse-nibbled account book, were the only evidence that she "kept it the vein," for the waste of paper was not to be tolerated. She was not, however, prohibited from amusing the children by telling them stories, and was as well pleased as her listeners while relating to them all sorts of marvellous and original tales.

Before she had completed her fifteenth year her father left home to spend the winter. Her brother was at College and her sister at a boarding-school. There was little or no restraint upon her movements, and she wrote a little book. It was called *EMILY AND CORNELIA, OR PRIDE AND PRINCIPLE*—in which two young misses were taken from school, and sent into the world, where both meet with trials and disappointments, which are supported by one with all the strength of a proud heart, while the other is sustained by principle. The first finds she has leaned upon a broken reed, and it fails her. The latter passes on through clouds and darkness to a brighter day, and becomes the support and benefactor of her early friend. This little book, with a long Revolutionary tale, were written merely for her own gratification, and never wholly read to any one but herself. The manuscript was preserved for several years, and then destroyed.

When fifteen years of age, she was told that she must henceforth earn her own living, and not depend upon her father for a subsistence. Though in manner and appearance but a child, she was obliged to teach school, and there was some dissatisfaction caused by the youth of "the schoolma'am." After this she taught one summer in another place, to the satisfaction of all, and then continued the school by a private subscription. But many of her patrons neglected to pay her for their children's tuition, and are in her debt to this day. This discouraged her, and she thought of the factory as the best alternative.

She has never regretted this step—and those who think and speak of a factory life as the darkest lot, view it in a different light from that in which it has appeared to her. She could have earned a livelihood by her needle; but to do that she must sit at work as many hours as she would be confined in the mill. To teach a country school was to have a paltry pittance a few months in the year, and be destitute of employment the remainder of it. To write "silly stories" for a living was what she never dreamed of, though she possibly might have done it. For several years she labored at the loom "unnoticed and unknown." Her correspondence with each of the scattered members of her family, was enough of exercise for her pen, and, save a few scraps for albums, she wrote nothing else.

When the IMPROVEMENT CIRCLE was established, about half-a-dozen years since, she was requested to write anonymously for it as others did. The idea pleased her. She had an intuitive feeling that the "silly stories," &c., which she might write, would be looked upon more favorably by the promiscuous assembly who collected

to hear those communications, than by her theological papa, and an imaginative brother and sisters. She could now write *herself*. Her school compositions had generally been upon *Time*, or *Hope*, or *Autumn*, or *Morning*, or *Evening*, or some such trite subject, for she dared not write out the vagaries which amused her fancy.—But now she could write, unknown to any one, and if her compositions were nonsensical, she would not be mortified by the exposure to others of the fact, and would be more satisfied herself with regard to their merits and demerits, for never before had she been so situated as to do herself justice. The little book, formerly written, was composed during moments snatched from school lessons, and various social occupations, and written in the evenings of a winter when she attended the district school during the day, and singing, spelling and dancing schools in the evening; besides all the *parties* within two or three miles. Now she had nothing to distract her attention from what she might choose to write. She had time in the mill for reflection, and had, while in Lowell, availed herself of the privileges of libraries, such as she had never had access to before. She had read and reflected—why should she not write?

The first communication sent to the Circle, was an allegory, entitled *The Garden of Science*, published in the old series of the *OFFERING*. It was complimented in terms which brought tears to her eyes, and the anonymous contributor was publicly requested to make herself known. After this she wrote constantly, and her powers were allowed free scope. When the *Offering* was established she was expected to be one of its principal contributors, and these expectations she has endeavored to answer. At the request of the second publisher, she consented to edit, though with some misgivings, and after that became one of its publishers. She has been requested to contribute to many other periodicals, but has almost invariably refused, for it has been her wish to devote time, and what she might have of talent, to this humble magazine. It seems to her to be identified with her literary character, and when it ceases to exist, no one will feel its loss as she must feel it. She remains alone of the original clique who presented it to the public. Several different series of writers have come forward and retired, and she has numbered herself with them all.

During the years of her factory life she has once left the mill to attend school a few months, and this was before the existence of the *Offering*. Once also, about that period, she was recalled to her home to witness and soothe the last sickness of her eldest sister—she who had almost too carefully watched over her merrier companion, guided and counselled her. She saw the pangs of a complicated disease borne with uncomplaining meekness, and, for many weeks, watched with her constantly through the day and the night, and in her arms supported the loved form as it endured the pangs of dissolution. Two years passed, and she was again recalled to her home. Her young and exceedingly interesting brother was also in a *consumption*. He was the *genius* of the family—by far the most precocious, and of the most refined sensibilities. He was also beautiful—with a dark eye, which was all expression, and a snowy complexion, in which the hectic had always played with its loveliest hues. Often, when he was a little child, had she sat with him, and watched the stars, and told him of the wonders of that universe to which those glittering worlds belonged, and of that *SUBLIME BEING* who made them, until he would hold his breath, or gasp with emotion. He had always been frail, but she had begun to hope that he might live to manhood, when the *cough* sounded its premonitory knell. From that moment she buried him in anticipation, but yet it was a solace to be with him, and see the boy waste and die with all the calmness of a Christian philosopher.

Again, a few years passed, and she was recalled to her home to watch the last sickness of her remaining sister. For years she had hoped and feared with regard to her—but when she saw her so well as to be married, with the intention of trying her abilities for housekeeping, she hoped the young bride was not too sanguine, and that new scenes, new duties and new friends would renovate and restore her. But it was not long before she drooped, and at length she herself saw the futility of her hopes, and sweetly resigned herself to the fell destroyer who had deprived her of a sister and a brother. It was sad to think that she must die, just as new hopes and new joys were clustering around her pathway, and she was one unusually gifted with every capacity to enjoy life. Her countenance was very lovely, her mind pure, her disposition even, and her manners very winning. "None knew her but to love her; none named her but to praise." And with all these endearing qualities she possessed uncommon practical abilities.

When she now felt that her life was drawing to a close, her heart yearned towards her home, her parents, and her childhood's friends. She wished to die at home, and that her sister might be with her during the last sickness, as she had been with the others. That sister *was* with her while she was conveyed from her new to her old home, and then she returned to Lowell to prepare for a longer absence. The Offering was to be discontinued the two months succeeding the close of the volume, and the business was resigned to the care of her partner. Then she went home to stay weeks, and perhaps months; and, as the stage-coach conveyed her along, she wondered if she could again go through such scenes with a cheerful countenance and a strong heart. She reached her home, and found the beloved one *a corpse*. She had dropped away twelve hours previous, calmly, though suddenly, as consumptives sometimes do.

These trials, and the personal cares, vexations and disappointments, which all must endure, have given a tinge of sadness to some of her writings, though her effort is always to be cheerful.

To see her aged father feeble and dispirited—her mother, with a broken mind, passing her days without the sustaining and cheering presence of her children—her unfortunate sister, the only one of those who once gathered around the hearthstone—to see this, and feel that she cannot make it otherwise, is often the cause of a sad hour and a bitter tear. And under these circumstances to hear herself spoken of as a vile tool for aristocratic tyrants, or an absolute impostor—her magazine represented as a hoax; and the support of that class, whom she has most wished to serve, almost entirely withdrawn—all this has been trial enough for *one* to contend with.

Still there has been much of the bright and encouraging around her, and it must be for her own good that the burden has been so frequently laid upon her neck, and the dark veil over her countenance. And if, under happier influences, she had been thoughtlessly gay, or vain, or haughty, or unmindful of the poor and toiling, then has she cause to bless the restraining hand that has always been upon her.

H. F.

We have received from W. D. Ticknor, a reprint of Dr Scoresby's work upon *AMERICAN FACTORIES AND THEIR FEMALE OPERATIVES*. We noticed this book upon our cover last month, with a promise to recur to it again; and we are happy to see this republication of a work which ought to be universally read. The English edition is said to be universally sought after, and the copy sent us by the author has been constantly circulating among our friends. In an appendix to the copy before us it is stated that they are republished on account of their "remarkable fidelity of description," and freedom from "those errors which so generally mark the writings of travellers."

The Statistics of the Lowell Manufactures are also added, which will enhance its value to those who search for correct information. We see by this appendix, that the average wages of females per week, *clear of their board*, is \$1.75. In a recent number of a paper, printed in New York, called *Young America*, it is stated that the average wages of females here, is \$1.75, including their board—which is an error of some importance. The \$1.75 does not include that made by extra work, but only the average upon one machine, or pair of machines. So that the average wages of the females is actually higher than \$1.75 per week, exclusive of their board. We hope that *Young America* will notice this fact, and make as many comments upon it as upon their erroneous statement.

The following extracts will be interesting to all our readers, and our city patrons will attest to the "fidelity of description."

"On entering Lowell, a stranger is naturally struck with the contrast presented by that place, to an English manufacturing town. Here, in Bradford, for example, every building is of stone, or brick, solid, substantial, with little of the freshness that might be looked for in so rapidly an increasing town; there, in Lowell, though the mills and boarding-houses are generally of brick, the chief part of the other buildings, houses, hotels, and even churches, are of wood, and nearly the whole as fresh-looking as if built within a year. Here, with us, every thing, externally, is discolored with smoke; buildings, streets and causeways, alike bearing a sooty covering; the mud of the streets in color and consistency like blackish gray paint, and the air of heaven darkened as by a dense cloud: there, nothing is discolored, neither houses, nor mills, nor trees; the red brick factories and boarding-houses,

and the other edifices of wood painted in light colors, look as fresh as if just finished; the streets, dusty enough, indeed, (for a deep dry covering of dust was on them when I was in Lowell,) were yet not black like ours; and the sky, unshrouded by smoke or cloud, was brilliant and clear, the sun darting down its unobstructed rays with dazzling and scorching power. Then the trees and plants which, with us, soon become dingy after foliage bursts out, and which in some places, as in the church-yard of St. Peter's, being ever leafless, appear like the black stumps of the forest in America, the residue and remnants of the fire—there, in Lowell, were fresh and flourishing; the trees, with which some streets or mill precincts were screened and adorned, being verdant in their summer foliage, and the neatly kept gardens, here and there seen about the factories, being amply adorned with floral beauty. Hence, as to Lowell, large as it has grown, it is yet rural in its appearance, and, notwithstanding its being a city of factories, is yet fresh and cleanly."

"The young women observed at work in this cotton-mill were all above the age of children; I supposed, generally, they were from fifteen to twenty, though many were much older; and some few, I believe, were married women. I afterwards learnt that the average age was about twenty-three years. The great majority were from the country; but on this point, as well as about that of the case of children, I shall have to speak hereafter.

"On almost every floor of the factory, I conversed with one or more of the females at work. In all cases their manner was easy and unaffected, modest and respectful. In many of them there was an intelligent, and rather refined expression of countenance, characterized in some, with a cast of thoughtfulness."

"We have the results of the thoughts of many of them printed—yes, printed!—in the books I hold in my hand, which, perhaps some of you have seen, and, if not, which you ought to see. They are parts or numbers of a periodical work, written entirely by the factory-girls of the place I visited. It is called the 'Lowell Offering.' Mr. Knight, an enterprising London publisher, has placed some of the most interesting matter of the original work within your reach. In this little volume, entitled 'Mind among the Spindles,' you have a cheap and very judicious selection of the papers."

"As few of the young women have their parents residing in Lowell—most of them coming up from the country for the sake of the employment for themselves—they live chiefly, but not entirely, in *boarding-houses* expressly built by the corporations for their accommodation. These houses are neatly built of brick, in rows or in short streets broken up into what, in America, are called 'blocks.' Usually, they are three stories high, with a garret, and contain six or seven bed-rooms with two beds, calculated for two persons each, so that the whole will duly accommodate from twenty-four to thirty girls, and some, I believe, more, when full.

"The one I visited was not *selected*, but taken at a venture. It was in the evening, just as the young women were leaving their work. I was shown through almost every room from the attic to the ground floor. Every thing was clean and orderly, presenting a comfortable appearance. The rooms were better than I had often had at some of the hotels; the beds of a commodious size, and the furniture sufficiently good and neat. Some of the young people had just come in, and two were in the parlor, with whom (one of them more particularly) I sat and conversed for sometime. She was tall in person, of slight figure, and rather tastefully dressed, (I think in a muslin dress,) with a *gold* pencil case suspended by a silk cord round the neck. She conversed freely, in good language, and without either affectation or restraint. I told them that I came from a large manufacturing town in England, and that I was wishful to see the American factories and factory-workers, that I might tell my parishioners something about them. This intimation, indeed, was calculated, *perhaps* to interest them, but *certainly* to put them on their guard. But I did not observe that it produced any check to free and frank communication.

"In this place, I might just notice, that their manner of living in their boarding-houses is amply liberal for the payments they make. They have three meals a day, combining tea or coffee, at each, along with substantial provision; and differing but little, in the variety, I believe, except that hot meat is the prevalent advantage given to the dinner. The two systems of boarding-houses, that of the corporations and that of private arrangement, serve as a check upon each other; so that if any abuse were to creep into either, or if the quality or quantity of provision, or the amount charged, should be unsatisfactory in the one class, the inmates would, in most cases, (except where no private lodging-houses are situated near their mills) have the opportunity of removing their residence. For though some of the corpo-

rations require their female operatives to reside in the houses built and owned by them, and most of them consider it right and proper that they should do so, yet, where the mills happen to be situated in the midst of private houses, large numbers of the hands sometimes board away from the corporations."

"Being anxious to see the factory operatives at their leisure and recreation in the evening, I left very early, and being conveyed to my hotel, in the centre of the city, I went from thence through the principal streets, among which—the evening being cool and agreeable—I pleasantly rambled for upwards of an hour. Extensive ranges of well-furnished shops, brilliantly lighted up, and continuing so until nine o'clock, or a little later, indicated the prosperity of the place, whilst a very large number of the young women of the factories were seen enjoying the evening air in the streets, and not a few availing themselves of the facilities offered them for shopping. Comparatively few men were about. The girls were generally walking two or more together, and I did not observe the smallest sign of levity or indecorum in any one individual, amongst the many hundreds whom I passed."

"Not to anticipate too far, the suggestions I shall have to offer to you in a subsequent lecture, in the form of a *plan* for the object commended to you, it may suffice at present just to say, that if but our factory-operatives and factory-masters, and the Christian ministers, and the Christian people of our general population, would cordially take up this matter on the principles of their Christian profession, (as I fervently trust they will be induced to do,) benefit, real and substantial, must ensue. And though our factory-girls might not be raised to the literary rank of writers in a '*Bradford Offering*,' they would be placed, as a class, in a condition far more honorable to themselves than that which at present they enjoy, and rendered vastly more useful to society. Yes, and in place of the sad and lamentable profligacy, which so awfully, I fear, prevails, we should gain for them a higher tone of moral and religious principle, and see, by the blessing of God, numbers elevated to the true dignity of our race,—to the character which felicitates and adorns,—to the state which elevates woman to her proper condition here, and provides for her an ennobling, immortalizing destiny hereafter."

"All the writers on America whose accounts of Lowell I have seen, unite in one general expression of surprise and approbation of the Lowell Offering. As the work of young women engaged for thirteen or fourteen hours a day (including the brief time allowed for meals) in their laboring occupation, this publication must every where excite a feeling of surprise; and yet, without any allowance for this circumstance, or for the class of society who constitute the entire body of the contributors, the Lowell Offering still stands commended, in every part of it that I have seen, for its propriety of sentiment and language, and high moral tone, for the vividness of natural feeling and good sense portrayed in numbers of its articles, and for the descriptive cleverness, and innocent playfulness, with which some of its contributions are characterized."

Dr. Scoresby extracts largely from the *Offering*; and this is a gratification to us, because it assures us that, if our labors are not productive here of all the good we might wish, yet that their beneficial influence is not limited to this city, or this country. Our operatives complain because the Offering affects only their intellectual condition. They will see, by Dr. Scoresby's work, that this is not to be considered so slightly important as they have viewed it. The contrast drawn, between the operatives here and those of Bradford, (Eng.), will furnish them with many good lessons; and while it should lead them to value still more their own blessed country and its privileges, it should also incite them to still higher and stronger exertions for self and mutual improvement. They cannot stand still! They must go on, or go back; and it is our ardent wish that the good character which the Lowell female operatives have acquired and sustained may never be lost.

We should like to give many extracts, for which we have no room; and can only recommend the work to all who feel an interest in *American Factories and their Female Operatives*.

LOWELL OFFERING.

SEPTEMBER, 1845.

CRAZY HANNAH.

CRAZY HANNAH! Oh, how many associations are connected with that name—some of them very sad indeed, and others so ridiculous that I cannot but laugh, even though I know that she has gone to her long home. When I first saw her, she was generally known in our village by the name of "Aunt Hannah"—not that she was aunt to any one in particular, save a little white-headed urchin, who used to go of errands and cut up wood for her, for Aunt Hannah lived alone—but then she was so clever, so kind and obliging, that every body loved to call her "*Aunt*."

I said she was *clever*. Allow me to explain what I mean by the word, because I do not want to do her injustice, and I find there is great difference of opinion with regard to its meaning. My chum says she had as lief any one would call her a fool as to call her clever, but then she admits that she always looks at the ridiculous side of the question, and I suppose I must let her have her own way. But, again, Walker thinks the word means "skilful," "dexterous," and "handsome," and I do not know but it does—one thing, however, is certain, Aunt Hannah was none of these. And now I will tell you what I think is its true Yankee meaning, namely: to be *well-disposed* and *good-natured*; and such, I think, was my heroine; and, what is more than this, she was very eccentric, a quality in her character which developed itself in every action of her life, especially after she became "Crazy Hannah."

It is an old maxim, and a very true one, that we are the creatures of circumstance. Now I think that the circumstances which moulded Aunt Hannah's character must have been very singular, or she would not have been such a strange woman. In the first place, her home was one of the most romantic I have ever seen. Her house was an antiquated cottage situated on an eminence bordering upon the river; the base of it was hemmed in with dark angry rocks, which seemed to bid defiance to the foaming waves that laved their rugged sides. And then, too, there was a row of old weather-beaten poplars in front of the house, looking like so many sentinels stationed there to guard one lonely maiden in her solitary home. When I was a little girl I used to very much wonder how Aunt Hannah could bear to live in that old house, so far from any other dwelling—it being about a mile, and that to my childish imagination was an

almost interminable distance. And then, too, she was very superstitious; she believed in the existence of ghosts, goblins, and other kindred spirits; in warnings of death by dreams, and all other mysticisms of which the human mind can conceive, which perhaps may be partly accounted for from the fact that she lived contiguous to the goodly city of witchcraft; and if, as the good Book says, a little leaven leavens the whole lump, then I do not wonder that Aunt Hannah was superstitious. For I should have certainly thought that if there had been a witch in the neighborhood it would have made her house its head-quarters, notwithstanding the old horse-shoes which hung over her doors to scare them away.

Well, for all she had so many peculiarities, every body loved her, as I said before, especially the young folks, who were never happier than when spending an afternoon at the Old Domicil, listening to her stories of bloody murder and highway robbery, spiced, perhaps, with some little love affair, connected with her early life, which proved to be nothing more than moonshine after all, for from her own confession, she never really loved but once, and then it made shipwreck of her reason.

The circumstances of the case were these. It so happened that a party of young folks were assembled one pleasant afternoon in October, in the old barn in the rear of Aunt Hannah's house, to what they were pleased to term a regular-built husking, for she was by no means poor. The extended fields of waving grain, interspersed with rich meadow land, the lowing herds and bleating sheep grazing on the hill-sides, all of which might be seen from the little eminence she called her home, were her undoubted property.

But to return to the husking. The golden grain was fast being divested of its faded garb, while the youthful company were working with all diligence, that they might speedily execute their self-imposed task, being animated, no doubt, by thoughts of the entertainment which waited their appearance in the house, when farmer Groves appeared in their midst. Now said Groves was an old bachelor of very pleasing address, and withal quite a personage in the community, as every country squire is; but, with all his good qualities, he had one peculiarity, (peculiar only to that class of beings to which he belonged,) namely, a strong aversion to the other sex, and how he came to place himself where so many bright eyes might gaze on him, seemed quite a mystery for a time, but it was soon solved. The old farmer seated himself in one corner, and began to chat a little with his fair friends.

"Aunt Hannah has got a fine parcel of corn," said he, addressing himself to the company.

"Yes, I guess as how she has, and it will take the shine all off of yourn the best way you can fix it," said Ned Jones, a tall Green-mountain chap, who had just begun to initiate himself into the good graces of our village maidens.

"Well, if this ere don't look just like Aunt Hannah, for all the world," said Sally Williams, as she stripped off the dry husk, and held it up to view.

"You need not be so smart, Miss Williams," said Ned; "I guess I have got Esq. Groves," and he held up an ear of equal dimensions, for the inspection of the company.

"What say, friend Groves! don't they look well together?"

But the old farmer did not like such sharp shooting, so he just bowed a little and kept silent. Aunt Hannah then made her appearance, unper-

ceived by the company till she was fairly in their midst, consequently she had heard the above conversation, and her heart began to flutter like a wounded partridge.

"Why, Aunt, how spruce you look with that new chintz gown and white apron: I should think you had just come out of the upper drawer," said Polly Groom, scanning with a glance the tall figure of our heroine. "Shall I introduce you to Esq. Groves?" she continued.

Poor Aunt Hannah! how she blushed!—but, giving him one of her sweetest smiles, and a very polite "How do you do?" she summoned the party to tea, and returned to the house. She would have invited the old farmer, but not being very deeply versed in the rules of etiquette, she was afraid it would not do, so for a time his honor was left king of the domain; nor was he at all sorry. Finding himself alone, he began to soliloquize in the following strain.

"Well, Aunt Hannah is quite a smart spinster. I wonder why she never got married, she looks so prim and nice, and then she has got so much money. Why, let me see! If I had all her property in connection with my own, I should be rich indeed. There is all this land, extending as far as the eye can see, and then, too, she has an interest in the Wilson farm, and they do say money in the bank besides. I declare I have a great mind to come in there if I can. I have always hated the wimin, they are such tattling busy-bodies; but then she do'n't seem to be one of that sort, and I don't believe she is. At any rate, I will find out. I don't like my way of living so well as I thought I should. The fact is, it takes off the coppers quite too fast to pay a housekeeper two dollars a week; and I don't mean to do it much longer—that I don't." So saying, he began to make the best of his way home; but whether he liked Aunt Hannah or her money best, I leave my readers to judge. One thing is certain, he had a more favorable opinion of the women than he ever had before.

Nor was Aunt Hannah without her thoughts. She could not sleep that night for thinking of the afternoon adventure, and you will not wonder when I tell you that she had turned three corners, and she began to think that there was a possibility, or rather probability, that she would turn three more before she had a decent offer. It was not strange then, that she should feel so badly when allusion was made to farmer Groves, for it was certain that he found more favor in her eyes than most men of his standing. And now, what do you think she did? Do you give it up? Well, I will tell you.

It was Sunday, and she actually advertised her "HEART TO LET." I do not mean by this that she patronized the newspapers—no, not that—but she put the advertisement on her own person, just as a great many of our young maidens do now-a-days in the shape of fine clothes; and it worked exceedingly well. The farmer saw her at church, and he actually thought she was the smartest-looking maiden that passed its portals that day. Perhaps my readers would like to know what she wore that captivated the old bachelor so; and as her costume was so different from that in vogue at the present day, I will try to describe it.

In the first place, she wore a dress of brocade silk, cut "to order" in the old-fashioned economical style, with goring skirt, and tight sleeves; but not such sleeves as they have now, for they were much larger, and all the spare cloth was gathered in on the top. Over her shoulders was thrown a muslin handkerchief, nicely starched, consequently she was

obliged to carry her head very stiff, reminding one of some city dandy, who had procured a stock much too high to support his empty cranium with ease. But the crowning point of this finery was a huge pasteboard hat, decorated with sundry bows and knots of yellow ribbon; and thus arrayed she made her appearance at church.

Well, the old bachelor made it in his way to go home with her that night, and for several weeks after he was a constant visitor at her cottage. The villagers thought they were going to make a short business of it; but the old saying is, "There is many a slip, 'twixt the cup and the lip," and so it proved with poor Aunt Hannah.

One day he called quite unexpectedly, and what do you think he found her doing? "Baking?" No. "Spinning?" No. Nor yet *washing*. None of these. But she was seated in her "old arm chair," quietly taking a pinch of snuff.

"Faith! I can't stand that," he exclaimed, and flew out of the house, his fancy sorely discolored with yellow snuff, for he held all snuff-takers in utter detestation; and he never after darkened her door.

Thus ended Aunt Hannah's courtship, and the old bachelor's golden dreams of flowing coffers.

Kind reader, it was nothing more than this simple love affair that made Aunt Hannah crazy. The last time I saw her she was a raving maniac. She had doffed her brocade silk and gay hat for a "short loose," and dirty tarpaulin; her long white hair was streaming in the wind like the pendant of an old cruiser, while her half-clad feet would lead a stranger to suppose that she was some runaway from the parish workhouse. But not so—Aunt Hannah was only love crazy. I think if Mr. Fowler had examined her head, he would have called her a useful character, to say the least—for I have often seen her hoeing corn, digging potatoes, or bringing bundles of brush from the woods. But, peace to her memory! She is resting quietly in the old church-yard, and I would not disturb her.

One word to old bachelors, and I close. Beware how you make the fair sex crazy by your false promises, lest you repent when it is too late, and "there is none to deliver."

JUDITH.

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

Why do you not return?
To that old home of yours;
Why do you thus protract your stay?
And grieve these hearts of ours.

Long years have rolled away,
Since last you took your leave;
Oh! will you not come back again,
To cheer the friends who grieve?

The birds sing sweetly now;
As when in childhood's days,
We wandered to the forest shade,
And listened to their lays.

The flowers are springing gay;
The grass is fresh and green;

And all around us Nature smiles,
And spreads her beauteous sheen.

The little lambs skip o'er the hills
With joyous hearts and free;
And merrily, o'er all the vales,
Flit butterfly and bee.

And happy children, too,
Are sporting on the plain:
These all unite to urge you back
To your old home again.

Oh! will you not return,
And this loved home ne'er leave?
Sweet sister; do come back again!
And cheer these hearts that grieve.

A. F.

"FIRST LOVE"! ALAS!

(Continued.)

THE next day, she saw the doctor, and the result was, I was not to confine myself to the chamber. "But," said the doctor, "he is so low, and his mind is enfeebled nearly as much as his body, and it will not do to irritate him by keeping her away entirely—so let her run in half-a-dozen times a day to see him; but she need not stay long."

After this arrangement I was very careful "not to stay long;" but I fear my memory was very treacherous, and that I made nearer a dozen visits per day, than the half-dozen for which the doctor stipulated. How I longed for the look of gratification, which greeted me after every half-hour's absence, and how his look of regret haunted me after I left, until I saw him again. Uncertain as I am whether his feelings were ever aught but a kind patronizing friendship, I am not sure that my imagination did not give a greater part of the expression of his countenance, whether it was of pleasure or sorrow. But, be that as it may, the effect upon me was the same as if I had interpreted his manner aright. I almost regretted when his convalescence superseded the excuse for my frequent visits; but he could sit up some, and talk with me when I was present, which repaid for my mute pleasure of looking at and being near him.

One day, when I was exercising my privilege of nurse, which I had playfully asserted that I should retain until he could repay my visits, I was standing by his easy chair combing and arranging his hair, when he put his arm about my waist and drew me closer to him, that he might imprint the kiss, which was both my thanks and reward, upon my forehead.

"You are a dear nurse," said he, "and your sweet face could reconcile me to a sick-room much longer than"—

"Mr. Smith!" said the doctor in a severe tone, "I must veto both your speech and your tender thanks to Mabel. She has shown womanly care and kindness in watching your sick couch, but she is not old enough to appreciate at their real value, perhaps, these gallant speeches and endearing thanks."

As the door stood open, we had not heard the doctor's approach, and both, I presume, exhibited some embarrassment. Mr. Smith's face flushed at the doctor's tone of rebuke, and I, fearing that I had been guilty of some great impropriety, stood gazing into his face with an inquiring look, and ready to burst into tears.

"My dear Mabel," said the doctor kindly, taking my hand in his, "don't be grieved, and look at me with that innocent deprecating expression; you have done no wrong; you have shown that you possess a true woman's heart, and God grant that it may find the happiness it deserves and wishes. Nay, do not cry," he continued, as a tear dropped off my cheek; "I was not cross at you, nor any one, if all mean what their words and actions express. I am an old man, and you must grant me what you did Esq. Smith just now." And he kissed my forehead, and then added, "Now go, my sweet girl—I want to see Mr. Smith alone."

Convinced that the dear good man was not displeased with me, I turned to bid my friend "good by," and saw that he had covered his face with his hand, and, if I mistook not, there were tears trickling through his fin-

gers. The word died on my tongue, and I fled with tears both in my heart and eyes from the room. I paused an instant on the stairs to dry my lids, and heard the doctor say, "As you are well enough to play the fool, and perhaps not strong enough yet to act the sensible and honorable man, I shall take the liberty to ask your intentions." A footstep below met my ear, and I passed along from the hearing of his voice.

The next day I did not see him, for the doctor came early and carried him up to his house in a carriage; and he did not return for a week. Oh! what a long insupportable week! And how I fairly jumped for joy when I saw him return.

The next morning at an early hour he called to see me. When he so unexpectedly entered the room, the whole blood in my veins rushed to my face, and then as quickly retreated to my heart. I could not speak.

"You are ill, my kind little nurse," said he, advancing towards me hastily and taking my hand.

"No, no," I returned clasping his hand in both of mine—(and I could not keep from kissing it)—"but"—

"Bel," said my mother, coming forward, "has grown nervous lately. But I am most happy to see you, Mr. Smith, and trust that you have nearly recovered your health. Don't notice her," she continued, as she saw that he was distressed by my tears. "Be seated. Here—do take this easy-chair. My dear Bel, do be calm—see how much you pain your friend—tears are not a kind welcome for an invalid." And my dear mother was what a Yankee will understand by the term "*fidgetty*." She wished to appear with her usual ease and urbanity, but her perceptions had been quickened by the painful anxiety of the last few weeks in such a degree, that it was impossible for her wholly to conceal her consciousness.

Mr. Smith did take the "easy-chair," for he was hardly able to stand, and covered his face with his handkerchief.

His emotion instantly dried my tears; for pain will as soon dry up tears which have sprung from the fountain of joy, as it will vanquish the smiles of pleasure.

Mr. Smith's visit was prolonged until near the close of the day. His calmness and my smiles had been restored, and mother, hoping that her fears were without foundation, had invited him to remain to dinner, saying that she would remember "what was both prudent and palatable for an invalid."

He accepted the invitation without demur, and the day had passed most agreeably. Towards evening we had been alone and silent for sometime. I was watching the sad and grief-worn expression of his face unconsciously. I did not say any thing, for I attributed it to fatigue; and in my own mind was generously keeping "still, to let him rest."

Suddenly he raised his eyes, and as he caught my fixed gaze, a mournful smile passed over his countenance, and he rose and came and seated himself by my side.

"I have been struggling with sadness all day," said he, "and striving for courage to bid you farewell. How much I shall miss your sweet kindness, when I am far away among strangers."

"Strangers!" I repeated after him, mechanically; for I could not comprehend why he should be so sadly formal in taking his leave for the evening; and now that he was well enough to go out, he would surely be with me again in the morning. When I repeated his last word after him,

he started and looked earnestly in my face, and casting his eyes down, continued,

"Yes—Doctor Freeman has ordered me South; and it will be long months, and perhaps years, before I return."

For an instant I could not realize the import of his words—they seemed mockery and cruelty. I gazed into his face with a vacant stare, and then a tear gushed from his brimmed lid; and the full weight of woe cramped and crushed the very life from my heart.

I remember nothing more until I was in his arms by the open window, closely pressed to his bosom, and his tears dropping upon my face. The first moment of consciousness I did not remember what was the matter, and opened my eyes, I think, without speaking. His grief and tears recalled me to myself and the words he had uttered. A groan, which was the knell of my departing joys, was the first and only sound that had come from my lips after he had pronounced those frightful, fearful words, "and it will be long months, and perhaps years, before I return."

"Oh! my God!" he exclaimed, as my groan reached his ear; "have I destroyed your peace! Forget me! Hate me! Be happy: or I am a villain!"

I lay in his arms perfectly motionless. I could not weep: it seemed as though my brain was scorching, and a dagger piercing my bosom. That one solitary groan was my only expression of withering woe.

He stopped suddenly in his wild exclamations, frantically strained me for one instant to his bosom, imprinted a passionate kiss upon my lips, and, hastily placing me in a seat, rushed from the room. Whether he fled from fear of the passionate grief which probably would excite me when I awoke from that stupor, or whether he heard some one approaching and fled from exhibiting his own emotion before another, I know not.

STANZAS.

THINK not, because perchance a smile,
Plays oft upon my brow,
That I'm a giddy, thoughtless thing;—
For I've a heart, I trow.

But yet to me you plainly say
No feeling I possess,
Because I strive with joyous words
My sorrow to repress.

Oh! could you look down deep within
And see the smothered grief,
With heavy heart you'd turn away
And pray for my relief.

You'd never rudely touch the notes
Of lyre whose chords are broken,
And you would weep for many a word
Which you have lightly spoken.

Oh! many brows are bright with smiles,
And careless words are spoken
By those who, underneath them all,
Bear hearts with anguish broken.

WILHELMIA.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

THERE it is! in the inner sanctum of my "old-maid's hall"—as cosy a little room as any lady need wish to see attached to her *boudoir*, and gloomy only from the name attached to it—for there is *much in a name*; and the merriest peal of laughter, if echoed from an "old-maid's hall," seems like the knell of girlhood's hopes.

Yes, there is the PATCHWORK QUILT! looking to the uninterested observer like a miscellaneous collection of odd bits and ends of calico, but to me it is a precious reliquary of past treasures; a storehouse of valuables, almost destitute of intrinsic worth; a herbarium of withered flowers; a bound volume of hieroglyphics, each of which is a key to some painful or pleasant remembrance, a symbol of—but, ah, I am poetizing and spiritualizing over my "patchwork quilt." Gentle friends! it contains a piece of each of my childhood's calico gowns, and of my mother's and sisters'; and that is not all. I must tell you, and then you will not wonder that I have chosen for this entertainment my *patchwork quilt*.

It is one of my earliest recollections, and that of the memorable period when I emerged from babyhood to childhood—the commencement of this patchwork quilt. I was learning to sew! O, the exultations, the aspirations, the hopes, the fears, the mortifications, the perseverance—in short, all moral emotions and valuable qualities and powers, were brought out in this grand achievement—the union of some little shreds of calico. And can I ever forget the long-suffering, patience and forbearance of my kind mother?—her smiles and words of encouragement and sympathy; her generosity in the donation of calico bits; her marvellous ingenuity in joining together pieces of all shapes, so that they would result in a perfect square! Parents, never purchase for your children mathematical puzzles—you can teach them and amuse them by making patchwork.

Nor must I forget the beautiful brass thimble that my father gave me, with the assurance that if I never would lose it he would one day give me one of silver! Nor the present of the kind old lady who expressed her gratification over my small stitches by a red broadcloth strawberry, which was introduced to me as an emery-bag. An emery-bag! its office and functions were all to be learned! How much there was that I did not know. But when I had so far learned to sew that five minutes' interval of rest and triumph did not occur between every two stitches, the strenuous application, by which I drove the perspiration from every pore of the hand, soon taught me the value of the emery-bag. O what a heroine was I in driving the stitches! What a martyr under the pricks and inflictions of the needle, which often sent the blood from my fingers but could not force a tear from my eyes! These were the first lessons in heroism and fortitude. How much, too, I learned of the world's generosity in rewarding the efforts of the industrious and enterprising. How many pieces in that quilt were presented because I "could sew," and *did sew*, and was such an adept in sewing. What predictions that I should be a noted sempstress; that I should soon be able to make shirts for my father, sheets for my mother, and nobody knows what not for little brothers and sisters. What legends were told me of little girls who had learned patchwork at three years of age, and could put a shirt together at six. What magical

words were *gusset*, *felling*, *buttonhole-stitch*, and so forth, each a Sesame, opening into an arcana of workmanship—through and beyond which I could see embroidery, hem-stitch, open-work, tambour, and a host of magical beauties. What predictions that I could some day earn my living by my needle—predictions, alas! that have most signally failed.

Here, also, are the remembrances of another memorable period—the days when the child emerged into girlhood!—when the mind expanded beyond the influence of calico patchwork, and it was laid aside for more important occupations. O what a change was there! Once there could have been nothing more important—now the patchwork was almost beneath my notice. But there was another change. Muslin and lace, with cloths of more common texture, had long occupied my attention when my thoughts and efforts were returned to my patchwork quilt. Well do I remember the boy who waited upon me home from singing-school “six times running.” I do not mean that he *waited* “*running*,” but that he escorted me home six times in succession. What girl would not, under such circumstances, have resumed her patchwork quilt? But how stealthily it was done. Hitherto the patchwork joys had been enhanced by the sympathy, praises and assistance of others; but now they were cherished “in secrecy and silence.” But the patchwork quilt bears witness to one of the first lessons upon the vanity of youthful hopes—the mutability of earthly wishes; and—and—any body might accompany me home six hundred times now, and such attentions would never be succeeded by a renewal of those patchwork hopes. Well do I remember the blushes of painful consciousness with which I met my sister’s eye, when she broke into my sanctuary, and discovered my employment. By these alone might my secret have been discovered.

But how many passages of my life seem to be epitomized in this patchwork quilt. Here is the piece intended for the centre; a *star* as I called it; the rays of which are remnants of that bright copperplate cushion which graced my mother’s easy chair. And here is a piece of that radiant cotton gingham dress which was purchased to wear to the dancing school. I have not forgotten the almost supernatural exertions by which I attempted to finish it in due season for the first night; nor how my mantua-maker, with pious horror, endeavored as strenuously to disappoint me; but spite of her it was finished, and she was guiltless—finished, all but the neck-binding, and I covered that with my little embroidered cape.

Here is a piece of the first dress I ever saw, out with what were called “mutton-leg” sleeves. It was my sister’s, and what a marvellous fine fashion we all thought that was. Here, too, is a remnant of the first “bishop sleeve” my mother wore; and here is a fragment of the first gown that was ever cut for me with a bodice waist. Was there ever so graceful beautiful pointed a fashion for ladies’ waists before? Never, in my estimation. By this fragment I remember the gown with wings on the shoulders, in which I supposed myself to look truly angelic; and, oh, down in this corner a piece of that in which I first felt myself a woman—that is, when I first discarded pantalettes.

Here is a fragment of the beautiful gingham of which I had so scanty a pattern, and thus taxed my dress-maker’s wits; and here a piece of that of which mother and all my sisters had one with me. Wonderful coincidence of taste, and opportunity to gratify it! Here is a piece of that mourning dress in which I thought my mother looked so graceful; and

here one of that which should have been warranted "not to wash," or to wash all white. Here is a fragment of the pink apron which I ornamented so tastefully with "tape trimming;" and here a piece of that which was pointed all around. Here is a token of kindness in the shape of a square of the old brocade-looking calico, presented by a venerable friend; and here a piece given by the naughty little girl with whom I broke friendship, and then wished to take it out of its place, an act of vengeance opposed by my then forbearing mother—on this occasion I thought too forbearing. Here is a fragment of the first dress which baby brother wore when he left off long clothes; and here are relics of the long clothes themselves. Here a piece of that pink gingham frock, which for him was so splendidly decked with pearl buttons; and here a piece of that for which he was so unthankful, for he thought he was big enough to wear something more substantial than calico frocks. Here is a piece of that calico which so admirably imitated vesting, and my mother—economical from necessity—bought it to make "waistcoats" for the boys. Here are pieces of that I thought so bright and beautiful to set off my quilt with, and bought strips of it by the cent's worth—strips more in accordance with the good dealer's benevolence than her usual price for the calico. Here is a piece of the first dress which was ever earned by my own exertions! What a feeling of exultation, of self-dependence, of *self-reliance*, was created by this effort. What expansion of mind!—what awakening of dormant powers! Wellington was not prouder, when he gained the field of Waterloo, than I was with that gown. The belle, who purchases her dresses with the purse her father has always filled, knows not of the triumphant beatings of my heart upon this occasion. And I might now select the richest silk without that honest heart-felt joy. To do for myself—to earn my own living—to meet my daily expenses by my own daily toil, is now a task quite deprived of its novelty, and Time has robbed it of some of its pleasure. And here are patterns presented by kind friends, and illustrative of their tastes; but enough for you.

Then was another era in the history of my quilt. My sister—three years younger than myself—was in want of patchwork, while mine lay undisturbed, with no prospect of being ever called from its repository. Yes, she was to be married; and I not spoken for! She was to be taken, and I left, I gave her the patchwork. It seemed like a transference of girlish hopes and aspirations, or rather a finale to them all. Girlhood had gone, and I was a woman. I felt this more than I had ever felt it before, for my baby sister was to be a wife. We arranged it into a quilt. Those were pleasant hours in which I sympathized so strongly in all her hopes that I made them mine. Then came the quilting; a party not soon to be forgotten, with its jokes and merriment. Here is the memento of a mischievous brother, who was determined to assist, otherwise than by his legitimate occupation of rolling up the quilt as it was finished, snapping the chalk-line, passing thread, wax and scissors, and shaking hands across the quilt for all girls with short arms. He must take the thread and needle. Well, we gave him white thread, and appointed him to a very dark piece of calico, so that we might pick it out the easier; but there! to spite us, he did it so nicely that it still remains, a memento of his skill with the needle—there in that corner of the patchwork quilt.

And why did the young bride exchange her snowy counterpane for the patchwork quilt? These dark stains at the top of it will tell—stains left

by the night medicines, taken in silence and darkness, as though to let another know of her pains and remedies would make her sickness more real. As though Disease would stay his hand if met so quietly, and repulsed so gently. The patchwork quilt rose and fell with the heavings of her breast as she sighed in the still night over the departing joys of youth, of health, of newly wedded life. Through the bridal chamber rang the knell-like cough, which told us all that we must prepare for her an early grave. The patchwork quilt shrouded her wasted form as she sweetly resigned herself to the arms of Death, and fell with the last low sigh which breathed forth her gentle spirit. Then settled upon the lovely form, now stiffening, cold and lifeless.

And back to me, with all its memories of childhood, youth, and maturer years; its associations of joy, and sorrow; of smiles and tears; of life and death, has returned to me *THE PATCHWORK QUILT*.

ANNETTE.

THE VEILED STAR.

A PRISONER lay in a damp and gloomy dungeon. A dismal, boding stillness filled the place. No light came there, save through one small aperture high up in the roof. This he watched through the long day, till his eyes were weary with beholding the unchanging speck of blue.

But when Night hung her black curtain over this only inlet of light, there came a tiny star and looked down upon him for a few hours, as if to soothe his misery. And the prisoner loved the star; for it seemed to say to him, "Cheer thee! Captive!—haply thou mayest never see the fair earth again, but I know a wide, shining land, where, when thou art freed from thy fetters, thou shalt walk in freedom and in light!"

So the prisoner longed for day to depart, and rejoiced when darkness came, that he might talk with the beautiful star. But one evening he watched for it in vain. There shone no pale yellow beam,—all was dark as the walls of his dungeon. Another night passed, and still the star did not appear. Then he moaned bitterly, and said, "O, Star! thou camest but to mock my sad heart! Better hadst thou never shone into this loathsome den, than to lend for a moment the glimmer which I shall never again see."

But the third night it came and gazed on him again, for the storm-clouds which veiled it had passed away. And the captive said, "Now, O sweet Star! art thou more welcome than before, for I mourned thee as lost, when thou wast only hidden. Still for me, when the star shines, there is hope!"

So think of thy friend, when the mists of folly, and clouds of earthly care seem to estrange him from thee. It may be that he is thine only one, and without his love the world would be indeed a dungeon. But chide him not harshly, neither sink in despair. Dark and heavy may be the cloud, but the *spirit* which thou lovest shines behind it still. Pray to HIM who holds the tempest in the hollow of His hand; and thou shalt yet see the darkness roll away, and know that but for a little while was thy beloved unto thee a *veiled star*.

ROTHA.

THE WATER SPIRITS.

In a day *lang syne*, when a Power Divine
 The work of creation completed,
 He marshalled they say, in brilliant array,
 The spirits so newly created.

That they might not roam o'er earth for a home,
 A "choice of location" was given;
 For it surely is well that in some place all dwell—
 None homeless around should be driven.

And some chose the air, some the flowerets fair,
 And some chose a home under ground;
 Some would dwell in the groves, and some in the coves;
 While some in the rocks may be found.

But one band was there of spirits most fair—
 Each was Heaven's own beauteous daughter—
 And where did they come, on this Earth, for a home?
 Why, they thought they would live in the WATER.

There was Joy and Health, there was Peace and Wealth,
 There was calm Contentment too,
 And Beauty was there, and Industry fair,
 There Knowledge and Mirth met the view.

But as Time passed on, a dwelling was won,
 On this Earth, by a demon band;
 That they might not roam men made them a home,
 But 't was not on the water or land.

In the wine they dwell, in the flagon they yell,
 In the bottle and cup they abide,
 Through the sparkling glass do they evermore pass,
 In the brilliant decanter they hide.

They are Wo and Pain, Remorse too and Sin,
 And Poverty joyless and dim;
 They are Hate and Wrath, Diseases and Death,
 Death hopeless appalling and grim.

The cup we will break, the flagon forsake,
 The bottle and wine-glass destroy;
 We will banish the still, the fends we will kill,
 These spirits no more shall annoy.

But the spirits bright, which the water light,
 We will seek with steps which ne'er loiter;
 O yes, we will woo, with a love most true,
 The spirits benign of the water.

H. F.

OUR COUNTRY.

ALL hail to our country! Her ramparts spread wide,
Her shores and green islands in scorn spurn the tide
Of two mighty oceans, whose thundering main
Strives to shake her foundation forever in vain.

'Tis the country where Freedom's fair altars arise,
From valley and hill-side, aloft to the skies,
While her proud eagle soaring in triumph on high,
Proclaims, that as freemen we live or we die.

Our country! our country! How lovely its vales,
The broad lakes and rivers, where whiten her sails,
The soft crowns of mist resting on her blue hills,
And the bright sunlight sparkling on all silver rills.

How happy our land! From the dark everglades
Of the Seminole, resting in silence and shade,
To the cold northern hills deeply shrouded in snow,
Freedom spreads her broad wings o'er the nation below.

When evening has shrouded in darkness the skies,
From ten thousand hearthstones the offerings arise,
To the God of our fathers to shelter our land,
From the chains of oppression, and Tyranny's hand.

Then, Hail to our country! The pride of the world
She stands, and shall still stand, till Tyranny, hurled
From its rotten foundations, shall totter and fall,
And Justice and Right bear mild sway over all.

There are faces we've gazed on in years that are past,
And eyes, whose bright glances have fled,
Whose memory e'er in our bosoms will last,
Like a perfume from Gilead shed.

The friends who have loved, who have passed from the earth
To the realm which no mortal may know,
Are with us in sadness, in joy, and in mirth,
In weariness, sorrow, and wo.

At evening we walk by the deep swelling tide,
And their voices come murmuring low,
And the kiss of the zephyr, that ruffles its pride,
Is whispering of sadness and wo.

We seek the green walks we together have trod,
And their footfall we seem to hear still,
And their voices are floating in softness abroad
O'er valley and streamlet and hill.

We gaze on the stars in their pure holy light,
Walking forth from the Eventide's bower,
And we feel there's a voice in the shadowy night
Of deep and unquenchable power;

The loved ones, the grave has enthroned in its halls,
Seem to look from each bright world on high,
And we deem that the radiance from each star that falls
Is but the mild glance of an eye.

Yes, Memory, Blest Angel, entwines round each spot
Where the loved and departed have been
Strong chords of affection, which time changeth not,
And which hallow and bless every scene.

Then, say not they 've left us—say not they are gone ;
 For, till those left behind can forget,
 Their spirits with ours may yet mingle as one,
 And our losses why should we regret ?

M. A.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

BURLINGTON, VT., May 10, 1845.

MY DEAR MISS FARLEY : You will see by this that I am in Burlington, Vt.—over two hundred miles from home. Perhaps you would like to know how I got here. I arrived, hale and hearty, the third day after leaving home ; having journeyed the whole distance companionless, save those acquaintances I made upon the way. I left Haverhill, Wednesday noon, in the stage-coach, and proceeded as far as Concord, N. H., the first day. There I stopped at the “ Phenix House ” until the arrival of the cars from Boston the next day, which was not till eleven or half-past eleven.

By the way, let me recommend to your notice this *home* for the stranger, as perhaps you may sometime have occasion to stop at the capital of the Granite State. I was told, while there, that the credit of the house had suffered much of late, in consequence of inefficient occupants, but its present one, Mr. P., is “ a jewel of a landlord.” He spares neither labor nor pains to render his house just what such a one should be—a *perfect home*, and place of repose for the tired traveller. A few years ago, the Phenix House maintained a very high stand, in point of respectability, among the hotels of Concord, and, if it does not yet rise from the ashes of disrepute through the assiduity and resources of Mr. P., phenix indeed as well as in name, it will be because the fates are against it. The fare was as good as I found at any house in New Hampshire or Vermont, and the charges moderate.

As I have before said, the cars arrive here about half-past eleven, and the stage company has to dine here or nowhere, as there is no other stopping place beyond. Dining, at this early hour, I thought would not seem like dinner to me, so, without regarding the justice due to my poor stomach, I weighed the subject in the scale of close economy, and concluded to go without eating—thereby save quite a number of pence, which is ever a desideratum with me. Nevertheless, like the man in torment, I had to repent of my parsimoniousness when too late. We started from Concord in an open stage, or rather a six-horse wagon, with an abundant complement of passengers and baggage. We had now set our faces westward, through a beautiful country, yet, when I thought of the Phenix House, I was inclined to do what Lot's wife did when she became a pillar of salt. By the time we had accomplished ten miles of our journey, I began to feel the need of my dinner most unaccountably. When we had rode twenty miles it seemed as though I could eat the stump fence at the wayside, if it was buttered, and before we had travelled thirty miles, verily, it seemed as though I could devour it without butter. The roads were excessively bad in some places, and, O the west wind ! how unmercifully it hammered us. It blew against us with such virulent pertinacity that one might have

almost supposed the "leathern bags" of contrary winds, which the Trojan hero purchased of Æolus, had been untied a second time. However, unlike Ulysses on the Mediterranean, we made rapid headway, for be it known unto you, that when these New Hampshire and Vermont stage-drivers have "set their faces Zionward," they speed their course thither with amazing celerity, blow high or blow low.

The day I left home was remarkably warm and as calm as a summer's sea, but a sudden change of weather made me feel the need of a thick wrapper to shield me from the piercing blast. Nothing had I taken with me but a net shawl, which is woolly and warm in a *still* day, but about as good a defence from the cold in a searching breeze as a window blind. And then my "unfed sides"—mercy on me! how I suffered for the want of food and clothing. I hereby charge all who are fitting out to take a journey, to prepare themselves for a "cold snap" if it is in the month of July, and also to buy dinner, and pay for it without grudging, even if they have to eat it at an unseasonable hour.

About sunset we reached Enfield, where a good warm supper of ham, eggs, steak, toast, and so forth, cheered up our souls and bodies for a further move. Our drive from Enfield to Lebanon was serenely pleasant. The wind, which had played such mischievous pranks with us through the day, had folded up its viewless pinions, and lain down to sleep among the mountains. The new moon hung a silvery crescent in the blue drapery of the west, looking down as benignant upon the granite hills of New Hampshire as she ever does upon the cultivated fields of Massachusetts, or did when I, a little girl, used to turn up my right shoulder to wish over it. Each farm-house, that dotted the roadside, sent forth a brilliant light, which seemed like an emanation of glory from the happy hearts that dwelt within. The long sheet of water, that fences one side of the road, for some distance above Shaker village, was shining in the pure starlight, and ever and anon the pensive notes of some nocturnal vocalist greeted our ears with a lulling cadence, as they mingled with the stillness of evening around. It was a late hour when we reached Lebanon, where we found the stage-house, like a bee-hive, buzzing with company. We were stowed away five or six in a room, all strangers to each other—only think of that. However, too much company is preferable to being alone. The waiter informed us on retiring that we should be called at half-past two in the morning, as the Montpelier stage starts usually at three.

At this assurance we went to bed, and our senses were soon weighed down by the "honey-dew of slumber." Between two and three I awoke, as I generally do at any given period, and thought it time to arise, but we had not yet been called, nor had I any thing to induce the belief but my feelings; therefore it seemed preposterous to disturb the repose of the house. At length I heard a stage drive away from the door, and at this moment the clock struck *three*. "Well, we are left, sure enough," said I. My first impulse was to jump from the bed, but a maturer thought told me to turn over and go to sleep, as it was too late to hail the stage, and useless to sigh for what cannot be helped. I now supposed I should have to stay over a day in Lebanon, and, while thus cogitating the matter, the door opened, and in stalked a man with a light, saying, "It is time to get up!—the Montpelier stage is at the door, ready to start." As soon as he had retreated we hastened to arise and dress. After having jumped into my clothes I twisted my hair all in one knot, and pinned it somewhere in the

region of philoprogenitiveness. Then pulled on my gaiters, and tucked the strings inside, instead of lacing them up, hung my bonnet on the top of my head, swung my shawl and velvet cape on one arm, while my travelling-bag dangled at the other, and thus accoutred flew for the sitting-room. In my hurry to be there I ran against an urchin in the entry, who sung out, "There is no need of being in such a drive; the stage wont go this hour yet, there is so much baggage to put on." I had ample time to arrange my disordered apparel, and before we were ready to start daylight had begun to play bo-peep among the dwellings of Lebanon village. The morning was fine, and we rode with as much speed as six fiery horses could carry us, having a Vermont driver, who was enveloped in a *bona fide* bearskin coat, to crack the whip behind them.

We were now in the vicinity of the Connecticut river, and, as the prospect expanded to our view, every object assumed increasing beauty. The rocky hills on the height of the land, were left behind for others to traverse, while we were wending our way through a beautiful country of rich pasturage, fertile meadows, gently undulating hills, interspersed here and there with the neat farm-houses of the inhabitants. We crossed the river about sunrise, and, as we were in an open stage, had a delightful view of its romantic scenery. Entered Vermont at Hartford, near the mouth of White river, where it becomes a tributary to the kingly Connecticut. Our ride now lay along the banks of White river, which we followed for several miles. To see rivers foaming and dashing along their rocky channels, snug to the roads which are not railed in, looks most too frightfully sublime to be pleasant. At Royalton we took breakfast, and then proceeded to Montpelier, where we dined. Passed the Gulf road between ten and eleven, which is well worth a description here, if I had time and the ability to do it justice. Near where the water of the Gulf stream runs down the jagged cliffs of the mountain, a spot was pointed out as being somewhat celebrated for having a medicinal spring. Did you ever hear of it? At Montpelier we took the Burlington stage, which was the first covered coach I had seen the inside of since leaving the Haverhill stage at Concord, N. H. Notwithstanding the exposure of travelling in these wagons, I could not regret that it fell to my lot, as it gave me so good a chance to feast my eyes on Vermont scenery, which is "wild and majestic."

Of Montpelier I had but a slight view, as we passed directly out of the village as soon as we had dined. It is said to be an enterprising and beautiful place; however, it hardly realized my expectations. Surrounded as it is by a host of guardian mountains, which seem ready to frown defiance upon hostile invasion without, it must ever prosper if security from "Goths and Vandals" will make it. Some of its public buildings denote wealth and good taste. I had a peep at its splendid state-house; and the stage-house at which we stopped was nothing to be ashamed of. Forty-two miles from Vermont's boasted capital, brought us to her commercial mart on Lake Champlain. After leaving Montpelier I kept a sharp look-out to catch a glimpse of the Green mountains, but, alas! knew not when I passed them. Indeed, how could I distinguish them where there are "mountains piled on mountains to the skies," look which way you will?

We reached Burlington before sunset, having travelled over a hundred miles since daylight. Was not that pretty good speed, considering we had no steam to facilitate our progress? As we neared the lake the roads were good, and the farms in a high state of cultivation. Flower gardens

peeped up to greet our view on every hand, betokening the refinement of their owners. When I first caught a glimpse of Lake Champlain, shimmering in the distance, how my heart bounded with delight, and I almost longed for wings, that I might fly to the scene of historical interest, over which the "orbs of fancy" had long dwelt with pleasure.

Burlington has always been called a beautiful place. It is surpassingly so. I was ready to exclaim, like Solomon's fair visitor, "the half was never told me," when I entered the village. Would that I could picture it to your mind's eye in the glowing splendor it presents to the optical vision when seen from the high land around the university. The streets intersect each other at right angles, ornamented with green trees of a beautiful growth, and flower gardens, such as I have not seen elsewhere. "All, save the spirit of man, is divine." The dwelling-houses are all in good taste, and many of them really elegant, while the public buildings are beautiful as they well can be. Neatness seems to be a presiding genius here. I have been reminded of Babylon, not because Burlington should be stigmatized for more wickedness than any other place, but on account of its comparative beauty in a natural point of view. The streets are laid out with unusual regard to the square rule, and the gardens are so magnificent that nothing hardly but the hanging gardens of the Oriental city could exceed them.

Yesterday, I visited the camp-ground, where, I believe, some pretty severe skirmishing took place, between the advanced guards of the British and the Vermont militia. It is a little out of the village, on the high bank of the lake—has an even surface, and is now covered with green grass. The long trench, or bank of earth, which was thrown up for a breastwork in the heat of battle, is still there, and a tree was pointed out as all that marked the resting spot of those who fell here in the defence of their homes and country. We cuddled ourselves down on the safe side of the trench, and then peeped up to see how it would seem, to be blazing away with efficient firearms at the enemy on the lake; while they, poor fellows! could effect but little, save the loss of ammunition and courage.

Thursday.—Mr. L. has gone to Montreal, and I almost regret that I did not go with him, as perhaps I shall never have another opportunity. Travelling expenses are down to low-water mark on Lake Champlain. Now you can go from Burlington to St. John's for two York shillings, and the whole length of the lake for fifty cents. This is on the account of opposition. The old price was three dollars from Whitehall to St. John's, but this spring there was a new boat, the "*Frances Saltus*," set to running, which carried for two dollars—a reasonable price; and the "*Whitehall*" and "*Saranac*" reduced the fare from three dollars to fifty cents. The "*Saranac*" is a night boat—starts from Burlington at seven o'clock in the evening, and arrives at St. John's early the next morning; from which place you can go to Montreal in the cars, and be there in season to take breakfast. The *Whitehall* and *Frances Saltus* arrive at the Burlington docks every day at noon. They go east Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and west the alternate days. Pity they cannot compromise the matter so that one can go up while the other is coming down. But these are line boats, and perhaps such a change would conflict with their interest in the Lake Ontario route, and it is of no great consequence to those living in the vicinity of Champlain, while there is a night boat belonging to the line. A small steamboat, named the *Winooski*, goes from this place to Platts-

burg and Grand Isle every morning, and returns in the afternoon. I have been to Plattsburg, and in my next letter will tell you all about it. I shall not soon forget the darling *Winooski*, or its gentlemanly captain—no, not by any means.

In a few days we shall start for home, by the way of Whitehall, Albany, Boston, and so forth. Fearing I should exceed the bounds of a decent letter, I will bid good-by to your ladyship in short order.

Yours forever and evermore,

M. R. G.

FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE.

A LONG low murmur ascended upward, borne on the wings of the morning zephyr. Like the soft breathings of the Eolian lyre, it swelled on the still air, and died away in the distance. It was the Bluebell's lament for her lowly lot.

"Oh, why," she murmured, "am I placed here in this lonely spot, by the wayside, where no eye can see my beauty, nor my fragrance be inhaled. The lofty Oak proudly rears his head above my lowly bed, affording shelter to the weary traveller, while the birds carol sweetly amid its green boughs. But I, alas! can do no good! When I hear the distant tread of the traveller's steed, I peep timidly out from my grassy home, but he passes along his way, all unmindful of me, while the dust, from the revolving wheels, covers my head, and I shrink back again unnoticed and unknown. The rude blast sweeps ruthlessly on, and prostrates my fragile form. Unlike yonder Ivy, whose graceful tendrils twine around the sturdy Oak, I have nought on which to lean. I live unsung, and shall die unknown. O that some works of love might be administered by me to some weary heart." The beautiful flower drooped its tiny head, and wept dewy tears of regret.

A way-worn pilgrim, passing over the lengthened road, descried the lofty oak, and threw himself, fainting, on the green mossy bank beneath its cooling shade. Weary of life he sighed for death, and repined that his journey over the rugged way was not yet accomplished. While he yet lingered, sad and heart-sick, a strain of thrilling melody, like the far-off music of many waters, fell on his troubled ear. It was the glad anthem of praise and thanksgiving that arose from the modest Violet and her gentle sister, meek-eyed Cerulia. The Bluebell, no longer repining, joined in the sweet chorus, and, as she sang, a pearly dew-drop fell from her azure bosom on the fevered brow of the pilgrim. He looked up: the little flower, pressed close to his pale cheek, was joyfully breathing forth her fragrance on the balmy air. Grateful for its gentle teachings he arose refreshed and strengthened, and sped hopefully on his way.

Maiden, however lowly thy lot may be, repine not! Offices of *love* are given to thee to perform. Ministries, although humble, of greater worth than the costliest sacrifices, are thine to bring to many a pilgrim fainting by the dusty wayside of life. Then speed thee with a true heart, bravely on, unscathed by ambition, unknown to fame, but, blest in thine own sphere, performing thy great, though humble, work of love. J. L. B.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY,—No. II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF L. L.

THE birth-place and early home of the writer were in a pleasant town in the eastern part of the old Bay State. She was a homely, healthy child, having a dumpling form, round white face, gray eyes, and brown bushy hair, which was usually kept "shingled off," as the saying was then; and in her general appearance she much resembled a well-kept, good-humored domestic animal. She was the youngest but one of a family of ten, and was remarkable in her juvenile days for nothing, save a love of idleness and of books. She was sent to school when two years of age, and profited so well by the instructions of the good dame who taught her, that in her third year, her sisters say that she could read in the New Testament *as well as any one*; which, however, admits of a doubt in her own mind.

When she was about five years old, her father would sometimes take the children, on a pleasant Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, to assist him in weeding a garden of vegetables which he cultivated at the end of the lane where they lived. A bright new cent was the reward for every nicely weeded bed. She had always the mortification of hearing her industrious sisters jingle their well-earned treasures in their hands, while her only boast was a paltry, unmated copper, and sometimes not even that. She would work patiently for about five minutes, but by that time would become *so* weary, and *so* thirsty, that she must go and take a sip of the molasses and water which their good mother had provided. Then it was *so* delightful under the shade of the old "luncheon tree" that the reckoning, weeds and all were soon forgotten, and she was speculating upon the probability of there being any fairies under the ground where she was seated, or whether a "Neptune's palace" was really beneath the waves whose distant booming she could hear. Long before these were decided, the busy ones had finished their task, and the idler had nothing but the relics of her day-dream to console her. But this idle dreaming of childhood, which more than half-believes its own fancies true, is full of pleasure, as those who have experienced it can testify. At any rate, the writer never complained of her wages;—the sisters laughed victoriously, and called her "easy as old Tilly," and so all were contented.

She had read all the ghost and fairy tales within her reach before this. The Sabbath school library furnished her with a book once in a week; but this was not enough. She remembers how vainly she strove to repress her tears, when reading by moonlight the sorrows of Marion, the Lady Helen, or some other heroine of the "Scottish Chiefs," which of them she has quite forgotten, not having seen it since that early age;—but it was the only novel her father allowed "the children" to read.

A year or two later, the prohibited books were devoured by stealth. Being taken by her sisters from the town library, she would seize them in every unoccupied moment, and retire with them to some out-of-the-way corner. Her reading at this time exhibited a strange medley, as she was still fond of the good little volumes for children to which she had access. Mrs. Sherwood's "Infant's Progress," and the "Children of the Abbey" followed in quick succession Newton's "Letters to a Child," "Alonzo and

Melissa," and the "Arabian Nights Entertainment." Of course, this was not extremely beneficial to her young mind, and she has still occasion to regret many habits of thinking, or rather of *not* thinking, thus early formed. Her chief delight was in the dreamy and marvellous. Chance threw her much in the way of a little red-haired school-mate, who had the gift of telling wonderful stories to perfection. She was delighted to have so willing a listener, when she unfolded the mysterious fact of families living underground, with whom she affirmed that she was well acquainted; and to whom she gave such unromantic names as "Appletree Manasseh," with a tribe of young Manassehs; "Mr. Pelican," and "the Hokes;" though neither of them knew of the affinity of the latter word to one which would have been quite as appropriate—viz. *hoax*. An ancient country-seat was pointed out as the very building in which poor "Melissa" experienced such horrors; and as it stood very mysteriously alone on the opposite side of the river, the tale was accepted as true. With regard to the subterranean people, the story-teller offered to show her listener the spot where she had often found sweetmeats and cakes which they had left on purpose for her, beneath a tree in her own father's orchard; and thus her doubts were put at rest; and it was long before she allowed reason to deprive her of the fantastic shapes with which she supposed air, earth and sea to be peopled. Her chosen haunt was a little garret window, from which the ocean was visible at no great distance, and an island from which the beacon-lights twinkled dimly upon the white breakers. Many a nightfall, when a thin mist arose from the sea, she has started nervously from her post of observation, lest she should see it (the mist) form itself into one of those phantom-shapes which though believed in by her, were religiously feared.

The art of penmanship she learned before the children of her own age, in the following manner. It was her practice to beguile the hours of sermon-time by committing some of "Watts' and Select Hymns" to memory. Her sisters were surprised to find that she could repeat by heart almost any hymn they mentioned; and one of them encouraged her by promising that when she had learned a hundred, she would teach her to write. This offer was gladly accepted, and the promise fulfilled. She went through the inductive process of making straight marks, pot-hooks upside down, and right side up, and so forth, with no great difficulty, till at length she could write her name legibly. Her first attempt at letter-writing was thus: A grown-up sister of hers was engaged to a young man who was at sea; and an opportunity to write to him had occurred. She sat with paper, pen and ink before her, but could not *begin* her letter at all. Turning to the writer, who sat near, very busy with her doll's clothing, she said sportively, "L——, I don't know what to write to G——; wont you help me?" Full of confidence in her own abilities, the little four-year-old L—— seized the pen, and wrote carefully,

Dear G——: You must be a good boy. You must come home as soon as you can. I am very well. I want to see you very much indeed.

Your affectionate, &c.

The young betrothed laughed well over this concise epistle, but it appeared not to "express her mind exactly;" as, to the writer's indignation, she refused to send it.

Further attempts in the epistolary line were not frequent, for the selec-

tion of words was a great trouble. She had always an idea that there were two distinct classes of words; one of which was to be used by and to children, and the other to be put in books, and spoken by grown people in their intercourse with each other. It seemed quite out of character for her to use long, dignified words; and to write just as she talked, seemed queerer still. Being thus undecided as to the right way, she would often get some stiff, proper model joined to her own childish language rather ludicrously. In her eighth year, in a letter to her sister in Boston, she wrote thus:

Dear Sister: As a favorable opportunity now presents itself, I will improve it in writing to you. I have not been to school to-day. We have got three new kittens out in the barn. Ma has knit your stockings, and brother will carry them to you, etc.

To another sister, written the day after the family had moved to Lowell:

Dear Sister: We have got a sink in our front entry. We live in a three-story brick block with fourteen doors in it. There is a great large stone house on one side of it. There is a canal close by. But no more of this. We arrived safe, after our fatiguing journey. We are in good health, and hope that you are enjoying the same blessing.

Her first attempt at rhyming was when she was about eight years old. She was sitting with her brother in the old unfinished garret; the rain was beating the roof with a comfortable sound; she was looking out of the window, half-dreaming, and her brother was drawing "pen-and-ink sketches." Suddenly he started up, and said,

"Come, L——, let's write some poetry!"

"I will, if you will," was the answer.

So they began. But the boy soon became discouraged, and *copied* a verse describing "the camel." She was more persevering, and soon produced—

THE THUNDER STORM.

One summer day, said little Jane,
We were walking down a shady lane,
When suddenly the wind blew high,
And the red lightning flashed in the sky.

The peals of thunder, how they rolled!
And I felt myself a little cool'd,
For I before had been quite warm,
But now around me was a storm.

Perhaps an apology should be made for introducing this "first effort of genius," but at that time she would have scorned such a thought. She was proud and surprised to think that she could make words rhyme; and when the *schoolmistress* requested a copy of "*her poetry*," as she styled it, she would not have envied a laureate his honors. Her next effusion was a long lack-a-daisical ballad, about a little boy and girl who played truant, and went into the woods to pick berries, among which were some poisonous ones which they ate, and, in consequence, were at last found dead

In a shady, forest nook
Down by a limpid brook.

So the song went. This was never written, but the secret of its having been composed was intrusted to the sister nearest her own age, who in-

cautiously informed their mother. Then both mother and sister insisted upon hearing the whole. The poor bashful child was overwhelmed with confusion, and tried to plead off; but was obliged to yield, after having obtained permission to turn her back to them, and rub the panel of the closet-door with her fingers all the while she was repeating it. Thus her blushes were concealed, and the most favorable criticism was given, notwithstanding their ill-suppressed smiles at her comical position. Thus emboldened, she next wrote a little book of tales, illustrated with very bright water-colored paintings, and interspersed with poetic morals, all regularly rhymed. None but herself ever saw this. The day after its completion, in a fit of modesty, she threw it beneath a loose board under the eaves of the very garret which witnessed her "first effort;" and it was buried in oblivion.

In her seventh year, her revered father died, leaving her mother with the large family, quite dependent upon their and her exertions. Four of the children were too young to labor. For two or three years she struggled on in the beloved old home; but finding it a hard life, she determined to try her fortune in a factory boarding-house. Accordingly, she moved to Lowell, with the younger portion of her family. The writer attended one of the grammar schools for a year or two, but before she had attained her twelfth year her mother found it necessary to send her into the mill, to assist in procuring a comfortable subsistence. She has been thus employed up to the present time, with the exception of intervals of three, six and twelve months, which have been spent at school, or among the friends of her childhood.

At the commencement of her labors in the mill, there were a number of cousins and acquaintances from her native town boarding with her mother, some of them nearly of her own age. After the day's work was over, and they were together for the long evenings, they felt the need of something with which to amuse them. A kind elder sister, the same who first taught the writer the use of the pen, proposed something both amusing and useful. It was, that they should start a little paper, to which each should contribute something, and which should be read on a stated evening every fortnight. She volunteered to be editress, and as the writers were unwilling that their essays should be known, even to each other, it was agreed that all the communications should be dropped into a box, which none but the editress should open. All was soon arranged. The paper was called the "Diving-Bell," and its motto ran thus:

"'Tis here young mind her untried strength shall prove,
And onward, upward, she 'll forever move."

And here some quotations from it may not be uninteresting, as all who wrote were then operatives. The youth of most of them will be an apology for all glaring literary faults. Five of them were less than fifteen years of age. The writer gives her initials. The first article is—

THE HOMELY ONE.

My mates they all with beaux are fitted,
Where'er they wish to wait and run,
While I am seen but to be pitied,
Because I am the "homely one."

I look upon the clear blue sea,
And think that 't would be pleasant fun

O'er its light waves to wafted be ;
But who 'd sail with a "homely one?"

But when, on a bright summer's day,
Their bowing beaux with horses come,—
While others ride, at home I stay,
Because—I am the "homely one."

Ah, well ! I know what I will do !
My *face* can't hold the total sum
Of praise, that I will make my due—
My *mind* sha'n't be a "homely one !"

No ! that with graces I will fill ;
Then, when *their* beauty all is gone,
Mine shall be bright and lasting still ;—
Although I am the "homely one."

Some of the "little ones" had seen the evils of intemperance, as the following will show.

"Don't kiss me, pa !" said a little boy to his father, who was stooping to kiss the rosy cheek of his son.

"Why not, my darling?"

"Because your mouth smells just like an old bottle mother found down in the barn the other day."

"What did your mother do with it?"

"She broke it, pa; for she said there was poison in it. Now you don't put poison in your mouth, do you, pa?"

The little child had a kind and pious mother, but his father was in the habit of calling at Neighbor Flip's two or three times a day, so you may guess the rest.

Here are some specimens of grave moral hints, tales, youthful troubles and aspirations, with which the MS. abounds.

If I had the choice to be good or witty, I would choose goodness, for then all but bad people would love me; but if I was only witty, every body might fear me; and certainly we are happier to be loved, than we should be to be feared.

There is one fact which we ought to remember, when endeavoring to deceive others as to what we really are; that is, that none are unwilling that others should believe them good; and it must be that we are bad, or we should not wish to deceive them.

Cannot we compare the mind to an eagle, that pants for the wide expanse of the blue heavens, because it unfolds to his eye great glory and beauty? So the mind pants and longs for knowledge; and the higher it soars, the more glory it discovers.

WHAT WAS I PUT INTO THE WORLD FOR? This is a question which I used often to ask myself when I was a child. I was one of a numerous family of children; several were older, and several younger than myself; and my father was obliged to practice the strictest economy to "make both ends meet." He was often filled with the greatest anxiety, thinking what would become of his children, and who would take care of them when he was gone. My older sisters, who were ambitious to "make an appearance," would sometimes try to "fix me up," to make me "seeable," as they said. At other times I was pushed and jostled out of sight or out of the way; and it always seemed to me that my room would be as well liked as my company. I well recollect that I would often go away by myself, "all sad and solitary," and ask myself, "What *was* I put into the world for?" But now that I am grown older, I can think of a great many ways in which I could have made myself useful to my friends, and especially to that dear departed parent, who was burdened with so many cares. It is hoped that none of our young friends will think themselves too young to be useful, for if they have the disposition they will find that there is enough, and more than enough for them to do.

BOUNCING BETS. Bouncing Bets was the name we gave one of our schoolmates. She was a lively, interesting, good-natured girl, with rosy cheeks, and a face full of dimples. Her name was Betsy L—. At fifteen she was the village romp. Sometimes when at play we would miss her, and when about to look for her, we would see her come bounding over the walls, her hair flying in the breeze, her bonnet hanging over her shoulder, and her apron full of green apples to distribute amongst us, although our mothers had strictly forbidden us to eat them. Sometimes we would gather nosegays of those wild flowers called bouncing-bet, and throw them in her lap. Then she would put on a sober face, and raise her finger, and say, "How dare you abuse this emblem of my fair self." She continued to be a romp till she was seventeen, and then it was whispered about the village, that young Joey B— was waiting upon Betsy. Mary T— went into Aunt Katy's to tell her the news. "Law!" said Aunt Katy, looking over her specs—"Law! you don't say so!" "It is the truth," said Mary. "Well," said Aunt Katy, "they will be a clever couple. I shall never forget how good Joey and Betsy have both been to me."—As the village people were going to church on Sunday, they stopped, as was their custom, to look in at the publication-box. "Why! I declare! Bouncing Bets is published!" says one of the girls. When she entered the church the eyes of the whole congregation were turned upon her; but she still appeared the same Bouncing Bets, for all she was "published." Three weeks after, there was light and music at Farmer L—'s; it was the wedding-night of Bouncing Bets and Joey B—.

DIALOGUE.

Ellen. Do you like to write for the Diving-Bell, Louise?

Louise. Why, yes, I do: and the editress says that if we continue to write we shall improve so much that pretty soon we shall write for larger papers; and then we shall be great characters among the folks.

Ellen. Well, I had concluded that I didn't like to write very well, but if we are to be raised as high in the world by it as all that, I think I shall keep on writing.

ANECDOTE. Just before the old liberty-tree in Boston was pulled down, a gentleman observed a negro servant in his yard very busy about something. He thus accosted him: "What are you about, Sambo?" "Why, massa, dey say dey be gwane to pull down the old lib'ty tree; so I got piece ob it, and 'tick it down heah till I can send it off to Car'lina; and de slaves muss plant it, and hab de lib'ty grow dere."

Virtuous *thoughts* alone produce virtuous words and actions.

All love to be flattered; but none love to own it.

They that flatter most *seem* not to flatter at all.

To write, it is only necessary to think, and then take our pens, and spell out the words which we have thought.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL.

NOTE. We rise a few moments from a sick-bed to pencil a monthly greeting to our patrons, and express our hope that the Offering will find them "in the enjoyment of health and happiness," as the good old-fashioned folks say.

If we had been able we would gladly have furnished a few pages, instead of a few lines, of the *fine print*.

H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1845.

A WEEK IN THE MILL.

MUCH has been said of the factory girl and her employment. By some she has been represented as dwelling in a sort of brick-and-mortar paradise, having little to occupy thought save the weaving of gay and romantic fancies, while the spindle or the wheel flies obediently beneath her glance. Others have deemed her a mere servile drudge, chained to her labor by almost as strong a power as that which holds a bondman in his fetters; and, indeed, some have already given her the title of "*the white slave of the North.*" Her real situation approaches neither one nor the other of these extremes. Her occupation is as laborious as that of almost any female who earns her own living, while it has also its sunny spots and its cheerful intervals, which make her hard labor seem comparatively pleasant and easy.

Look at her as she commences her weekly task. The rest of the sabbath has made her heart and her step light, and she is early at her accustomed place, awaiting the starting of the machinery. Every thing having been cleaned and neatly arranged on the Saturday night, she has less to occupy her on Monday than on other days; and you may see her leaning from the window to watch the glitter of the sunrise on the water, or looking away at the distant forests and fields, while memory wanders to her beloved country home; or, it may be that she is conversing with a sister-laborer near; returning at regular intervals to see that her work is in order.

Soon the breakfast bell rings; in a moment the whirling wheels are stopped, and she hastens to join the throng which is pouring through the open gate. At the table she mingles with a various group. Each despatches the meal hurriedly, though not often in silence; and if, as is sometimes the case, the rules of politeness are not punctiliously observed by all, the excuse of some lively country girl would be, "They don't give us time for *manners.*"

The short half-hour is soon over; the bell rings again; and now our factory girl feels that she has commenced her day's work in earnest. The time is often apt to drag heavily till the dinner hour arrives. Perhaps some part of the work becomes deranged and stops; the constant friction causes a belt of leather to burst into a flame; a stranger visits the room, and scans the features and dress of its inmates inquiringly; and there is

little else to break the monotony. The afternoon passes in much the same manner. Now and then she mingles with a knot of busy talkers who have collected to discuss some new occurrence, or holds pleasant converse with some intelligent and agreeable friend, whose acquaintance she has formed since her factory life commenced; but much of the time she is left to her own thoughts. While at her work, the clattering and rumbling around her prevent any other noise from attracting her attention, and she *must think*, or her life would be dull indeed.

Thus the day passes on, and evening comes; the time which she feels to be exclusively her own. How much is done in the three short hours from seven to ten o'clock. She has a new dress to finish; a call to make on some distant corporation; a meeting to attend; there is a lecture or a concert at some one of the public halls, and the attendance will be thin if she and her associates are not present; or, if nothing more imperative demands her time, she takes a stroll through the street or to the river with some of her mates, or sits down at home to peruse a new book. At ten o'clock all is still for the night.

The clang of the early bell awakes her to another day, very nearly the counterpart of the one which preceded it. And so the week rolls on, in the same routine, till Saturday comes. Saturday! the welcome sound! She busies herself to remove every particle of cotton and dust from her frame or looms, cheering herself meanwhile with sweet thoughts of the coming sabbath; and when, at an earlier hour than usual, the mill is stopped, it looks almost beautiful in its neatness.

Then approaches the sabbath—the day of rest! If the factory girl keeps it well, it must be at church; for there are some in every boarding-house who find an excuse for staying at home half the day at least. One of her room-mates is indisposed; another says she *must* write a letter to her friends; another has to work so hard during the week that she thinks she *ought* to make this *literally* a “day of rest,” so that retirement and meditation are out of the question. But in the sabbath school and sanctuary her time is well spent. No one is more constant at church, or earlier in her seat, than the operative who has been trained to know the value of the institution of the gospel. The instructions which she receives sink deep into her heart, giving her a fund of thought for the coming week. Her pastor and her sabbath school teacher are felt to be her best friends; and their kindness is a strong allurements to her spirit, often keeping her long from her less-favored home. If it is said that many a one has here found a grave, shall it not also be said that many a one has here found the path to Heaven?

The writer is aware that this sketch is an imperfect one. Yet there is very little variety in an operative's life, and little difference between it and any other life of labor. It lies

“half in sunlight—half in shade.”

Few would wish to spend a whole life in a factory, and few are discontented who do thus seek a subsistence for a term of months or years.

* *

WANDERINGS WITH THE PAST.

ALAS! when assailed by sickness, how often do we thoughtlessly murmur without stopping a moment to reflect on the querulousness of our complainings. Not unfrequently may sickness be traced to some violation of the laws of our physical natures; but instead of attributing it to its true source, we are apt to regard it as a direct visitation from God, and in our selfishness secretly accuse HIM of injustice. I say *secretly*, for I believe few have the hardihood openly to arraign their CREATOR; but the guilty feeling is not the less reprehensible even though it be hidden in the deep recesses of the heart. A few days prostration by sickness, although many miles from the home of my youth, and childhood's sunny haunts, have been passed by me not unpleasantly. While suffering, through bodily pain, my mind wandered back, and in imagination I lived over bygone days of pure unadulterated happiness. Again, in the thoughtlessness of happy childhood I chased the gaudy butterfly as it sported from flower to flower, ever eluding my grasp. Once more I rambled over flowery meadows without any definite object in view, heedlessly plucking buttercups as I ran, admiring them merely for their bright colors, without ever thinking how they came to be scattered over the meadows so profusely, giving them a rich and glittering appearance, resembling the brilliant star-lit canopy over my head; and then at nightfall, when wearied nature could exert herself no more, I eagerly sought my mother's side, and placing my head in her lap the low-murmured tones of a mother's unselfish love soon brought sweet and refreshing sleep, a welcome visitor, to my weary eyelids.

Again, I ran hand in hand with my youthful school-companions, over hill and dale, and in greenwood shade, plucking forest flowers to crown the head of some little favorite, to whom we gave the romantic name of the wood-nymph. Among our number was one who was not undeserving this title. Anne N—— was truly beautiful: her skin was of a pure white, and so transparent that the blood could be seen coursing through the blue veins of her temples; her cheek was tinged with that roseate hue which lends such an irresistible charm to the fashionable belle, but is still sweeter seen on the happy innocent face of the young school-girl; her auburn hair fell in natural ringlets over her neck and shoulders; and her deep blue eyes sparkled with feeling and intelligence. Such was the outward form of Anne N——, and when crowned with a wreath of simple wild flowers, she did indeed appear unlike one of Earth's children. But not long was our wood-nymph permitted to remain with us; she was too pure and beautiful for earth, and, ere she had numbered fourteen summers, the Angel of Death transplanted her to a more congenial clime, where her pure spirit rests on the bosom of its God, and forever enjoys the fullness of His love. For a time the spirit of sadness seemed to reign over the before happy group; the woods no longer rang with merry laughter; the very flowers which had been so eagerly sought for wore a sickly hue, and no hand rudely snapped them from their parent stems; the brilliant rays of the sun appeared less dazzlingly beautiful, and finally all nature seemed to mourn with us the loss of our favorite wood-nymph. Sadness cannot long sit enthroned in youthful hearts, and many suns had not risen and set before Anne was apparently forgotten by the light-hearted group; but there

were some few of the number who *could not* forget, and they often breathe a sigh and drop a tear to her memory.

Fancy carried me still on until I entered an academy some miles distant from my father's, where I found another gay group of laughter-loving girls, who were ready to be my companions in hours of merriment and study; but oh, how slowly sped time; 'twere an age in fancy before I was recalled to make one of the happy group that gathered round my father's fireside; and here I would, but *cannot*, picture my enjoyment—'twas happiness—a happiness which can be felt, but not uttered. Again, in fancy I enjoyed the society of parents, loved brothers and sisters, once more we read and worshipped together, and then came those delightful moonlight rides on Otsego's lovely lake, whose pure waters reflected the happy faces that filled our frail barque. And when, at length, imagination became wearied with roaming mid past scenes, and returned to take cognizance of what passed in present time, I mentally thanked my God, that though suffering through bodily pain, my mind was untrammelled, and free to review not only past and present, but also to speculate on future scenes of happiness.

E. D. P.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY,—No. II.

RECOLLECTIONS OF L. L.

(Concluded.)

A DREAM, OR THE PALACE OF HAPPINESS. One evening, young Anna wandered to the side of a brook, and seating herself on the soft moss which covered its banks, she fell asleep. She thought she saw something upon the water that looked like an eggshell. As it approached, she perceived that it was a small boat, containing a fairy, who was not much larger than a grasshopper. Anna sat gazing with surprise, when the fairy got out of the boat, and said, "Follow me!" Anna obeyed; and the fairy led the way to a rock which was near. She knocked three times, and then the rock opened, and a train of fairies, dressed in sky-blue, appeared. "We are now at the gate of my palace," said the fairy; "you must follow me still." Anna followed her into a room hung with curtains of every color of the rainbow, around which stood fairies, who bowed as they passed. They proceeded through a long passage into a garden, at the end of which was a bower. Here they sat down; and the fairy said, "My name is the Queen Innocenta, and this palace is called the palace of Happiness; those fairies whom you saw are my subjects. I have long known you, and have wished to give you something as a mark of my love." She rang a little bell, and two of the fairies appeared. She whispered something to one of them, and they both disappeared. Anna did not know what this meant, and was about to ask the queen, when they came again, and with them three of the most lovely creatures she ever saw. "My love," said the queen, "I give you these three maidens to watch over you, and protect you. Their names are Modesty, Piety and Humility; and—" She was about to add more, when Anna awoke; and the crickets were chirping, and the nightingale singing; so she traced her path home.

L.

But the predominant taste was for rhyming. Out of the "acres" of poetry we select a few.

SUNSET.

Sunset! when the bee to his home wings his way.
 Sunset! when children love dearly to play
 Mid the flowers and the trees, on the soft tender grass;
 And chase the gay hours till thy red light is past.

At sunset the reaper returns from his toil.
 Sunset with dew-drops refreshes the soil.
 Sunset sheds richness and glory around
 Which through the long day but rarely are found.

Sunset! we love thee! we love thy cool hours,
 When the sun's parting ray gilds our garden of flowers!
 And often, oh! often at sunset may we
 Be thankful to God, and low bend the knee.

TO AN EARLY FRIEND.

Full many a year has passed away
 Since we were wont to range
 O'er hill and dale, so blithe and gay,—
 But with the years we change.

Our childhood's happy days are gone.
 Then we were never sad;
 In flowery paths we tripped along,
 And all around seemed glad.

And we've been thoughtless, giddy girls,
 Fluttering in each gay scene;
 Round pleasure's vortex lightly whirled—
 'T was like a witching dream.

The dream has fled; and we have found
 Earth's joys unreal are;
 They're but a name, a hollow sound,
 And false as they are fair.

Though life's bright morn has not declined,
 We oft have tasted grief;
 And pleasures of the world, we find,
 Afford us no relief.

We know for every wounded one
 A sovereign balm there is:
 Then we will leave earth's joys alone
 And seek this heavenly bliss.

LIFE.

Childhood's like a tender bud
 That's scarce been formed an hour,
 But which, ere long, will doubtless be
 A bright and lovely flower.

And youth is like a full-blown rose
 Which has not known decay,
 But which must soon—alas! too soon!—
 Wither, and fade away.

Old age is like a withered rose,
 That bends beneath the blast;
 But though its beauty all is gone,
 Its fragrance yet may last.

L.

THE FAIRY'S INVITATION.

Oh, come with me, maiden! oh, come with me!
 Far over the hills, far over the sea,
 Where the eagle his eyry has built in the cliff,
 Or glide with me in my light little skiff.

We'll fly to the clouds! we'll down to the sea!
 We'll go where the dolphins are sporting in glee;
 We'll dive through the waves to the coral halls
 Where the sea-fairies hold their midnight balls!

Come! visit our palace at dead of the night!
 Come! visit our fairy-land, merry and bright!
 Where riches, and splendor, and happiness dwell;—
 Oh, come!—if you do not, I'll bid you farewell!

FAR AWAY.

Far away, o'er the blue hills far away,
 Mid the mountains and vales of my own dear home,
 My weary soul wanders through darkness and day,
 And longs for the time of returning to come,
 Far away! far away!

Far away! oh, my hope soars far away
 To a happier home, beyond the blue skies!
 Then may I, when done with this temple of clay,
 Reach that home where the pure in heart will rise,
 Far away! far away!

L.

THE VOICE OF PEACE.

I heard a voice come from a leafy bower,
 I stood, enchanted by its magic power;
 'T was in the birds' sweet warbling, soft and clear;
 'T was in the murmuring of the summer breeze;
 'T was in the rustling foliage of the trees;
 In those sweet sounds it whispered, "Peace is here!"

I heard a voice come from a cottage hearth,
 Where sate a peasant group, in happy mirth,
 Singing their rustic song, devoid of fear.
 And, as I slowly trod my thoughtful way,
 It rose, and with the cotter's evening lay,
 It loudly, gladly warbled, "Peace is here!"

I heard a voice come from the churchyard's gloom;
 From the dread calmness of the silent tomb;
 It wandered through the foliage dry and sere;
 'T was where the willow's weeping branches wave
 Above the lonely stillness of the grave;
 And mournfully it echoed, "Peace is here!"

After awhile, some of those pieces were inserted in a paper which was formerly published in the city. This was the first time the writer had appeared in print, and she had, of course, a due appreciation of the honor, to which she had looked as something quite unattainable.

A little article of hers, entitled the "Voice of Peace," received in the same paper an elegant *puff*, or one which would have been elegant, had it not been spoiled by a ludicrous typographical error. It was mentioned as being written by "a young lady of thirteen," who was beyond a doubt "inspired by the *nurses*," instead of "*muses*."

The Diving-Bell was discontinued on account of the family again breaking up. Several of its contributors wrote for the Offering after its commencement; although none of them yet have become, and probably do not expect to be "great characters among the folks."

The writer became a member of the first Improvement Circle in Lowell, after it was established. She well remembers the first evening she met with them. She had a deep sense of her inferiority, for they were all young ladies, while she was but a child; and when, after they had read their sensible and well-written articles, she was called upon to read her poor little piece, commencing so loftily, "What a noble and beautiful thing is mind!" it really seemed as though she would have an ague fit. But she soon got over that, and became as bold as almost any of them.

When the Offering was started, she was living in her native town, but returned a few weeks afterwards. One article of hers, entitled "My Burial Place," was inserted in the first series. When the "Operatives' Magazine" was commenced, being well acquainted with its writers and publishers, she lent it the aid of her effusions. Since the Magazine and Offering were united, she has been a constant contributor. She has written because she loved to write, because it pleased her friends, and because she thought the object a good one. And, in conclusion, she craves the reader's pardon (if she has one) for the foolish things she may have said of herself, and claims the printer's thanks for sparing his "I's." L. L.

L I N E S

ADDRESSED TO MY MOTHER DURING ABSENCE.

MOTHER, thy child is lonely now,
And fain would she recall
The moments when her childish brow
Was free from sorrow's pall.
I'm weary of this loneliness,
This solitude of heart,
My spirit finds a wilderness
Whence it would fain depart.

I care not for the festive hall,
The brilliant and the fair;
Their mirth is but a mockery all,
'Twill never bind me there.
Give me one hour within my home,
Beside my mother's knee;
'Tis better far than sleepless nights
In halls of revelry.

It seems but yesterday since I
Clung closely to thy side,
In infant glee, nor dreamed of care
And its dark heaving tide.
Oft hast thou watched, nor tho't of rest,
Beside my weary bed,
And pillowed on thy tender breast,
My aching drooping head.

Oft 'neath the mantle of thy love,
At eve, I've sunk to rest,
While innocence, like that above,
Was cradled in my breast.
Pure as the robe that winter wears
Was my young spirit then,
Nor trace was found, where troubling
Care's
Dull step had ever been.

Mother, I feel a change hath come
Upon my spirit now,
Hope over life's blue arch hath flung
Wide her resplendent bow.
This earth appears all beautiful
Clad in her radiant smile,
'Tis the bright gleam that Heaven hath
given,

Our pathway to beguile;
And in this heart are yearnings deep
For all that's pure and high,
A void which all the mists of time
Can never satisfy.

And thou, too, mother! thou art changed,
Time's withering hand hath strewn
Sere leaves of age about thy path;
And that sweet kindly tone,
That voice so full of tenderness,
I seem to hear it now,
Mingles a sad and mournful strain
That tells of hopes laid low.

Thy silvered hair, thy bended form,
And faltering step proclaim,
That darkening change hath passed o'er
thee,
For thou art not the same
As in the days of early youth,
When from thy soul-lit eye
Beamed joy and hope; and sunny hours
On golden wings flew by.

But art thou changed? Changed! No:
to me
Thou art the very same
As when in hours of infant glee
I learned to lisp thy name,
And on the altar of my heart
Thy love-fires glow as bright
As when they first were kindled there
In childhood's golden light.

No; tell me not that change can come
Upon the faithful heart;
A mother's deep and ardent love
Is of herself a part;
It slumbers not in the cold grave,
It may not heed Death's chains,
And till her sun of being sets,
A mother's love remains. M. A.

THE MANIAC MOTHER.

"NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne, in rayless majesty stretches forth her leaden sceptre o'er the sleeping world." The busy hum of mingled voices is hushed. The whirl of machinery and rolling of wheels over the pavement have ceased, and silence, deep and profound, reigns in solemn grandeur. The many streets, that have echoed to the footfall of thousands during the day, are now deserted, windows are darkened, and gloom, starless gloom, hangs over the city, save here and there, where love her nightly vigil keeps beside the dead and dying. A solitary gleam steals out from the darkness, like departing hope from the crushed and bleeding heart of the mourner. The watchman's shrill whistle and the distant reveller's shout, alone, at intervals, break the deep stillness that prevails. The street lamps throw their broad glare far out into the surrounding gloom, rendering darkness still more dark.

This is the busy city where the mingled din of life's various vocations in one strange concert of confusion blend; here thousands of hearts are beating to the various chords that thrill the human soul. And here, virtue and vice, joy and sorrow, hopes and fears, and the strongest passion that ever conspired to fill the soul of man, are all combined in one vast whole. But a stronger power than they, now, holds sway over all—darkness and repose. Yet all have not sought repose. Through the long dimly-lighted street a female form is gliding; a shawl is closely drawn around her slight form, and her features are concealed beneath the hood she wears. With timid step she rapidly speeds on her way to the outskirts of the city, when turning up a narrow alley, she enters a two-story building, from which a light is faintly gleaming.

"O, Helen, you have come at last!" exclaimed a pale young girl, as she entered the room. "I feared something had befallen you, you were gone so long; but do speak, Helen—there are tears on your cheek; could you get no one to come?"

"No, Lizzy—not one: nobody cares for us now that the clouds are thick and black above us! O, Lizzy, Lizzy! you do not know the selfishness there is abroad in the world. I went to Mrs. Ramsey's, and told her that mother requested to see her, but she had company and could not come; from there I went to Miss Thornton's, and she, too, had an excuse; and Mrs. Clark did not think it safe to watch with a delirious person; and so it was with all. None were willing to come, and some even murmured for being disturbed at so late an hour. Worried and heart-sick, I turned for home; and now, Elizabeth, go to rest, for you need it sadly, and I shall not require your assistance.

"Nay, Helen, not so; Mrs. Carlton has been here and says she must have her dress finished by six in the morning, or we can have no more of her work. So it must be finished to-night.

"Hark!—did not mother speak?—we must go to her."

"Stop, Helen, one moment; she has been raving wildly since you were gone to-day; quiet her, do, for I fear it will hasten—" The poor girl could utter no more, for a stifling sensation came over her, which required a strong exertion sufficiently to enable her to enter the sick-room.

Mrs. M—— had been visited by a long and dangerous illness, during

which Reason tottered and reeled on her throne, and finally fled forever, involving in chaos a once brilliant intellect that beamed with undimmed lustre from her dark soul-lit eye. She was a widow, and had toiled with untiring assiduity for the support of herself and infant children, and well was she repaid as she marked the expanding graces of her beautiful daughters—beautiful as the pearly stars upon which they nightly gazed, or the gentle flowers, their companions from infancy. But the barbed iron entered deep the mother's soul when she learned that her first-born, her idolized boy had been allured from virtue and truth by the wine-cup's sparkling brim, "which at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." He was indeed a noble boy—frank, open-hearted, and generous even to a fault—ever ready to attend to the slightest wish of his loved mother; and she was never happier than when, as she parted the golden curls from his sunny brow, she gazed into his clear blue eye, and read there the expression of earnest, thoughtful tenderness. Could it be that such a one would fall? One that had drank deeply at the fountain of truth, and laved in her pure sweet waters for eighteen summers? One, too, that was bound by such strong ties to virtue? Alas! it is too true. It is not the cold plodding being that steadily moves onward in one beaten track, that falls a prey to the stealthy foe, Intemperance—no, not he! but the being of life and animation, full of generous impulses and noble aspirations. For him she sings her siren song and spreads her wily net, till her ever-twining toils envelope his heart-strings, and then she drags him down, down the black vortex of death. George M—— did not see the serpent coil in the cup he pressed to his lips, till he felt its tightening folds around his vitals, and then it was too late to retreat. The prayers of a broken-hearted mother could not stay his course, or the tears and entreaties of sisters save a beloved one from impending ruin.

It was a cold evening in midwinter. Widow M—— and her daughters were seated beside their cheerful fire, devising some means for the salvation of George, when their door was suddenly opened and a group of men entered bearing the dead body of a young man covered with blood. It was George! In the excitement of the evening he had broken a blood-vessel, and was borne to his home guided by the fiend who had ruined him—namely, the rumseller.

The widow uttered one piercing shriek, as the fearful truth flashed over her, and then exclaimed, "O, my boy!—my beautiful boy!" and then drawing her form to its full height, with one hand extended upward, while an unearthly light flashed from her eye, she said, "Now may the curse of an ALMIGHTY GOD rest upon you and yours forever. You have ruined him!—you have murdered him! Yes, you have sent him, all stained as he was, uncalled to eternity; and cursed may you be from your MAKER and a broken-hearted mother." Her hand slowly dropped by her side, a deathly paleness overspread her features, and she fell heavily to the floor. She revived, but reason had gone forever. A year elapsed, and all hopes of its restoration faded out like sunbeams from a sunset sky. Worn and exhausted by constant toil and watching, her daughters, whose utmost exertions were barely sufficient to keep them from public charity, were obliged to apply for help, for which purpose Helen had sallied forth when first introduced to the reader.

We will now return to the sick-room, where we left the sisters. When they entered, Mrs. M—— was in a dreamy slumber, and murmuring low

the name of George. A faint smile flitted over her wan features, and died gradually away, leaving them calm and composed as in the sleep of death. The watchers gazed long and sadly on her pale face, and then retired to the outer room to resume their weary task. One, two, three the distant bell tolled out upon the midnight air ere it was finished.

It was morning, and the mellow sunlight peeped smilingly into the little apartment of the sick woman. Helen, summoned by the bell, had gone to her daily employment—for the poor must work, even though sorrow is sundering the heart-strings—while Lizzy was busily engaged arranging the pillow in the large arm-chair for her mother, and placing the cricket for her feet, and imprinting a kiss upon her pale forehead, she prepared to leave the room. For the hundredth time she went back to see that all was right, for a strange presentiment hovered around her, for which she could not account. She was very unwilling to leave her mother alone, but necessity compelled her to do so; and, after asking Mrs. —, who lived in the basement, to look in if she heard any movement in her mother's room, she sped away on her errand. Two hours elapsed, and she was on her homeward way; noiselessly she ascended the staircase and listened awhile at the door; not a sound was heard within, and entering, she hastened to her mother's side. No answer was given to her many inquiries; and, as she took the hand that hung listlessly over the arm of the chair in hers, it was cold and stiff; the head drooped on one side; the eyes, partly unclosed, were fixed and glassy; the features were pale and rigid; not a muscle moved; not a sound issued from the colorless lips. Mrs. M—— was dead.

Reader, should you ever pass through the valley of W——, pause at its beautiful burial-place; there, beneath the cypress and willow, repose the widow and her son. Their resting-place, marked by two plain marble slabs and made beautiful by waving flowers and singing birds, who chant their requiem over the betrayed and broken-hearted.

J. L. B.

“FIRST LOVE”! ALAS!

(Continued.)

THAT was a beautiful balmy day in September. The next thing I remember was, awaking from a long dreamless sleep, and seeing a fire blazing in the hearth, and a lamp burning upon the table on the opposite side of the room. I moved uneasily in endeavoring to scan the room closer, and to recall why there was a bed in mother's sitting-room. My movement arrested some one's attention; and a stranger passed from the shade at the foot of the bed to the table, and taking a cup approached me, putting it to my lips as she raised my head upon her arm. I was very thirsty, and eagerly opened my mouth to drink, but at the first taste turned my head, saying, “Some water.”

“Yes,” replied the stranger, in a gentle voice; “take your gruel first, and then I will give—”

“Who are you?” I asked, interrupting her; for my perceptions were becoming clearer to the something not usual.

"I am Lizzy," she replied. "Come, now—"

"But why are you here?" I continued; "where is my mother?"

"You have been sick; and I—" she commenced.

"No," said I, interrupting her again; "I have not been sick—it is Esq. Smith." And that name pronounced recalled the past, and a faint groan escaped me.

"Are you in pain?" asked my gentle nurse. "Shall I call your mother?"

"Yes," I replied, faintly; "but tell me first, how long have I been sick? and is he gone?"

"You have been sick sometime; but we will not look back, my dear; you are getting well now?"

"But is *he* gone?" I persisted, not realizing that there could be but one of the masculine gender among human bipeds.

"I don't know to whom you refer," replied my gentle attendant; "no one has left since I have been here."

"Why, Esq. Smith," said I, impatiently.

"I don't know any one of that name," she replied;—"but now you must take your gruel and go to sleep again, or you will not be able to see company in the morning."

"What has gruel to do with my seeing company?" I asked, petulantly.

"It will make you strong," she replied, in a coaxing tone, such as we use to humor and coax troublesome children.

That I needed any thing to make me "strong," I could not understand; and the scene and stranger seemed more like a perplexing dream than reality; and I thought that I would get out of bed to prove my strength if I were not dreaming, and if I were, to wake myself. The attempt proved my limbs nearly powerless, and I sank back exhausted. My attendant offered no resistance or remonstrance to my effort, and only presented the cup of gruel to my lips again. A feeling of indefinite fear and alarm took possession of me, every thing was so strange and inexplicable, and I burst into tears, and begged to see my mother.

In a few moments my request was granted, and my mother, in a voice in which even then I noticed the emotion, inquired, "What does my dear child want?"

"Oh, mother!" I exclaimed, as soon as the sound of her voice caused me to look up, "do tell me what all this means?"

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, in a tone of thanksgiving, "she knows!"

Then she told me that I had been very ill, but I must keep very quiet, and that I should be well again. I asked many more questions, all of which, *then*, were answered to my satisfaction; but some of the answers I found afterwards, were but like the promises of hope, not to be realized. The next day, at my earnest solicitation, I was carried to the window, and with a surprise which I cannot depict, saw that the ground was covered with snow.

"Why, how early it is winter this year!" was my exclamation.

No one answered my remark, and I asked the day of the week and month. They told me that it was Thursday, the twenty-seventh of the month.

"Can it be possible," I rejoined, "that I have been sick almost six weeks?"

There was no reply; and, satisfied that it was October, I pursued the

subject no farther. Several days after, I accidentally learned that it was February! I had been unconscious from the middle of September until the twenty-sixth of January.

I never learned many particulars of my illness, but it was supposed that my unusual watching and anxiety during my friend's illness had previously somewhat impaired my health; that the germs of disease and fever were already at work on my frame; and then the astounding blow of his departure, so suddenly presented to my mind, paralyzed my faculties. I lay for weeks in a stupor, uncomplaining, unheeding, and without any signs of life, save that I breathed. And after the fever left me, I exhibited no signs of intelligence. For about a week before I came to myself, I had been subjected to a cold shower-bath and friction each day, and it was after a sleep which these invariably produced, that I awoke to consciousness. But for weary, weary long months, I wished that the past had retained its happy oblivion. With intelligence the curse of memory returned—the ghosts of those thrilling happy hours which were never to be again. But in time I gained health and strength; and to see my mother (for whom my love was unbounded) happy, I struggled to appear cheerful. And then came other sorrows, deep, present, and real ones; and I forgot the first grief of my youth.

I had heard of Esq. Smith without a sigh or regret. He had remained at the South two years, and then returned to his native home and married one to whom he was engaged before I ever saw him. I also heard afterwards that the union was not happy; but so many changes were occurring in my own life, that I scarce gave the intelligence a second thought. * * *

THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES.

A CUNNING spider, having one day spread his fly-trap at the entrance of his dwelling, seated himself in his easy chair, to doze away the time until he should hear the welcome sounds of his victims. He had not long to wait, however, before he heard the merry tones of the flies, and well he knew that the alluring temptation which he had spread for them would beguile them from their path. So he arose and stretched his lazy limbs, and walked to the door, and there he beheld a number of them sipping the delicious juices. Then the old fellow rubbed his hands in ecstasies of delight, as he saw them getting more and more entangled in the silken meshes of his web, for he knew he should reap a rich harvest. And what cared he for the suffering of the poor creatures, so long as he stripped them of all they possessed?

But, Mr. Spider, beware! A day will come with you when you may not be able to settle the accounts against you.

ELIZABETH.

LETTER FROM VERMONT.

BURLINGTON, VT., May —, 1845.

DEAR H.: As I have a few leisure moments this beautiful May morning, I will tell about my visit to Plattsburg. But first let me tell about something nearer home. How I wish you were here with me this minute, to drink in the grandeur of Champlain scenery. From the window at which I am scribbling, you can see up the lake, down the lake, and across the lake. Brother's house is very pleasantly situated on College street, one mile from the University, which is at the head of the street, and twenty rods from the shore of Champlain. The street is so straight that you can see its extreme points with their respective terminations, from any part of it. Yesterday, I went to church, and listened to an indifferent sermon. The singing was good. One female sang exquisitely. I have never heard a better singer, excepting my own dear sis, Mrs. L. My statistical knowledge of Burlington, is very limited. I should judge there were about as many inhabitants as there are in Haverhill, Mass., (four thousand) though the village occupies much more ground, being less compact. I believe there are about half as many shepherds of Israel here, as there were apostles of the primitive faith. This is a small number in a place where there are thirty lawyers to dog the flock, and half-a-score of physicians to butcher. That there are thirty-two limbs of the law seems most too much to believe, but I have been told so. Burlington is a very eligible place in a commercial point of view, and the docks present a scene of activity and enterprise, as there are steamboats, sloops, or some kind of water craft coming and going the most of the time.

But methinks it is time to dismiss these digressive preliminaries, and hasten to tell you about my visit to Plattsburg. I went there with a young friend, a girl about eleven years of age. Mr. L. would have been my companion, but he had just returned from Montreal so fatigued that I could not insist upon his going, therefore contented myself with the company of his daughter, which proved to be very good. The morning was unusually fine, and we went aboard of the Winooski, (a steamboat which makes daily trips between Burlington and Plattsburg,) about seven o'clock, A. M., with hearts as light as the down of a thistle. (Some ladies squirm most dreadfully at the idea of going any where without a gentleman's arm to hook up to. For one I am no stickler for the etiquette of society; and as for feeling any repugnance on the account of danger—why, it is absurd. I could willingly go from Tallahassee to Quebec "all alone," if occasion called. We may become custom-hardened to almost every thing but eating clamshell soup. It is a serious fact, that I seldom have a gentleman to go and come with, or if I do it is a sister's husband, or a spouse-to-be of some friend. Now, who will dissent from the point I have tried to elucidate in view of this self-evident position? Lest my long parenthesis should too much retard the progress of my story, I'll make my mark here.)

The sun had risen in unclouded splendor, and was now pouring down a flood of golden light on the woody and wild scenery which environed us. No breeze crept over the "guardian mountains" of Champlain strong enough to rock the "patriot's cradle and the soldier's grave," but all was calm as the hush of contentment, or the Sea of Galilee after the great

Captain had spoken, "Peace, be still," to the turbulent waves. You may readily imagine what my sensations were, as this was the first time I had ever been in a steamboat, and this, too, on Lake Champlain, the scene of glorious warfare, and also hallowed by the memory of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. Well might the younger write, when away from home,

"Thy verdant banks, thy lucid stream,
Lit by the sun's resplendent beam,
Reflect each bending tree so light
Upon thy bounding bosom bright,
Could I but see thee once again,
My own, my beautiful Champlain."

The beautiful islands that peep up from amidst the shining waters, reposed upon the tremulous breast of the lake, like diamonds on the bosom of a queen, while the forest-crowned mountains on the Vermont side, cast their shadows in the mirror below, in picturesque beauty and distinctness. It was too early in the season for the shores to be adorned with dense shrubbery and flowers of every perfume and hue, yet there was a newness of beauty, a harmony of coloring, which made amends for these, and perhaps imparted more elasticity of spirit than could be enjoyed in a trip in July or August.

We made one landing-place, and this was at Port Kent, a small village of minor importance, and of small attractions. The distance from Burlington to Plattsburg is twenty-five miles, and Port Kent half-way between. Arrived at Plattsburg before ten, where we found much going on in the shape of loading and unloading. However, amidst all this precious bustle, we were soon furnished with a carriage, which carried us to the Mansion House, I believe, while the beautiful Winoski wheeled eastward, and puffed, pawed and snorted away in the direction of Grand Isle.

The first thing that took my attention, when we commenced our search for the lions of the place, was the ancient look which scowled upon us wherever we turned our eyes. There are some massy granite buildings, but they indicate more wealth than good taste. Flower gardens and ornamental trees are few and far between. Nevertheless, Plattsburg is a place well worth visiting, if for nothing but the valuable associations interwoven with its history. The place where Sir George Prevost led up his formidable forces against the American works, and was so valiantly repulsed by an inconsiderable body of militia under the command of Gen. Macomb, cannot fail to excite our interest. Possessing, as it does, superior advantages for commerce, with a fine country stretching back of it, why does its appearance represent so little public spirit and thrift? It is pleasantly situated on each side of the Saranac, which pours its waters into Cumberland Bay, where the fleet of MacDonough was moored when the British squadron was seen approaching them in battle array. All readers are familiar with this naval engagement, or ought to be. MacDonough's victory on Lake Champlain, Sept. 11, 1814.

We walked by the house formerly owned and occupied by Dr. Oliver Davidson, and noted for being the birth-place and home of Lucretia and Margaret Davidson. Alas! for that beautiful fabric of fancy I had reared up from the description given by Margaret; of her "darling home," "the old mansion so dear," "the dear old home," &c. And is this all that remains of the "neat cottage which peeped forth from the surrounding soli-

age, the image of rural quiet and contentment?" Where is the "old-fashioned piazza which extended along the front, shaded with vines and honeysuckles, and the wildrose and sweetbriar that twined over the neat enclosure?" I had thought to contemplate a venerable-looking cottage, romantically nestled down amidst rich old shrubbery that was trained by hands now mouldering with the dust of the valley; but instead of this, I saw an unsightly house, perched upon the high bank of the Saranac, which looked as though the winds of seventy winters had whistled through its perforated walls. The window glass was broken in many places, and recourse was had to old hats, pants and jackets, for substitution. One window at the end of the house was gone—sash, frame, pane and putty. There, at that window, thought I, perhaps Lucretia composed some of her sweetest poems, though it did not look as though it could ever have been a favorite retreat of the muse immortal. Oh! if the departed are permitted to take cognizance of earthly scenes, how must the spirits of Lucretia and Margaret weep "such tears as angels weep," when hovering over the once beautiful, but now forlorn, mansion. In a poem which Margaret wrote in 1838, she gives us some intimation of decay in these lines.

"Oh, my loved home, how gladly would I rove
Amid thy soft retreats, and from decay
Protect thy mouldering mansion, tend thy flowers,
Prune the wild boughs, and there, in solitude
Listless remain, unknowing and unknown."

In the same poem she says,

"before the threshold
Tower the lofty trees."

There are still four poplars before the house, "rocking to the murmur breeze," but they look old and forsaken.

From this place I proceeded to the village burying-ground. I was told by a resident, that none of the family were buried there, but Margaret, in one of her poems addressed to her native village, wrote,

"There a sister reposes unconscious in death;"

and from this I inferred that Lucretia's grave must be there. It is situated in a retired spot, a little out of the village. As we approached it, we saw a funeral procession, the largest I ever beheld, winding down the hill, with solemn tread and slow, to deposit the remains of a beloved friend in the grave. We followed the men, women and children of sable weeds to the newly made grave, and saw the coffin let down, there to remain

"When granite moulders, and when records fail."

Some very appropriate remarks were made by the minister, and then all turned and went away.

I had no trouble about finding the resting-place of Lucretia, but went directly to it as if by instinct. The grave is enclosed by a wooden paling, and has a cone monument of unobtrusive dimensions. On the west side you read: "Lucretia M. Davidson was born Sep. 27, 1808, and died Aug. 27, 1825, aged 16 years and 11 months." Upon the south side is:

"Beauty and innocence lie here, whose breath
Was snatched by early not untimely death."

And

"We laid her in the cold damp earth,
 When autumn cast the leaf;
 And we wept that one so lovely
 Should have a lot so brief.
 Yet not unmeet it was that one,
 Like this young friend of ours,
 So gentle and so beautiful,
 Should perish with the flowers."

Below are these words: few and unassuming, yet how pathetic. "This monument was raised as a testimony of affection, by her mourning father." At the foot of the grave stands a rosebush and a sweetbriar, which have attained considerable maturity and height, yet were budding out fresh and fair. Within the enclosure are many "wee flowers of the heather," looking up with their innocent blue eyes from amidst the grass; and scattered about are their pale-faced sisters, the strawberry blossoms. I plucked some of them, which I will enclose to you in this letter. It was a quiet, meet and sacred spot. "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground." I felt it to be so. A sacredness seemed to be infused into the air I breathed, and I almost feared that I should profane so consecrated a spot.

A few paces from this stand two pine trees, sentinel like, sighing a mournful requiem over the ashes of those who fell in Plattsburg on the memorable day, Sept. 11, 1814. I believe I counted near twenty graves. Here are friend and foe sleeping as peaceably, side by side, as members of one household. No thirst for military distinction will ever animate their breasts, and urge them on to deeds of valor, or feelings of revenge quicken those who are gathered to the harvest of death. Long will their swords and muskets hang up in the halls of their children, sad memorials of their tragical exit.

While I was standing by the graves, a passage in Byron's "Age of Bronze" forcibly struck my mind. Do you remember it?

"But where are they—the rivals?—a few feet
 Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.
 How peaceful and how powerful is the grave
 Which hushes all!—a calm unstormy wave
 Which oversweeps the world. The theme is old,
 Of 'dust to dust,' but half its tale untold.
 Time tempers not its terrors—still the worm
 Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves its form,
 Varied above, but still alike below,
 The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow."

Between the pine trees, and equidistant from each, is the grave of Geo. Dounie, who was a post-captain in the Royal British Navy, and fell on board one of his Britannic Majesty's ships in attacking the American flotilla at Cumberland Bay, Sept. 11, 1814. His monument is a plain marble slab, raised horizontally on a granite base. Near his tomb are two monuments for American officers, which are similar. I have forgotten their names. It was a thick cluster of gravestones, but some of them were of the most humble size. I should think this was a scene of more pilgrimage than the grave of Lucretia Davidson, by the looks of the grass and the battered corners of the monuments. I regret that I had no pencil with me on the spot so as to take down the names of those whose memory should be perpetuated. There was one inscribed Jackson, and another Hale. The others I have forgotten.

As my letter is getting to be long, I will leave the rest to tell some other time. Till then, I subscribe myself,

Yours, with much esteem,

M. R. G.

P. S. Monday evening. We have just returned from a drive to Burlington Falls, or Winooski village, as it is called. It is a little romantic-looking place, cuddled down within a circlet of hills; and what do you suppose I saw there? A *cotton mill*: so I *guess* there are factory girls in these regions. Wonder if they have any "Lowell Offering." We passed by a graveyard, where, I was told, Ethan Allen is buried. I wanted to go in and see the grave of the hero of Ticonderoga, but could not stop. M.

"CHANGE IS WRITTEN UPON ALL THINGS."

In our lightest or happiest moments, we cannot forget that every thing of earth is changing, or "passing away." This ruthless law is imprinted upon all the varying forms of nature; and we see it indelibly impressed, also, on all the works of man. We look on the earth, clothed in the green verdure and beauty of summer—the waving forest, the rich fruit trees, and the fanciful garden, all glisten before us; but while we are gazing, the change comes, the brilliancy fades, the, but now, beauteous scene lies hid and withering beneath the snow-clad robes of winter.

If we look abroad or muse upon the works of man, how forcibly are we reminded of their changing and fleeting nature; although the labor of thousands of human beings have been expended upon the works of art, yet decay has stamped her signet upon them, and they are fast passing away.

Vicissitude, which comes upon all things else, comes also upon society. Do we rely upon the ties of friendship and love? Alas, how frail is the support! We see our friends and acquaintances busily pursuing the career of life, some of them in the strength and vigor of youth, full of hope and activity; but they are gone! no ties could retain, nor love save them, for the Power that changed is omnipotent. There are changes from which no money can purchase our exemption—which no wisdom can avert. Death! the consummation of all earthly mutability—what a change is this! "The wheel at the cistern is broken," and the once animated being becomes cold and insensible. The heart no longer glows with affection; the voice is hushed, and the countenance, that, but lately, beamed with expression, is naught but a marble image; but the spirit which gave to the frail form its life, is not dead, but has only changed the place of its abode.

Thus are we taught not to place our affections, too fondly, upon things that perish, but to cherish those feelings which will fit us for that world where no change comes, except in constant improvement, and where the bright ages of eternity will cast no shadow, but roll on in unceasing happiness.

J. S. W.

LIVE LIKE THE FLOWERS.

CHEERFULLY wave they o'er valley and mountain,
 Cheer the lone desert, and smile by the fountain;
 Pale discontent in no young blossom lowers;—
 Live like the flowers!

Meekly their buds in the heavy rain bending;
 Softly their hues with the mellow light blending;
 Gratefully welcoming sunlight and showers;—
 Live like the flowers!

Freely their sweets on the wild breezes flinging,
 While in their depths are new odors upspringing,
 Two-fold their wealth—ev'n as Love's holy dowers;—
 Live like the flowers!

Gladly they heed who their brightness hath given;
 Blooming on earth, look they up to heaven;
 Humbly look up from their loveliest bowers;—
 Live like the flowers!

Peacefully droop they when Autumn is sighing,
 Spreading mild fragrance around them when dying;
 Sleep they in hope of Spring's freshening hours;—
 Die like the flowers!

L. L.

LETTER FROM NEW-YORK.

MISS FARLEY: Having just returned from New-York, I hasten to fulfil my promise, and give you my first impressions of that far-famed city. I left Cambridge, in company with Miss B., on the 16th instant, but in no very good humor, I assure you, being sadly afflicted with the toothache. However, determined to put the best foot forward, as the old saying is, we commenced our journey, fully resolved to make the best of every thing, and be happy, if possible. And we were happy. Though nothing occurred worthy of notice, we had a very pleasant journey. There were but few passengers on board the boat, and those so still and orderly, I almost fancied myself at home, in my own little sanctum. Many thanks are due to Mr. Macy, the gentleman who superintended the affairs of the boat during the absence of the captain, (who, I understood, had gone to be married,) he was so kind and polite to the ladies, and so gentlemanly in his deportment to all, that he commanded my respect from the first moment I saw him. And for the benefit of those who may chance to travel in that direction, I would cheerfully recommend that they patronize the Neptune, as they will find good accommodations, and save their coppers into the bargain.

But to return. We were somewhat disappointed in not having the kindly influences of the moon to cheer us on our way; for, as Mrs. Child says, music and moonlight, on the water, almost make me crazy. But I suppose it was not right that we should have all the good things at once,

or we should undoubtedly have been favored with this very essential requisite to a pleasant ride on the water. However, being somewhat indisposed, and finding that the clouds looked ominous of rain, I left the deck at an early hour, determined, if possible, to resume my station betimes in the morning, and view a sunrise on the water. Nor was I disappointed. Friend Morpheus took me into his care and keeping, until he thought me sufficiently refreshed to take care of my own self, when he took wings and flew away. I accordingly arose, dressed myself, and repaired to the deck. The sun had not risen, but I saw his chariot in the east, and I knew he was near. Nor did I wait long—

For he soon came forth,
Clad in garments of red,
And tinged the blue waves
Of his watery bed.

And what added much to the interest of the scene was, the remembrance that it was sabbath morning. Nor was its solemn stillness disturbed till we reached the pier, when a number of *officious gentlemen* jumped on board, and politely poked their heads into the face of every passenger, with "Have a cab," "Have a coach," "Better take a cab, ma'am." For the benefit of nervous persons, allow me to suggest the propriety of beginning to say, no, no, no, the moment you reach the pier, and keeping it up without intermission, till a man of the reins to your liking presents himself, when you can easily say yes, and away you will go, helter-skelter, over the rocky pavements, and through the long streets of Gotham, which serve as dining-halls for the four-footed gentry about town.

But I am digressing, and will proceed forthwith to give you my first impressions of New-York, which I must say were favorable, for although I think there is much room for improvement, still I would prefer this city to Boston. Its streets are much wider, and the facilities for travelling far better than in Boston. Fare is so cheap that you can go three miles for sixpence, York money, and that too at any time in the day; while in Boston you must pay twice that amount. But another reason why I like New-York is, that the people are so free and social, so that, go where you will, you are sure to find a hearty welcome. I think they are any thing but selfish. Indeed, I would not ask or expect to be more kindly treated, even by my own friends, than I was while I staid there, especially by Mr. W. and his family, who kindly welcomed us to their house, during our stay in the city. But the greatest thing that I dislike here is, that they keep their streets so dirty, arranging them more for the accommodation of the New-York porkers, than for any other circle of aristocrats. I think the city must be blind to its own interest, or it would not allow such a state of things.

And now I must give you a brief sketch of the few places we saw while there, time not permitting us to visit as much as we would like to have done. I think the first place we went to was the Tombs, where humanity was degraded quite as low as I, for one, could wish to see it. The narrow damp cells looked so gloomy and cheerless that I thought it would be sufficient punishment to know I must sleep there when dead, without being confined within its dreary walls while yet a tenant of earth. The prisoners, for the most part, looked degraded and unhappy. Most of their foreheads were very low, and even what little they had was so covered with hair that it seemed as though they were more akin to the brute creation, than to noble thinking man. But there was one exception—that of Babe,

the pirate, whose open, intelligent countenance arrested my attention. He looked so much neater than the rest, that I thought he did not belong there, but supposed that he had taken a seat in one of the cells just to see how it would seem, as the door was open, but I soon found out my mistake. There is a sadness in his countenance which would at once elicit your sympathy, even though you should deem him guilty, but I understand he has many friends—many who think him innocent.

From the Tombs we proceeded to the arsenal, where we were kindly shown through the different rooms; but I must confess, that it very much detracted from my own pleasure to see so many instruments of death and destruction. There were, if I was rightly informed, thirty thousand stands of arms, all ready for our country's service; and one gentleman remarked, that he would like an opportunity to use them. Think you there are many who would respond to that wish? Last of all, though not least, we were shown into the trophy-room, where were deposited many relics of military prowess: among which I noticed a piece of the ruins of Ticonderoga, on which I found the following inscription, similar to that in Goodrich's History of the United States. It reads thus: "This fort was taken by Col. Ethan Allen from the British, on the third of May, 1775, in the name of the GREAT JEHOVAH, and the Continental Congress." In another place we saw this inscription: "Surrender of General Burgoyne, Oct. 17, 1777, with 5,790 men, and 35 pieces of artillery." We saw many field-pieces taken from the British in that battle, all of which were marked with the English crown. We also saw several Indian snow-shoes. But time would fail me to tell you all, so I will not attempt it.

Our next trip was to Brooklyn; and here we anticipated great pleasure in the prospect of seeing Miss C., but we were greatly disappointed, as she had gone to Troy to spend two or three weeks. However, we found her residence, and I thought that some consolation, for it is certainly a very pretty place. We ascended the heights, directly in front of the house, where we had a delightful view of the harbor, and from which Governor's Island is seen to good advantage, as also many other pretty places. And here I must not forget to tell you how often we have thought of you this summer, and wished for your company, especially while visiting in this vicinity. May we not hope that you will favor us with it, should we come again. But I fear I shall tire your patience, and I will briefly allude to the other places we visited while here, among which were the different parks and parade-ground. They are all very pretty, especially Union park, to which I think I must give the preference. The Battery is also a very interesting place, as you there have a fine view of the harbor and its dense forests of shipping; but it is not so tastefully laid out as other public grounds in the city. I think the fountains are very pretty, and wish we might have some in Lowell.

We have seen the steamer Great Britain several times, but have not been on board. I understand that some two or three thousand visit it every day. It is, I believe, over three hundred feet long, has six masts, and is painted black from stem to stern, which gives it quite a gloomy appearance. Its figure-head, however, is very pretty, representing the lion and the unicorn fighting for the crown. But the last place we visited, and the prettiest of all, was Hoboken. It is truly an enchanting place. No wonder they call it Elysium: it seemed to me like a fairy-land; so beautiful and still, I would like to live there alway. I was somewhat disap-

pointed in Sybil's cave ; it is not nearly as large as I expected, but it has an excellent well of water in the centre, of which you may partake by paying a penny a glass. So much for the monopoly of this place. The scenery on the Hudson is very beautiful, and much did I regret my inability to sketch landscape as I stood upon its banks. But now the impression is on my own heart only ; would that I could Daguerreotype it for you.

Thus much for New-York. And now I would like to say a word about the *natives*, before I close. I find they manifest great respect for the Yankees, and can tell one the moment they see him. One morning, Miss B. and myself took a walk down town, and while there went into a shop kept by a German, I should judge from his dialect. Well, having made a few purchases, we turned to go out, when he accosted us with, "Are you from Connecticut?" "No," replied Miss B., "but we are Yankees." "So I thought," returned the shop-keeper, "and I like Yankees. They know how to take care of the coppers." We thought he knew how to do the same, the way he tried to pocket the half-cent. They also speak very highly of the operatives. One gentleman said he gloried in the factory girls. I suppose he meant their spunk, don't you?

I forgot to tell you how near I came losing Miss B. She made quite a bargain with a certain—Oh, but I must not tell any more ; if I do, she will pull my ears. I will save the rest till I see you. I would like to say many other things, but it will not do. I fear I have already trespassed on your patience.

We had a delightful journey home, and what was better than all the rest, we had a thunder-storm on the water. Oh, it was sublime ; but I cannot describe it. I very much regret that we did not learn the names of the different places that we passed, as I should like to speak of them here ; but the passengers did not know any more about it than I did. As for me, I forgot, for the time being, what my good mother used to say, that little children should be seen and not heard ; so I asked a great many questions ; but I suppose they took it from whence it came—at least, I hope so.

Yours, affectionately,

E. W. J.

AN ALLEGORY.

ONE beautiful morning, I arose early to take a walk through the fields which Nature had clothed with her green carpet. As I passed by the trees of the forest I heard the warbling of the birds, which filled my heart with delight. Their sweet songs seemed to invite me to take a seat at the foot of the tree where they had built their nest. I complied with their request. While in this state I heard thunder above ; and I felt the rain descending upon my face. And all the while I was considerably heated. By this extreme heat I was awakened, and to my great surprise I learned that the thunder which I before heard, was nothing but the buzzing of a bee around my head ; and that which I thought before was rain, proved to be a perspiration caused by the hot rays of the sun, which shone directly upon me.

D.

SOLITUDE.

WHAT'S solitude? Has earth a spot
Of mount or desert, glen or grot,
Unknown by man, by Heaven forgot,
Where one may flee;
And there, alone, unloved, unsought,
Forever be?

"T is solitude amid the throng,
In courts or halls, mid mirth and song,
Where fairy figures glide along,
• And perfumes roll,
To find in all that crowd not one
Congenial soul.

"T is solitude to dwell alone,
When friends prove false, and one by one
Those whom we loved in youth have gone
Down to the tomb;
And flowers we reared, and loved so long,
Have ceased to bloom.

To sit alone at close of day,
And watch the sun's last parting ray,
And hear the night bird's plaintive lay
From some lone wood,
And think of loved ones far away,
Is solitude.

MARA.

EDITORIAL.

THE "FACTORY GIRLS" AND THEIR MAGAZINE. But one number of the Offering intervenes between this and the last; and, as there are always so many last words to say, we have concluded to "take Time by the forelock," and commence in this number something like a summary of what has been done, and add *the commencement of the conclusion*, if that is not a paradox.

We have at this moment upon our table, one of the first numbers of the Offering: a large thin awkward-looking object, with a yellow cover, and double-columned pages. Upon the first page of the cover we read the following:

"THE LOWELL OFFERING. *A repository of original articles on various subjects, written by Factory Operatives.* 'Full many a gem,' &c. No. 1. Price 6½ cents. THIS NUMBER WHOLLY WRITTEN BY FEMALES EMPLOYED IN THE MILLS."

We have particularly emphasized this because we consider it worthy of particular attention. "THIS number," intimating a doubt whether a continuation of the magazine could be expected from the females, unassisted by their *brethren* in the mills, or indeed whether even one more number would be issued from them; but containing the assurance, at that time astonishing to almost every one, that *this* number is indeed *wholly* written by "females employed in the mills."

And under the circumstances it was a reasonable doubt. We shared it with him who was then the editor; and doubtless many of the other contributors shared it with us. We saw what we had done, but we had not learned confidence in ourselves, and felt no assurance that we could go on.

The public were taken by surprise. "There is mind among the spindles," was the dawning thought of many, who had never thought before of "the wheel within the wheels;" of the soul, active, ardent, expansive as their own, which was the ten-

ant of some prisoned body in those mills. The caste of the factory girl had been lowest among female laborers. To overcome the prejudice against mill-labor high wages had been given. Necessity and cupidity proved too strong for pride and prejudice. The manufactories of New England filled with the young, blooming, energetic and intelligent of its country maidens; the inhabitants of these places saw and recognized the worth of these girls; they associated with them, they publicly noticed them, they married with them; if they returned to their secluded homes they were, perhaps, thought more of, rather than looked down upon; and yet it seems that even then there was not due credit given to the intellectual gifts and attainments of this class; and that they might aspire, as factory girls, to a place with the refined and literary. They might "drop the operative"—they might enter into some other employment, and, discarding all their former associates with that employment, force themselves into a place which would be conceded to them with more or less reluctance, according to circumstances, and the peculiar character of that circle in which they would wish to gain entrance.

But abroad there was still gross injustice done to the character of the factory girl. Intellectually and morally she was degraded. She was represented as constantly and unavoidably subjected to influences which must destroy her purity and self-respect. The contamination of the vicious was at her side, and before her eyes; in the eyes of her overseer she was but a brute, or a slave, to be beaten, or pinched, or pushed about. Such were the opinions and prejudices of those who could not see for themselves. Widows and orphans heard of the high wages regularly paid, and "given in cash," by the manufacturers, and they were tempted; but they heard, also, of other things which made their veins chill, and they sat shivering at their cold hearths, and patched again their torn garments, with an abhorrence for "the prosperity of the wicked," which was worthy of all respect. Was it not meet that something should be done to enlighten the public with regard to this thing?

Brothers, at the West and South of this Union, blushed to say that their sisters were factory girls, and dared not attempt a vindication of their innocence, happiness and intelligence. And many then—many now—who would willingly submit to the toil, confinement and weariness of a factory life were deterred from it, and kept in some even more irksome and less lucrative employment, on account of the prejudices of their friends—either near or remote. We have known instances ourself, and we now know of the wife of a professor, not far from our own city, who does not confess that she was once a factory girl. We know of many who try to forget it, and, to make others believe that they have, will look at a factory girl as though she was to them a *luxus naturæ*.

There was another wrong in allowing these prejudices to exist, and that was, their depressing influence upon the operatives themselves. It is a fact, that we are stimulated to worthy actions when we know they are expected of us; we are discouraged when we know that we are considered incapable. Perhaps the majority of females assume that character, as they enter womanhood, which seems to be imposed by the tone of society about them. And viewed in this light, was there not, a few years since, much that was unfavorable in the situation of the factory girl? After she had become habituated to her employment, what was there to develop her powers? If she had friends dependent upon her exertions, her affections were preserved strong and pure by their constant action. The religious emotions were developed by the class of preachers who came to minister unto them. But there were few outward influences favorable to the intellect, or tending directly to awaken the latent powers of the mind. We have sometimes looked upon the new comers in Lowell, when we have met them in the mill or in the street—those whose physiognomies were expressive of every thing lovely in character—and, fancying that we could see the dormant mental power which slept beneath the fires of the brilliant eye, or on the arch of the polished brow, have felt that we could willingly labor, or, if need be, sacrifice ourself, that these, and such as these, should be preserved amidst the snares and pitfalls that might be in their path—from the temptations within, and the temptations without; that every aspiration should be cherished, every passion subjected to reason and conscience; that they should never forget that something was demanded of their higher natures; that they should feel that they must not become wicked, neither must they become weak—not intellectually sluggish, nor indifferent.

But we will now again recur to the commencement of the Offering; and, in doing so, we shall repeat some things stated in former volumes, which old subscribers will excuse, in consideration of the large proportion of recent patrons.

The first publisher of the *Offering* came from a distant city. He had there heard of factory girls, and listened to their opinion of them. He came, saw, and *questioned* for himself. The result of this investigation was surprise and pleasure. "I saw," said he, "intelligence in their countenances," and he heard it in their conversation. To bring it forth in a more tangible manner, he established The Improvement Circle. It was then a meeting in a vestry, to which any body and every body was invited, and for which any one might write unknown, and drop their communications into a "sort o' post-office box, outside the door." This method was happily adapted to the desired result. Much was written, and much that was very good. Some articles evinced cultivated taste and careful education; others, native but uncultured talent and genius. The most interesting writers were sought out, and almost invariably found to be *factory girls*. The females wrote more readily than the males, and the factory operatives were in advance of those engaged in other employments. It was ascertained that mill-labor was favorable, rather than otherwise, to reflection and composition. We do not state this as an argument *per se* in favor of factory life, nor would we induce girls to go into a factory to reflect and write, any more than we would suggest to men to go to prison for the same purpose, though *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Don Quixote* are proofs that imprisonment is not always unfavorable to the intellect.

Some of the contributions to the Circle interested its originator so much that he wished all to see them, and banish whatever of prejudice they might have against the factory girl. He thought first of some established paper, then of a little book, and lastly the plan was matured to a *magazine*. The number alluded to, in the commencement of this, was a specimen and an experiment. It might not be supported by the public—it might not be sustained by the writers. In truth, some who knew that they would be regarded as regular contributors, shrunk from the responsibility, and trembled within themselves for the result.

Four numbers were issued, and then it was looked upon as "a successful experiment." The form was changed to one more neat and tasteful, and better adapted for preservation by binding; subscriptions were taken for the ensuing year, agents were appointed, the gentleman himself edited and published, and the factory girls of Lowell found themselves writing for a regular monthly periodical, which was exciting the wonder of their own and other countries.

And now, when we hear rejoicing over its expected discontinuance, malignant expressions of satisfaction as though it were a *failure*, how should we heed them?

The *Offering* has done its work. It has accomplished all that it ever proposed. It has more than realized the expectations of its first friends. It has been regularly issued for five years. It has gone from the supervision of a professional gentleman into that of "factory girls," without losing the confidence or good opinion of the public. The doubts of its good faith, which were at first openly expressed, have almost entirely ceased. The exclamation is not now so often heard, "The girls do not write it," and never in our own vicinity. The knowledge of it has been gradually extending to the remote and secluded parts of our own country, and the interest in those distant regions has been very gratifying to its friends. Its exterior has been improved, its permanent list has been upon the constant increase, and its yearly patrons have never numbered so many as they do now. Its writers have never shown so active an interest, and we might say that we leave the *Offering* "at high tide," but that would imply an expected decrease of prosperity with another year. We have no reason to think but that, with a large list of our old friends, we should have, with another volume, the usual increasing proportion of new subscribers, if we exerted ourselves as actively and cheerfully.

But then "Why do you stop?" is the question continually asked of us; and this is a question that we cannot fully answer to the public. We have various reasons; but it is a pleasant thought to us that it has done all that was primarily expected of it, and even more.

In a pecuniary point of view we cannot complain of it. True, we cannot speak of it as "a fortunate speculation," but we did not speculate, or intend to make a fortune from it. Had good fortune come, we should have welcomed it; and with the habits and experience of business men, we might have done much better in this respect, as matters have been. But we do not complain. It has supported itself, and has supported us, and very likely better than we should have supported ourselves in any other way.

H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

NOVEMBER, 1845.

EVENING FANTASIES.

HAPPENING to feel very romantic, one evening, as Twilight with her dusky train stealthily advanced, and not being able, with the utmost stretch of my imagination to transform my humble domicile into a dilapidated old castle—meet temple for lovers and ghosts—I resolved to take a stroll upon the banks of what, in vulgar parlance, we term a brook, but, in *polite* language, a rivulet. Wrapping my mantilla closely around me, though it was balmy spring, I wended my way alone, for who ever wanted a companion when dreamy visions were floating in the brain? Twilight had deepened into sombre shade ere I reached the winding stream, which, with “muffled feet,” danced merrily along, to embrace its elder sister far in the distance. The stars, one by one, peeped lovingly forth, their silvery beams kissing each bud, and flower, and spire of grass. The “queen of night,” too, graced the blue concave—not in full state, but with *taper* extremities, and with a *Grecian curve*, like as a modern belle.

I was aroused from the reverie, suggested by the surrounding scenery, by the sound of voices wafted along the still air of evening. I immediately hastened in the direction whence the sound proceeded. Soon an abrupt turn in the tiny river disclosed to full view, two figures seated upon a violet mound. Happily a tree, or rather a bush just bursting into *treelood*, screened me from their sight. The scenery was delightful from this point; but I had no eyes for that, for I was completely paralyzed by the surpassing loveliness of one of the unknown. She was—But O, Language! thou art meaningless and dumb. Such charms can but be *felt*. Venus herself would have worn a veil before this Hebe. And her companion, *she* was plain—yes, painfully so, from the strong contrast. She had, however, one redeeming feature—such *soulfull* eyes that they made my very nerves vibrate with emotion every time I caught a glimpse of them.

“But,” replied the enchanting one to some remark which I did not hear, “you cannot deny, Miss Intelligence, that my influence is more universal than yours; that, wherever I go, admiring eyes gaze upon me, and honeyed words are poured into my ear, and the homage of all is *willingly* rendered.”

“I know, Miss Beauty,” replied her companion, “that for a season your influence is great, but is it lasting? I have often been told by individuals,

that though they were completely dazzled by your charms when first beholding you, the effect soon wore away, and after a time they could see you without *even a sensation* of admiration; and have also been informed that the unpleasing impression of my plainness soon vanishes, and the regard which I inspire constantly increases. Is not lasting reverence better than momentary adoration?"

"Fudge!" said Beauty, haughtily curling her pretty pouting lip, "did they not know to whom they were talking? They never make such remarks to *me*, but in my presence are ever keenly alive to the beauties of nature, and especially to female loveliness. You may console yourself, if you please, with what you have just said, but nevertheless these very individuals will ever *practically* worship at my shrine."

"I will concede," replied Intelligence, "that a portion of the world may; but I cannot think that the wise and learned can be so captivated by personal charms, as not to seek for something deeper. True, the loveliness of the person, even though it may fade, is desirable, but the loveliness of the mind and heart will never change. Undimmed it will shine, even through an uncomely casket, and must be appreciated by the thinking portion of community."

"Indeed," replied Beauty, her liquid orbs looking as if thought might dwell beneath, "I will not answer your philosophy, but as you know there is to be a gala day to-morrow, let us then test its truth. We will see which will bear off the palm. To-morrow evening let us meet here and decide our long-contested relative merits."

"I will accede to this more readily," replied her companion, "because I know that in the miniature world which we shall meet to-morrow, there will be many talented and noble ones."

As they were about rising from the violet-spangled turf, I hastily retreated, resolving that I would seek that friendly covert on the next evening.

The long, long day at length passed, and I was again at the winding stream. Beauty was already there with a face beaming triumph, evidently impatient for the arrival of her companion. Soon she slowly approached, when Beauty with a merry voice, while contempt overspread every fine feature, exclaimed, "Where is all your boasted philosophy now? I *knew* that your *talented* and *learned* ones, whom you laud continually, would be no wiser than the simplest in my presence."

"You must acknowledge," replied Intelligence, "that I had, at least, a few in my train."

"True," responded Beauty, "but you had only a few *old women*, who attached themselves to you from envy of me."

Poor Intelligence said no more, but sat herself down and wept.

B. McD.

AUTUMN.

ALL the bright hues of summer are faded, and gone
 From the garden, the meadow, the woodland and lawn;
 Where late bloomed the lily, the violet and rose,
 The sere leaves of Autumn have crept to repose;
 They have drank from the fountain of Summer's bright urn,
 But by Nature's stern mandate to dust must return.
 Now brown are the hill-tops and chilly the breeze,
 That mutters at night through the cold naked trees,
 Where lately they flourished in beauteous array,
 The green flowing drapery of April and May.
 There the storm-king hath swept with a riotous sound,
 And scattered the foliage of summer around;
 The storm, in its wrath, hath denuded the bowers
 Where Flora delighted to wreath her sweet flowers;
 The groves are all silent, the songsters are mute,
 Pomona hath passed with her basket of fruit;
 And sad was the sound of the farewell she said,
 Like the groan of the dying, or wail o'er the dead.
 We feel a deep stirring, an answering tone,
 In the fate of all things which resembles our own.
 Our days here are fleeting, our sojourn is brief,
 We fade like the floweret, and fall like the leaf,
 And our names are borne down by the current of time,
 Unloved and unmourned, to Oblivion's clime.
 With the eye of a watcher intently we gaze
 Through the lengthening vista of life's rugged maze,
 And our spirits leap forward with joy and delight
 To that summer-clad region, all splendid and bright,
 Where Eden's sweet bowers are evermore green,
 And God in his brightness forever is seen.

M. R. G.

"FIRST LOVE"! ALAS!

(Concluded.)

YEARS elapsed. I was again happy, and the very soul of gaiety. I was a proud fashionable woman, whose nod was a command which my subjects rivalled each other in executing. My taste was refined to fastidiousness, and I shrank from any thing gross or inelegant as I should from wickedness and crime. *Red hair* and tall spare men were my aversion. A limb that wanted roundness, or a bow deficient in finish, almost threw me into the hysterics.

I was on a summer tour, and had stopped, charmed by the dread sublimity, several days at Niagara Falls. That stupendous monument of Nature, shamed my arrogant presumption of superiority; and while contemplating it, I felt impressed with my own insignificance. Humility was a new feeling to my bosom, and the novelty induced me to prolong my stay for many days, in spite of the entreaties of the friends who were with me, that I would return to Saratoga. I was immovable in my purpose, but told my friends to leave, for the falls would lose nothing of their grandeur

if deprived of the adjunct of fashionable and aristocratic visitors. But they propitiated my favor by the assurance, that Saratoga would be a dreary desert without my presence. And the D'Orsay of the company said my "infatuation tempted him to bury himself in the boiling flood, that he might have the assurance that I paused over his grave with profound feeling, and left it with regret." But I turned from their hyperbole of compliments with disgust, and again sought the majesty of nature, and listened to its deafening roar as a psalm to the ALMIGHTY ARCHITECT. I still lingered there, spending each day in contemplating with awe these "voices of many waters." Every day but enhanced the spell of stability, and I know not when I should have been willing to have acceded to the wishes of my friends, had not an unfortunate recognition presented every thing in a *camera obscura* light, and destroyed my high-toned perceptions.

One evening, after tea, I remained in one of the public parlors of the hotel a short time. I noticed that a tall, angular woman, with an expression of ill-nature and selfishness in her countenance, who was seated by a window, fixed an earnest gaze upon my face, and watched my every movement. The rudeness of her gaze annoyed me, and, thinking a harsh thing of the vulgarity of "common people," I took my husband's arm to leave the room.

In the hall we encountered a tall and very spare man, with a red head slightly powdered by white hairs, and upon whose face was written the very dust and business of a lawyer's brief. The instant that the stranger perceived us, he approached, and making a bow which would have made the fortune of an amateur Yankee on the stage, said,

"Miss Cleaveland, or the lady whom I remember with pleasure by that name?"

"Formerly Miss Cleaveland," returned my husband, "but now Mrs. A—."

"And can you have forgotten me?" continued the homely stranger, presenting his skinny hand, and placing an expressive emphasis upon the closing personal pronoun.

"Your voice hath a familiar tone," I replied in the blandest manner I could compel, for I prided myself upon my ever urbane graciousness, "but your name and face has become obliterated by more recent impressions."

"Ah," he rejoined with an attempt at sentiment, "time has dealt more gently with you than me; but 'in days of auld lang syne,' do you remember one whom you honored with the name of friend, and whose name was Smith?"

"Mr. Smith!" I returned in a tone very like an exclamation, dropping his hand as if it had been an adder. And then I quickly added, with all my usual courtesy, "Pardon me, sir; I could hardly have conceived that I should have forgotten a friend of my childhood; but I was very young when I last saw you, and a long painful illness," I added, maliciously, "which occurred soon after your departure, made much of the past a blank."

"I heard you were very ill," he rejoined, mournfully.

"But you will pardon my tardiness of memory," I interrupted, "and allow me to introduce my husband." And as I named him I turned with gratified pride to the beautiful, the noble and manly being upon whose arm I leaned.

After the salutations of the introduction had passed, Mr. Smith remarked that he noticed and recognized me in the morning; "and I told Mrs. Smith

that that was the lady whom she had often heard me mention as Miss Cleaveland, or her daughter, for I could not think that upon you had been bestowed perennial youth. But you must allow me to introduce my wife and daughters to you. I will bring them." And he started for the parlor.

Mr. A——, who saw there was no alternative, interrupted him by saying, "Permit us, Mr. Smith, to accompany you, if Mrs. Smith is in the parlor." And we followed him into the room.

There, to complete my annoyance, I found that the tall square woman, whose rude staring had driven me from the room, was "Mrs. Smith." And then there was "Miss Smith," and "Miss Janet," and "Miss Letitia." And Mrs. Smith told "how *the Judge* was sure that it was Miss Cleaveland in the morning." And Miss Smith said that "*par* never forgot any of his old friends." The daughters ranged from twelve to eighteen years of age, and inherited—in a degree enhanced—the remarkable beauty of both parents. I endured the martyrdom with a placid countenance, until Mrs. Smith called Miss Smith "*Bel*," and said that "the Judge had given the world a second Mabel Cleaveland, only there was a Smith added to it."

I could endure no more; and pleading fatigue, headache, plague, cholera, and I do not know what else, begged to be excused.

When we reached our room, I flung myself upon a sofa in an agony of vexation and shame.

Mr. A—— laughed most heartily at my petulance. "Your passion for handsome men, *Bel*," said he, with another burst of merriment, "was not developed in your youth, if '*the Judge*' was one of your first loves." But seeing that I was seriously annoyed, he rallied me no more upon the subject, but soothed my irritation by—as he knew well how to dispel my ill humor.

The next morning, at my desire, we breakfasted in our own rooms, as I trusted by the manœuvre to escape *the Judge*, his better part, and their progeny; and, immediately after breakfast, we started for the "Canada side" of the falls, leaving messages for our friends of our destination.

At the landing of the ferry, who should we meet but the veritable *Judge*, accompanied by the "second Mabel Cleaveland."

"*Bel* and I," said he, "have started for the Canada side; for every body says that the finest views are on that shore. Mrs. Smith is afraid of these little boats over this dark water, and she and the girls have gone with a guide to scramble over Goat Island."

"I am happy that we have met you," I returned, as they were seating themselves in the boat, "as we have come for our last look. We leave in an hour. Farewell. Present our adieus to Mrs. Smith. Farewell."

The proper adieus were all properly said, and their boatman pushed his tiny skiff from the landing.

"I am surprised," said Mr. A——, as we paused to take breath midway of the interminable stairs, "that even a *mal apropos* acquaintance could drive you from the falls."

"*The falls!*" I repeated in undisguised petulance; "what are they but a great mass of green water tumbling over a ledge of dirty rocks!"

In an hour we had left Niagara; and I never again saw my "first love."

Since then, what changes have chequered my life! My noble and beautiful husband lies in his grave, and my noble and beautiful boy is nestled close by his father's side. The one bowed beneath disappointment

and the world's changed smiles; the other was too pure and lovely to stay where sin and sorrow have growth. But *they* do not suffer! Thank God! that He spared *them*!

And I— Who would recognize in the premature little old woman, who every morning goes to her toil for the pittance which gives her bread, the beautiful and haughty Mrs. A——, the cynosure of fashion, and the cherished wife of one whose wealth was only surpassed by his generous goodness? When wealth had vanished, and the grave had closed over the remains of the *fast* and ever loved, it required but a few years for his faded and sorrowing widow to sink into insignificance and oblivion. MABEL.

LETTER FROM NEW-YORK.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN, June, 1845.

WELL, I have taken my farewell peep at Burlington. I watched it in the receding distance until it appeared like a speck, then turned from the view with a feeling not unlike that produced when taking leave of a friend whom we never expect to see again. We are on board the splendid Whitehall, making rapid progress towards the southern extremity of Champlain. The lake here becomes narrower and the shores beautifully diversified with beetling cliffs, woody crowned mountains, green slopes, and little tidy villages nestled down to the very water's edge. The scenery is ever changeful, yet does not present a greater variety of objects to ruminate upon than our multifarious company in the boat. Here are the old and the young, the little and the great, the fat and the lean, the grave and the gay, the handsome and homely, refined and rude. We have also music and dancing, blinking and glancing, singing and sighing, falling and crying, whirling and twirling, and so on to the end of the chapter. A bevy of spruce gentlemen and ladies from Plattsburg are here, whom I opine belong to the military post in that place. One they call Davidson.

When I was in Plattsburg, last week, I was told that there was living at the barracks a Lieut. Davidson, (no kith or kin to the baby poets, I believe,) who had lately "married him a wife." They were both spoken of in terms of much commendation. My own observation, as far as it goes, would corroborate the same, for it is my good luck to see them here to-day, if I do not greatly mistake identity herein. They (the company I mean) manifest an abundant degree of hilarity, and perhaps to some it would seem a superabundance, but you know I am not very *deaconish* in such matters. We have passed Crown Point and Ticonderoga. When passing the first I was not aware of my vicinity, but saw it in the distance, and even that seems to be something. Of Ticonderoga I had as good a view as one could have in passing it who is as near sighted as I am. I put on my spectacles, and looked with both eyes as long as I could see it. A part of the old fort still remains to refresh the memory with the deeds of our brave predecessors. This fortress, you recollect, was taken by Ethan Allen and Col. Arnold, having surprised the garrison while asleep. "By what authority," asked the British commander, "do you demand the fort?"

"I demand it in the name of the GREAT JEHOVAH and the Continental Congress," replied Allen.

MANSION HOUSE, ALBANY, N. Y.

Gray pithily remarked that "half a word fixed upon or near the spot is worth a cartload of recollections;" so relying upon the strength of his observation I will renew my epistolary "pencilings by the way."

I left off scribbling on Lake Champlain for the very good reason that there was so much to see and hear that writing became a dead letter. Our passage through the "crooked way" into Whitehall was delightful. Took supper at the "Clinton House" about seven o'clock, and then left immediately for the canal packet, which was ready to start. So Whitehall is to me as though I had never been there, for I saw nothing of it but the Clinton House, and the omnibus that carried us to and from it. We came down the Champlain Canal in the "Packet Montreal." This part of the journey was not particularly pleasant, though I dislike to find fault with any thing, and there is merit in acting on the "Mark Tapley" principle. The captain and waiters exerted themselves to make us comfortable, but there was such a host of passengers that it was a complete jam, to make the best of it. However, I got along very well with all but the lodging, and this was a step from the ridiculous, though not exactly back into the sublime. There were so many mothers, with their "wee toddlin things" to encumber them, and ladies too old for climbing, that the lower berths were all occupied, so what could I do but climb and say nothing? If there had only been a ladder six or eight feet long for the occasion, the difficulty would have been obviated immensely, but there was none. Did you ever read the story entitled "The fat woman at sea?"—if you have, you will understand my dilemma, and the extent thereof. After I had scaled the height, and found myself fairly laid upon the shelf, the upper one too, I soon perceived that I had not surmounted all inconveniences, for here there was hardly a breath of air, having bonnets, caps, shawls, cloaks, umbrellas, etc., etc., suspended upon the hooks immediately before my berth. I could not close my eyes to sleep, but groaned in spirit till near morning, when I succeeded in dismounting, and laid myself down on the solid floor, where I had a good sweet nap.

About six o'clock in the morning, we left the canal packet and took the cars for Troy. The scenery along

"Where the Hudson rolls his lordly flood,"

and especially where

"The Mohawk's softly winding stream"

becomes its tributary, is of the richest green, and truly delightful to gaze upon. I almost longed for a home on the emerald shores of the Hudson. We crossed Van Shaik's Island, which is situated in the mouth of the Mohawk, passing directly over the ground which is noted for being the place where the main army of the North, under the command of Gen. Schuyler, took post in 1777, and the spot from which they marched in battle array the same year to the grand victory over Burgoyne at Bemus Heights. I know of no pleasanter place than this. Above you is the "mighty Mohawk" glancing along its reedy margins, and below is the lordly Hudson into which its empties, running parallel with the road, while upon its eastern shore is seen in picturesque beauty the splendid village of Lansing-

burgh. There is something exceedingly beautiful and singular in the appearance of this place. It is built principally on one street, keeping a parallel direction with the river. The houses are painted white for the most part, and are all of an elegant structure. They look as though their occupants were happy, but may be some of them are like whited sepulchres; or if not "full of dead men's bones," there is, we are told, "a skeleton in every house" the world round, however fair the outside may be.

About four miles from Troy the cars pass over a bridge, which crosses one branch of the Mohawk, and then we are on Hawver's Island; then we pass over another branch of the Mohawk, which brings us to Van Shaik's Island; and still another branch of the same river, to Green Island; from whence we pass over an immensely long covered bridge, which brings us upon the east side of the Hudson, and into the city of Troy. At the "American House" we breakfasted, then took the hourly stage, and again crossed the Hudson (this time in the coach in a prodigiously large scow ferry-boat, which is propelled by horse-power after the fashion of a treadmill,) into West Troy, and from thence we proceeded directly to the capital of the Empire State. The distance from Troy to Albany is about six miles—a beautiful road upon the Hudson. What I have seen of Albany fully realizes my expectations. I have been out a streeting to get a glimpse at some of the lions here, and stepped into a bookstore, where I purchased the Writings of Mrs. Davidson—(Did you know of such a publication?)—and also the Poetical Remains of her daughter Margaret. The Poems of Lucretia Davidson I bought in Plattsburg, after returning from her grave.

This afternoon we shall go as far as Springfield, Ms.,—only a hundred and two miles—a mere trifle for an afternoon ride. To-morrow to Boston, and from there to Haverhill.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of assuring you in person how sincerely I am yours.

M. R. G.

MY FAVORITE HOUR.

SOME love the time of the still, calm night,
When the world is softly sleeping;
When the moon rides high in the deep blue sky,
And the stars are vigils keeping.

Some love the time when each starry gleam
With sable clouds is shrouded,
And the startling themes of half-veiled dreams
On the awe-struck mind are crowded.

Some love the time when the sun's first rays
Illumine the dawning hours;
When diamonds of dew, with radiance new,
Are glistening bright o'er the flowers.

But give me the time when each delicate flower
Beneath Twilight's mantle is sleeping,
And the evening star, through the ether afar,
With a look of protection is peeping.

Alone let me be at the sweet twilight hour,
When sunset just fades into even;
Mid the crystalline dews let me silently muse
On the mildness and beauty of Heaven.

E. R. H.

And the stars are vigils keeping

MY FIRST INDEPENDENCE DAY IN LOWELL.

If any one chances to read the Offering forty or fifty years hence, perhaps they would like to know how I enjoyed myself on the fourth of July, 1845, it being the first FOURTH I spent in Lowell; and it may not be read without some little interest at the present day.

I was awakened in the morning by the ringing of bells, firing of cannon, and shouting of boys; and, after assisting about breakfast, and clearing away, I, with a number of others, equipped myself and sallied forth to see what people were about. The first that met our gaze was a company of horsemen with white frocks, and, as we thought, looking rather cool and comfortable. We passed a short distance down Merrimack street, but there was such a dense mass of people coming and going that we thought it best to take a cross street and pass into Central street, supposing there might not be so many there, but we were mistaken. How we got out of Central street I know not, but this I know, we did get out, after being pushed and shoved about, and proceeded to the grove on Gorham street, to await the coming of the procession.* I should judge that we waited about an hour and a half; but, happening to have some numbers of the Offering with me, I seated myself upon the stone-wall, and with reading, chatting and laughing, the time passed very pleasantly until the arrival of the procession. We stopped awhile after they arrived, but, not being able to get near enough to hear any of the addresses without being crowded rather more than we liked, we concluded we would prolong our walk to the cemetery, as some of our number had never been there.

We took our way through the fields by the bleachery, admiring the beauties of nature, and listening to the songs of birds, and the music of the water as it fell splashing and bubbling over the falls. By the way, I must relate a little incident that pleased me much. At the entrance of a gateway there was a little stream meandering along, at which a cow had stopped to slake her thirst, and I, being ahead, was a little afraid of her, and stepped back; at which one of the company laughed at me, and said she never saw a cow she was afraid of; and with that she stepped forward, in order to show how courageous she was, when *Miss Mooley* shook her head at her in defiance, as much as to say "you *can't* come in." Poor A——! she looked rather blank when she saw us making ourselves merry at her expense, especially as she had just been boasting of her courage. After we had enjoyed a good hearty laugh, in which A—— could not help joining, we took up a stick, and with our united force mustered courage enough to pass by her without her injuring us; and I suppose she had no disposition to do so, but the poor creature felt *her independence*, and knew that she was temperate, as she was drinking cold water. In the same field was a horse, and A—— said she was always afraid of them, but this one merely looked at us, and I suppose he thought us beneath his notice, for he went quietly to grazing, and left us to pursue our walk unmolested.

After entering the main road we proceeded to the cemetery, passed through its different avenues, viewed the tombs, read the inscriptions upon many of the gravestones, and conversed about this one or that one, that

* Procession of those engaged in the Temperance festival.

lay quietly sleeping in that place of shrubs and flowers, far away from the noise and bustle of the city.

On our return we took our way along the "powder-mill run," a very cool and shady walk; but we did not care to linger long around the mills, so proceeded home, where we arrived about three o'clock, somewhat fatigued, but withal rather pleased with our excursion. The pure air without the city invigorated our spirits, besides sharpening our appetites, and we hastened into the kitchen to see what we could find eatable, and were told that we might go into the cellar and help ourselves, which we readily did; and we made a most excellent dinner on lamb, peas and plum-pudding, although it was a late one; and I do not believe that those who dined earlier than we did, dined in a cooler place, or with a keener appetite.

ELIZABETH.

NEPOMIWASSIT.

NIGHT, like a bird of sable wing, again brooded over the lofty forest of the Pequots; but O how unlike the previous one! Then Fort Sassacus, surrounded by its rude inclosure, sat undisturbed on the summit of yonder hill. The gentle ripple of the river's wave, the song of forest birds, and the perfume of May flowers lulled the red man to rest; and dreams of those hunting grounds, where the GREAT SPIRIT would crown him with eternal youth. Now the fort is gone; a heap of smouldering ruins marks the spot where it so lately stood. And the red man, where is he? His sleep is now a dreamless one. The shrill warwhoop cannot awaken him. The love of warlike glory cannot thrill his still heart, or nerve to life and action the sinewy arm. His spirit has gone to meet the brave warriors of his tribe, in green fields by the rising sun; while his pulseless form, covered with night dews, lies stiff and cold where it fell bleeding beneath the forest tree; or half-buried beneath the burning ruins it lies a crisped and scalpless corpse.

All is still where savage warfare so madly raged. The mighty Sassacus, whose name inspired the neighboring tribes with awe, had fled with eighty of his warriors to the Mohawks for protection, while the remnant of his people were hunted from swamp to swamp, till as a nation they became extinct. But Nepomiwassit still lingered near the dying ashes of his wigwam. With a proud sullen gaze he marked the scene of havoc and desolation, but his thoughts were not there. He had no kindred to perish in that dreadful conflict. Many years before, he had seen the reeking scalp torn from the heads of his wife and babes, by the strong and victorious hand of Young Eagle, the pride of the Mohegans. The victor spared none, save Luana, and her he bore away to be his bride. Nepomiwassit, with the Indian's deep sense of wrong, still lingered to execute vengeance on his foe. With knitted brow, and thoughtful air, he leaned awhile on his bow, the working of his features revealing the inward struggle, and then darted away through the forest. * * * * *

Young Eagle, with a proud heart, led Luana forth to the mossy bank of the river; the bright moon peeped down through the opening branches,

and her silvery beams sported, like fairies, on the clear transparent waters which mirrored the majestic form of the brave chieftain and his young bride, whose voice, like the glad music of the forest bird, gushed forth in song, and mingled with the deep bass of the thundering waterfall that tumbled over the frightful precipice in the distance. She ceased; the thrilling tone floated for an instant on the breeze, and then melted away. A rustling of the leaves behind them brought the youthful pair to their feet, and as they turned around, the dark form of a savage emerged from the wood, and stood in the light of the moonbeams. It was Nepomiwassit. A shriek from Luana revealed the truth to Young Eagle. He sprang to grasp his bow. It was gone. Nepomiwassit, with a howl of exultation, caught her in his arms and fled with lightning speed. Young Eagle followed, in vain, to rescue his bride. Nepomiwassit paused on the brow of the precipice, and turned with a fiendish laugh to his pursuer, and then with a bound cleared the rocky side, and fell with Luana a crushed and lifeless mass in the black sullen waters below.

J. L. B.

SUNSHINE.

SUNSHINE!—what a world of beauty lies in that simple word. Who can calculate its influence? And yet how few of the many give it even a passing thought. Have you never seen a child grasp at its golden beauty as something tangible? and then, as if it had instinctively divined its mission, creep more fully into its brightness, and laying its soft cheek upon the carpet, carol awhile, and then sink gently to sleep? lying there in its unconscious beauty a bright passage in the poetry of life.

We cannot grasp the sunshine; we cannot press it to our hearts; yet our spirits ever own its presence. Its influence *there* is elevating, joyous, life-inspiring, ever lifting the cloud and dispelling the mist from the mind's sky. Yet so gentle in its influence is the sunshine, that although our hearts lighten, and every thing on which we gaze looks more beautiful and joyous in its presence, we seldom ask for the cause, or seek to know from whence it proceeds. Yet it is not always thus. Have you never on a dark lowery day, with spirits about zero, seen the sun suddenly break forth, and simultaneously felt a sense of wild pleasure steal gently along, thrilling and vibrating in every nerve?

But it is not alone by the mental creation that its influence is felt. Nature, through all her various ramifications, owns its power. Not a blade of grass or ear of corn but is nurtured by its influence; the giant oak and the nodding flower, the gemmed dew-drop and the bright-hued iris, are born alike of its genial spirit, and yet how silent and unobtrusive are its operations. Is there not a lesson here?

We labor with our hands—labor for independence and usefulness, and shall not our thoughts be coworkers? Their task is a silent, unseen, and often an unguerdoned one; but thou, blest sunshine, while I drink in thy beauty and feel the health of thy joy-inspiring influence, I will labor with hands and heart until I enter upon that day where thy presence is ever, and with no intervening cloud.

S. S.

THE HEART.

THE human heart, how strange! How mysterious a thing it is! Capable of—O how much! Within its hidden recesses lies sweet music, whose depth has never yet been probed. Affections that soar high to heaven, and reach the uttermost parts of the earth. Passions deep, strong and deadly, and sin dark and loathsome, hath marred its beauty; these have reached the inner sanctuary, the "Holy of holies," the temple that should be "the meet dwelling-place of the Holy Spirit," and dwells in close communion with better and purer things. "Why is it thus?" the spirit sighs. Echo answers, "Why." Why must the altar, on which burns brightly and truly to the last, love and sympathy, be desecrated? Love that comes gushing up from the heart like pure water, and clings closely to its cherished object through good and evil report, in joy and sorrow, and undying accompanying it to the grave. Love, deep, strong and deathless, that many waters cannot quench, and floods cannot drown. Love that lives on unrequited or coldly thrown back upon itself. This the heart must know, must see its brightest hopes depart, its warmest affections crushed and trampled upon. It must see its loved ones meekly bow their heads and die; its cherished ones wandering in dark and forbidden paths; its deep earnest yearnings unsatisfied—till alone it stands in the cold, thoughtless world, a withered, blighted thing, wanting to depart and be at rest.

Go out into the bustling mart, and mark well the thronging crowd as they pass you by; scan the features of each, and learn a lesson not easily forgotten. Learn to struggle bravely and manfully on against the ruffled tide of life. To your right, a man is passing with bowed form and careworn cheek; grief has furrowed his brow, and age turned to snow his jetty locks; sorrow's rapid stream has borne him on, till, struggling and trembling in the maelstrom's whirl, he goes down, down to its unfathomable depths. A being with firm step and haughty bearing passes to your left; the compressed lips and keen glance of his eagle eye, all tell of high resolves to be strong and brave, and contend manfully with life as it is.

Anon in the distance, with slow step, a maiden approaches: resignation and a holy calm sits enthroned like coronets of pearls, on her sunny brow, and "with pale hands all meekly folded o'er her quiet heart," she passes down the road of life. She has learned the great lesson that all must learn, to suffer and grow strong. Yet it is all concealed beneath a calm exterior. None, save the eye of omnipotence, saw the weary struggle of that young heart, for to the world she wore the aspect of one that knew not sorrow. Others are crossing your path, and with a warm heart they cordially grasp your hand, and your spirit goes forth to embrace them, but ere you are aware, they are gone; their sweet faces, beaming with love and tenderness, look up to yours no more, and you stand again alone.

It is ever thus. When the fondly cherished hopes of long years seem within reach, we stretch forth the hand to take them, but, like the *ignis fatuus*, they elude our grasp, and vanish away in the distance. Ever thus is it with the heart, made to suffer to gather strength from its own sufferings, and to "Bring joy from out its withered things." Whoever has not learned this lesson, has yet to learn to live.

J.

FACTORY ROMANCE.

FACTORY GIRLS. A rich southern man on a visit to this city, happened to find at work in one of the factories, a beautiful girl, the perfection of his ideal, to whom he at length was introduced, and finding her all he desired, by the consent of her friends, and amid the congratulations of many, she became his blushing bride, and has gone to preside over his home at the sunny South. The realities and romances of the factories are many and interesting.—*Lowell Vox Populi.*

The Lowell Factory Girls afford a pretty constant theme of discourse for certain newspaper paragraph makers. The public are quite frequently favored with remarkable statements and romantic stories concerning them. A few days ago we had an account of a famous joint-stock company, which was about to be formed among them, to carry on a great female cotton factory, by and between themselves; all probably to be heads, presidents, directors and company, agents, operatives, &c. That story and the one above, after having gone the rounds of the papers, will turn out to be, one just as true as the other.—*Boston Traveller.*

Miss Irene Nichols, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Nichols, of Monmouth, Kennebec county, while at work in a factory in Dorchester, Me., some few years since, was offered very liberal wages to go to Mexico, and engage in a factory just established there. She, with eight others, accepted the offer. While there she became acquainted with Herrera, the present revolting and successful general, with whom she contracted marriage. She made a visit to her friends in Maine, last summer, during which she received frequent letters from Herrera. She left here in July or August last, for Mexico, via New York, where she obtained a license, and was united in marriage to Gen. Herrera, by his representative, the general not being able to leave Mexico—a step rendered necessary, as the parties were both Protestants, and could not be married in Mexico, a Catholic country. Herrera is now President of Mexico, having his head-quarters at the national palace in the city, and this Kennebec "factory girl" now "revels in the halls of the Montezumas." Gen. Herrera is of German extraction, and we are given to understand is an ardent admirer of the institutions of this country, and would not be opposed to the union of Mexico with the United States. A society, extensive in its ramifications, already exists in Mexico, with a view to the accomplishment of such a project.—*Kennebec Journal.*

The Presidentess of the Mexican Republic, by which we mean the wife of Gen. Herrera, now President, was once a factory girl at an establishment in Mexico, where the General saw and loved her. Her name is Irene Nichols, daughter of Mr. Nathaniel Nichols, of Monmouth, Kennebec county, Me. This news will create a prodigious sensation at Lowell.—*Exchange paper.*

These stories, as the Boston Traveller asserts, are going the rounds of the papers; but we do not fall in with his insinuation, that they are not true. Now we happen to sit every day at table beside Madam Herrera's cousin Charley, and he told us the very gown that we now wear, and we know that he is a reality, a stubborn fact; and Irene is a reality as well as a romance. She may be fairy-like, but she is not a fairy. She may be moonshiny, but she is not moonshine. She may have bewitched, but she is not a witch—we mean that she is not one of the old-fashioned sort, and does not ride a broomstick. She is not a sorceress, and has exercised no sorcery but that by which thousands of our New England girls could raise themselves to the "climax of woman's glory," if they only could bring the grantees of other nations within the influence of their magic. Who supposes that Irene is not superior to any other woman who ever trod the halls of the Montezumas—those blood-craving monsters, whose most enduring monuments are piles of tens of thousands of human skulls. We will not except even her, the beautiful and beloved preserver of Fernando Cortez. And who envies Irene? Is the palace of Mexico a more com-

fortable home than she might easily have found in Yankee-land? Does she find there the thousand little comforts which here she thought necessities? Do they have commodes, and workstands, and spoolstands, and tape-measures, and finger-nail brushes? And do they have sleigh-rides, "with a band of music sounding through the air"?

And is it as secure a home? Do not the ghosts of the Aztecs and the Toltecs visit the halls of their fathers? And if not, are there not dungeons beneath the halls of those splendid mansions, where Irene and her beloved general may yet drink the cup of bitterness? for "a breath may fell them as a breath has raised."

And that other Southron, who found here the "*beau ideal*" of his fancy, why should we doubt it with the Boston Traveller? Verily, he never has travelled through the mills of Lowell, or he would know that here every man might be suited to his taste, provided he was willing to see the same beauties and excellences in a Lowell factory girl that he could espy in another lady of more fortunate circumstances.

And this prodigious sensation that the last editor anticipates in Lowell, has not been the result of these astonishing marriages. Indeed we see less astonishment expressed than in the papers of other places. Perhaps a few romantic misses in their teens may dream of being queens in Oregon, princesses in Wisconsin, and *chieftainesses* in Texas, but the light of a few bright snow-blinding days will banish these visions, and they will dream again, as Irene dreamed before she went to Mexico, of a home where

"The banks they are furnished with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
The grottoes are shaded with trees,
And the hills are white over with sheep;
From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow,
How the nightingales warble their loves
From the thickets of roses that blow."

Let us, in imagination, now go back to the youthful home of Irene, and follow her thence until her departure for Mexico.

It is a large brown house, poking its front into the very highway, and has a long sloping roof behind, which almost touches the ground, and does in fact descend to the *hogshead of ley*. It has a little forest of hen-coops, and graneries, and pig-pens, hay-stacks, and well-sweeps, behind and beside it, and directly in front, "the other side o' the way," is a huge barn, with all the appurtenances of cow-yard, watering-trough, cattle-shed, chaise-house, "and all." But though this is not the abode of taste, it is most certainly that of comfort, plenty, and no small degree of intelligence. Irene is the pet, the beauty, the favorite of the household, and all its advantages and privileges are hers. But thoughts of another home will frequently steal into her mind, cherished and consulted as she is in this. And now let us go, with all the audacity we can assume, into the home of Irene's imagination—that where she shall queen over him who loves to own her, away, and where she in return gladly submits to one whom she loves. Well, here we go, like a nervous maiden under the manipulations of a mesmerist, and here is Irene's own homestead. We are "away down east, in the State of Maine." Around us are forests of pines, who lift up their evergreen heads in silent and constant worship.

There is not a house in view, except Irene's, but in the distance is a small building, looking, for all the world, like a sentry-box, and which is, in fact, one of those railroad depots which Dickens describes, expressing the wonder where the folks came from who got in, and went to who got out. If those pine trees to the left were not quite so thick we could see the spires of a village, but as it is we must be content with Irene's domicile. It is painted as white as—as a sheet of paper, and the door is as green—as she was when she dreamed of it. There is a little front yard, about sixteen by twenty, for our country folks always economize land in front of their dwellings. It is fenced in by pine palisades, painted white and green, and put together in triangles and all sorts of diagrams. The gate is just large enough to admit you, and a Daniel Lambert would have to leap the wicket, or go round to the end door. You walk into the little path, and, like a magnanimous foe, you press your clothes to your sides that you may not brush the heads off the marigolds, "lady's delights," and bachelor's buttons, who seem inclined to dispute your way.

You look up, and the five windows—two for the parlor, two for the parlor-chamber, and one for the entry over the door—these five windows, with their five white curtains, all drawn down to the very sill, look as if they were in their shrouds. But we will pluck up courage, and ascend the pine doorsteps. Stone is scarce in our country(?). There is no bell—Irene never even dreamed of that; and she thinks, as her grandmother does, that knuckles were made before knockers, if not for knockers, and here we stand thumping fifteen or twenty minutes, and just as we are about to give up the front entrance, and, like Bunyan's bad folks, get in some other way, Irene comes and opens to us, apologizing with all her might because the door was locked and did not open of itself; and telling how busy she has been cutting out her husband's pantaloons, up in the back chamber, for she never learned the trade, and is not accustomed to the work. Her cheeks are as red, her eyes as bright, and her step as light and true as in the first days of girlhood. If it is a warm day she wears a pink calico dress, with a white cape and black silk apron. If cold, her gown is of "green circassian" with the same appendages; for, if we are at all reasonable in our hour, Irene's housework is all done up.

Well, here we are in the front entry, with the best stairs right in our face and eyes—no, before them, with a little narrow strip of red and green carpeting in the middle, reminding us of the striped ribbon which she puts straight over the crown of her nicely kept straw bonnet, for its winter trimming. Irene shows us into the parlor, and ties up the white curtains with little red woollen tassels, and now we can see what is evidently and nicely "kept for show." There is a strip carpet to examine. It is made of the best remnants of old coats, and overcoats, and waistcoats, and the dark groundwork is relieved by strips of red and green and yellow flannel. That bright scarlet strip, which enlivens each stripe, cannot be mistaken for any thing but the old red broadcloth cloak which her great grandmother used to wear. And now for the rug: it matches well with the carpet, and well it may, for both are the production of the same fair hand. It is made of thrums—has a dark-brown ground, a black fringe, and the figure is a—we can't tell what—but it looks like a huge red strawberry blossom, for it has five leaves with a yellow spot in the centre. On each side is a monstrous green burdock leaf, and in the four corners are four blue stars. The chairs are of wood, painted black, and highly varnished,

with a thin flowering of gilt at the top. In the corner is a rocking-chair, with a cushion made of odd bits of ribbon, and these are all visible mementoes of Irene's taste and industry. The room is hung with paper, which might well pass for small-figured bright-colored calico; and over the fireplace is a "mourning piece," representing a short chubby red-cheeked girl, in a short black gown, with a black shawl over her head, and holding in one hand a large white handkerchief as a symbol of grief. The other arm is resting upon an Egyptian sarcophagus, on which are inscribed the names of all Irene's departed relatives, and written with the schoolmaster's best pen. There is no retirement, and from a hundred windows in the background intruding or protruding heads might witness the pharisaical grief of the mourner. Opposite this is the mirror, which consists of a small glass, with a picture above it of a fine lady and a superfine gentleman, and a magnificent house, both connected by one frame, which consists of alternate semi-cubes of black and gilt. On another side of the room are all the "Presidents of these United States" hung in a row, and Daniel Webster hangs with them, for Irene's husband thinks if he is not President, he ought to be. In the fireplace are some bright brass andirons, covered with white muslin, and so are the tops of the shovel and tongs. And on the mantel-shelf is a row of those good folks who rest in the Egyptian sarcophagus—that is, their "shades," which shades are cut from white paper like children's horses, and put in relief against a bit of black pasteboard. These are interspersed with small shells which Irene collected when she rode to the beach with her beau; and in the very middle of the shelf is a wax wonder with a glass over it.

Will Irene let us go into the kitchen? Yea; for she prides herself much upon its neatness and good management. It is neatly papered and painted, has half-curtains to the windows made of the relics of an English gingham gown, and is plentifully supplied with braided mats. Here, also, is the black monument of Irene's only voluntary transgression against her father's will, in the shape of one of "James's patent stoves," for there are but three things in the world at which the old gentleman has sworn enmity, and these are, Universalists, Federalists, and cooking-stoves. Still the old gentleman cannot deny that Irene has a comfortable room, notwithstanding no pleasant blaze greets him from an open hearth.

At the end of the kitchen is Irene's sleeping-room, but so many gentlemen are with us that we will not go in—still we cannot help seeing through the open door a cradle, painted red without and blue within, with a little patchwork covering, made of that piece of "Job's troubles" which she never had patience to enlarge to its originally destined dimensions.

Irene is more than willing that we should descend into her cellar, and we do not wonder after we get there. It is so cool, so clean and orderly, (a thousand times pleasanter than the dungeons of the Montezumas,) and if it were only a little lighter, we would willingly spend the whole of a summer's day in it. Here is a nice arch for potatoes and all other freezeable commodities, and a score of exhausted flour barrels, filled with apples, and pears, and what not, and there is a beef barrel, and a pork barrel, and a soap barrel, and a quintal of codfish, and a tin cake chest, in which is still a large proportion of the dress loaf of bridal cake.

Now that we have been down stairs, we are not contented without also going up stairs. So we ascend, over that same strip of narrow carpeting, and now we are in the upper entry. The most conspicuous thing here is

the fancy curtain hung at the window—made of the sprigged muslin dress in which her mother was married, and it is gathered and fringed and looped in all manner of fantastic directions. In the front chamber is—all that is necessary. Here is a white toilette, with a pink cushion upon it, and there is a mat before it, made of black cloth figured over with little pieces of all sorts of things, looking like a mob of Arabic, Sanscrit, and Chinese characters mingled together in confusion worse confounded. And here is the nice soft feather-bed which Irene had earned at sixteen, and which was then sewed up in a pair of strong sheets that it might be kept unsoiled for this place and occasion.

And Irene blushes when we open the door where she is making her first attempt to become "the ninth part of a man," but we think, as we look at the things which lay there, that it is not so bad for a wife to make them as to wear them.

And now we must go; but Irene must show her flowers. Her rose geranium in a great blue waterpail, and her bridal rose in a cracked bean-pot, and her callow in a broken pitcher, and this great thing she says is her "chrysanthum." Divers little applicants for a kind look and word lift up their green heads from tumblers and mugs, but we must go. As we pass out, Irene calls our attention to the great lilac, and the rose-tree, and the mammoth peony which suffered so in the last thunder-storm, and we must not forget the sunflowers, and the prince's feathers, to say nothing of the tansy in the corners of the yard, with its neighbors of catnip, spearmint, peppermint, and a dozen other mints.

And which of Irene's beaux do we suppose her bright dreams metamorphosed into a husband? Let us take the same liberty with her heart that we have with her house, and see in Memory's gallery what portraits Fancy painted there. Although Irene has been a rustic belle, yet we shall have time to go through with the list of her lovers, for they are never "Legion" in the breast of any true-hearted woman.

The first is that awkward ungainly boy, with limbs like a long-armed ape, and a face which has a mammoth handle. The sallow sunken cheek and thin compressed lips indicate thought and determination, but present no fascinations to a young light-hearted girl. The high projecting brow is the only feature which has claims to beauty, for the bright eye is sunken in his head, and oft cast down to the ground. He is usually silent and reserved, but the beauty of Irene has wrought a magic spell upon him, and one day, as she opens her grammar in the first school hour, she finds a poetical effusion, commencing—

"In thine eye is beauty bright,
Revellings of magic light,"

and so on through twelve lines, which not only have the merit of rhyming harmoniously, but the initials of them compose an acrostic upon her own true name. Irene looks at it again and again, and at the name inscribed in full length at the bottom, for there are none less sly than your really bashful boys when they have once screwed their courage to the acting point. The verses have all the appliances of fair paper, beautiful chirography, and though Irene is not much of a critic, she knows that orthography and punctuation are well attended to. A shy feeling, like the curlings of a gentle mist, steals over the heart of Irene, and she looks upon the paper as a magic scroll. In her presence the awkward boy becomes

still more ungainly; he blushes if she smiles upon him, and his brow lowers if she smiles upon another. She finds it more of an effort to be merry when he is by, and wishes she could feel as much at ease with him as with handsome Bill P., or gallant Jim S., or witty Tom K.

The boys all like Irene; they are all willing to wait upon her to huskings, and see her safe home from spelling-schools—all but the awkward boy. She might stay at home all her life for want of his invitations, and the bears might catch her any dark night spite of his assistance. Still that subtle freemasonry, which makes lovers known to each other, tells Irene that he loves her far better than Tom, or Jim, or Bill, and she knows that so far she loves him better than they. But then all the girls laugh at him, and the boys say he is a noddy, and he cannot run, nor dance, nor skate, nor play ball, nor do any thing so well as they, if indeed he can do them at all; but then he can parse, and do sums as well as the master, and write acrostics, which even the master cannot do, and Irene is fully aware of his intellectual superiority. But head and heart are not all the requisites for winning the sum total of a young girl's love, and after a few seasons of wavering between hope and fear, the awkward boy is resolved to end his suspense by a positive declaration to Irene, and he is *refused*. She has too little love, or independence, or both, and when she has cast away the truest heart that ever beat for her she is aware of its value. Henceforth the boy's heart is steeled against the tender passion—all women are selfish, heartless flirts and fools. He devotes himself to his books, and as time passes on his name is enrolled among the distinguished of his country, and Irene could boast that she once refused the learned man.

But these things usually bring a meet retaliation. Irene does not find that she is regarded with any marked preference by the beaux who once admired her, and her own experience is too recent to allow of a second entrance to her heart. She becomes choice and fastidious, and is called proud and unfeeling.

At length a new minister comes to the place, a young graceful and interesting man. Irene's beauty, animation and indifference to the beaux attracts his attention. If he exhibits any preference, it is for her. His attentions are only those of a perfect gentleman, but Irene receives them with a demureness which implies a fear of an affection of the heart. She admires the minister, but then she thinks she is not accomplished and religious enough to suit him exactly; and when the impression of her beauty has passed away, he will see it too, and it would be better that she should know it first. She congratulates herself upon her coyness when the minister brings his new bride to the parish, a very learned lady, to whom he has been engaged many years; one who, it is rumored, reads in Latin, and talks in Latin, and, it is supposed, thinks in Latin, and Irene shrewdly guesses that she will keep house in Latin too.

Again time passes on, and Irene is not married. At length a railroad is to be surveyed; and what fine city gentlemen come down into the woods to lay it out. There is one among them a perfect Apollo in figure, an Adonis in attractions, and a Beau Brummel in manner and dress—at least, so he appears to Irene. He wears such nice gloves, such polished boots, such a gold chain, such superfine broadcloth; and then his shaggy great-coat is only to be matched by his whiskers, and then his dogskin cap, with tassels hanging down—oh, who can tell how many hearts are hanging at the end of them. With the most graceful manners his particular

attentions are devoted to Irene, and Rumor soon reports that he is "court-
ing" the rustic beauty. Irene pouts prettily, and denies it, for the elegant
surveyor has never "*committed himself*" in words, but when a woman fully
trusts she is willing to exchange hearts without the word and the bond.
Those are for matches where love is not at the foundation of the union—
for the worldly, calculating and suspicious. And, if people suspect that
he is courting her from his open attentions, what would they think if they
knew of all the secret subtle influences by which he has impressed her
with the belief. Then the envious girls begin to wonder that Irene will
place so much confidence in a stranger, and demure, prudish old ladies
give her their excellent advice, and this brings out Irene as the earnest
public advocate of the stranger. Doubts will sometimes steal across her
own mind, but they only serve to impress his image more intensely on her
heart, and she still goes on "in the full confidence of faith unspoken."
But the surveying is over—the gentlemen depart. Irene is tendered a
beautiful annual in the most gracious manner by her attentive friend, which
she refuses sulkily, with the sarcastic assurance that she needs no *memento*
of him; and then he goes to some other village, to amuse himself with
some other "ladie fair," and go headfirst, that is, *capfirst*, into the sanc-
tuary of her affections.

But a change has now come over the spirit of Irene. She mourns; not
for the lover, but "for the love which has passed like the dew from the
new-blown rose," and she feels conscious that few hearts mourn with
her for her folly. The girls are glad, and the beaux not sorry, and poor
Irene tries hard to hold up her head beneath the mortification which weighs
it down. She is glad to embrace an opportunity which offers to leave
home, and go to the factory, for she cares not whether she ever sees a
half-a-dozen men again or not. But the young and healthy cannot always
droop. She recovers in a new place her spirits, her sprightliness and
buoyancy, and none is so much admired for animation, beauty and energy
as Irene. She would be a belle, but there are no beaux. The first over-
seer is a married man, the second one engaged, and the third but a boy.
It is said that prisoners, who have nothing else to interest their feelings,
will learn to love the spiders who spin cobwebs in their cells. And supe-
rior girls, when debarred all other society, will sometimes place their af-
fections upon clowns and ninnies.

Irene almost gets in love with the third hand, and he is somewhat fas-
cinated with her, but he finally gives her the cold shoulder, and returns to
a pretty little girl who is his first love. Irene treats it all as a gay joke,
for her heart was not really in the affair. She has some designs of sup-
planting the favorite of the second-hand, but when she really sees that her
sly coqueting is taking effect, and that she may be successful, honorable
and praiseworthy motives induce her to undo what she has already done.
But a mill life seems inane and tedious to her; she does not wish to return
home, and is it strange that she embraced the opportunity which offered,
when they were recruiting for emigrant factory girls, of changing Yankee-
land for Mexico?

ANNETTE.

"MY EXPERIENCE AS A TEACHER."

As each member, in turn, is supposed to contribute something for either the instruction or amusement of our circle, I have thought to give you this evening, "My experience as a school-mistress."

I commenced teaching at the early age of fifteen; and well do I recollect my first essay. It was in the early part of May. The day was dark, cold and gloomy, but on entering the school-room, such a lighting up of happy faces, such a rich glow of rosy cheeks and sparkling of bright eyes—it seemed like a daydawn in Eden, ere sin had expelled the happy pair. Having ascended the "rostrum"—for the teacher's desk was always elevated some two or three feet above the floor—I looked around upon the youthful group, so full of curiosity and expectation, and issued my "first orders." But although firmness was, and still is, a predominant trait in my character, yet I cannot say that these "orders," though just, were always rigorously enforced. My heart would sometimes betray my head into little acts of forgiveness for commissions as well as for omissions. In a word, the "mistress" was loved more than feared. I can but laugh at the expedients then resorted to, in the way of punishment, in order to save the offender from the "lash" and the "rule," and my own heart from the misery of inflicting them. I used often to hang the boys up by the button-hole of their spencers to frighten them. But it was generally a punishment sufficient for the misses to be seated with the boys of their own age. Yes, sometimes, when I thought that corporal punishment could not be dispensed with, have I seen the little urchins, after a severe whipping, look around upon their playmates with, "Well, I don't care," or "Mistress, I defy you," written legibly upon their countenances. And then again they would skulk away, apparently ashamed of the flogging, yet little caring for the infringement of the right. I knew that this was human nature; yet where was the key by which to regulate the secret spring of their actions?—I had not found it.

Time passed on. I spent my summers as a teacher, and my winters as an operative; but it was not always to be thus. I had studied other than books, and had gained some little celebrity, not only as a teacher, but as a "school-mistress." In a word, I had learned the secret of the art of governing, for I had looked into my own heart, and made my observations there. Now my time was wholly employed in teaching. I was solicited to perform the most difficult tasks, to teach schools where the boys, ranging from eight to twenty-two, were in the habit of regularly expelling their teachers; and I will own that it was not without a sense of my own weakness that I approached places so notorious; but, strong in the consciousness of ever striving to do right, I entered upon the arduous task.

The most difficult school in which I was ever engaged was that where, some six or seven years before, I had made my *debut* as a teacher, and issued my "first orders." It was in the winter of 1839. Now, I had no orders or rules to lay before my pupils for their acceptance—I came to them simply in the capacity of teacher. This I told them, desiring each, so far as conduct was concerned, to be their own governor. And is it not well to let children rest measurably upon themselves? Character and individuality are brought out and strengthened; an honest pride is felt in the

consciousness that they have done right of their own accord—far more stimulating than the praises of either parents or teachers. The object of their coming was next ascertained, which was without exception—education. The best means of securing this object was next discussed; to that proposed, the pupils yielded their undivided assent. Whispering, playing, and every thing that would tend to divert the attention, was, by their united assent, to be excluded from the school. Thus commenced, I entered with a firm step upon my duties.

The first to break this harmony of effort was a boy of some eighteen years of age—large, stout and muscular, high-spirited, independent, possessed of an indomitable selfwill, and with combativeness equal to his selfwill. This individual had always been prominent in all disturbances in the district between master and pupils, and many a master owes his expulsion to him. He had committed some slight fault; I beckoned for him to come to me; he hesitated, knowing that he had done wrong. I motioned again; he still hesitated. I then, in my usual tone, told him I wished to speak with him. He came, and in a low tone, that no one but his could hear, I reasoned with him. By this means his pride was not hurt, his heart was softened, he confessed his error, and said he would *strive* to do better. This was a conquest. Perhaps he had never in all his life before made such a confession. He fell at times from his good resolutions; yet, upon showing him it was not *my law*, as such, that he had broken, but the great principle of right, that which was designed for his good, he would become penitent, and confess his error, for he felt those laws to be self-existent, and he recognized them as such.

I recollect on one occasion of reprimanding him for some flagrant offence, *in a severe tone*, before the whole school. He gave me a look I never shall forget, as much as to say, "I am not to be frightened by loud talking." And were I to venture an opinion, I should say, that he never knew the meaning of the word *fear*; that it had no place in his vocabulary of his ideas. He obeyed me; yet I saw he was not conquered. This time I went to him, and in a gentler tone told him, that duty—a duty I owed to my employers, to myself, and to a Being above either of us, obliged me to act in this manner, and that had I done otherwise *he* would have been the first to have censured me. I explained to him the necessity of acting from principle, without reference to persons; that it was not the interest of one individual but that of the whole school that was to be consulted. From this time he was ever the devoted scholar, and the firm friend. He not only did right himself, but strove to influence others to do the same. Thus a kind tone and gentle manner, joined to the firm conviction of a just intention, wrought what no external appliances could possibly have effected.

How winning is a soft voice, meant but for one ear. To what inconvenience would we not subject ourselves to fulfil some request uttered in a soft sweet voice; and yet, in the management of children, how few have recourse to this most powerful of influences. In the management of young children, the voice operates like a magnet. Numerous instances are in my memory where, while correcting them in the gentlest language, they have clasped their arms round my waist, and dropping their heads on my bosom, have sobbed as though their young hearts would break.

For some years past I have banished corporal punishment, and have found that gentleness and kindness, united with firmness, are fully ade-

quate to every emergency; and many are the pleasing recollections, that come looming up from the long past of my pupils' love and devotedness.

One morning, I was obliged, from indisposition, to leave the school. I selected two of the young ladies, and requested to know who would remain and obey them as teachers. There were from eighty to ninety present. Every hand was raised. The next morning the "common" was literally flooded with children, who came out to meet me, and brighter and more beautiful shone their faces when it was asked, "Who has trespassed?" and the answer was returned, "*Not one.*" This is but one instance of the many, of their affectionate kindness.

And now, as the post brings me the neatly folded letters and papers marked with the familiar initials of A. B., C. D., and others of my pupils, my heart gladdens, and I feel a pride that my instructions, my influence and my love ended not with the few years of our connection as pupil and teacher.

S. S.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

The zephyr's sigh is breathing low,
The moon shines on the sea,
And Night's bright watch-lamps sweetly
glow
In heaven's blue canopy.

O'er England's fair and dew-gemmed
vales
The spring's first flowerets shine,
And many a valiant red-cross knight
Goes forth to Palestine.

A youth there is, of noble race,
Whose firm proud soul beats high,
He seeks a mighty warrior's place,
A name that may not die.

He stands at eve where bending vines
Cast shadows on his brow,
He worships there—'tis Beauty's shrine.
What grieves his spirit now?

A maid, with blue and love-lit eye,
Stands by with marble cheek;
Ah! 'tis to her that ardent sigh
Tells what no words may speak.

Her sainted look to Heaven is raised,
Her white hands clasped in prayer,
But glory's star has o'er him blazed,
And will she keep him there?

"Go! go!" she cries, "where banners
float,
Let ~~FARE~~ thy watchword be,
Yet with the bugle's swelling note
Mingle one thought of me.

Receive this single auburn tress;
Place it above thy heart;
And from thy early truthfulness,
Oh, never once depart!"

"Now, by my sword!" exclaims the
knight,
"This auburn braid shall be
A bright and beacon-star to light
My mortal destiny."

They parted; and the light of morn
The marching Crusade blessed;
Yet still that glossy pledge was borne
Upon the warrior's breast.

And where the murmuring palm-tree
waves,
By Judah's hallowed stream,
And where the Hill of Zion laves
In Luna's liquid beam,

There sped the army of the Cross,
And mid the deadliest fight
That tress of auburn hair from loss
Was guarded by that knight.

And still those gallant soldiers pressed
To crush the Moslem's power,
And still that knightly lover's crest
Was first in danger's hour.

And well he won the warrior's meed,
And gained the laurel crown,
For in the warrior's gloomy grave
To rest he laid him down.

He fell where raged the fiercest fight,
Where death shafts thick were flying;
When broke the ruddy eastern light,
That valiant knight lay dying.

They buried him by Jordan's tide
Where towering palm-trees wave;
No prayer was said, no tear was shed,
Above his lonely grave.

A rumor came to England's coast,
Borne on the eastern breeze;
It told of many a battle lost,
And brilliant victories.

It told of one whose sun went down
Upon a field of glory,
Whose deeds of valor should resound
In thrilling song and story.

And where was she, the fair young girl,
Whose heart for him was breaking?
She passed long days of weariness,
And nights of troubled waking.

The tidings came. She heard the sound:
Its cold words made her shiver.
She murmured not, but in that hour
Her spirit fled forever. M. A.

EDITORIAL.

THE FACTORY GIRLS AND THEIR MAGAZINE. It will be seen, by a reference to last month's editorial, that the aim of the Offering was a very simple one—simple in itself, though surprising in its results. It was published *simply*, in the words of one of its first contributors,

"to show
What factory girls had power to do."

It was a collection of compositions, and read and praised for its unexpected literary merit. No particular tone was given to it. Its editor confined himself to a few paragraphs of general remark, and its writers, with perhaps one or two exceptions, thought themselves sufficiently aspiring when they presented to the public the offspring of their imaginations, without taxing their higher intellectual powers by discussing the controverted questions of the day, or endeavoring to enlighten the world still farther with their opinions upon mental, moral, or political philosophy. One thing, however, might reasonably be expected from their writings—that they would exhibit the state of feeling among the contributors; and it was found that the Offering possessed a cheerful tone. There were, sometimes, in its tales, essays, and poems, allusions to trials, griefs, deprivations, and discomforts. The wearisome hours, the monotonous toil, the separation from friends, and the seclusion from the accustomed healthful and buoyant influences of nature, were spoken of in terms—it might be of regret and sadness, but not of captious discontent. And we are rejoiced at this. We thank them that they have presented themselves to their readers with cheerfulness and self-respect. They have thus done honor to their heads and their hearts. They have shown that their first and absorbing thought was not for an advance of wages, or a reduction of labor hours. They have given the impression that they were *contented* even with their humble lot. They have implied that it was quite as important to be good, as to have good. They have striven for improvement of head and heart before that of situation. They have attended more to self-reformation, than to the reformation of society. They have looked more at the beam in their own eyes, than at the beams which some appear to think they should first have smote from those of others. If they have, in one or two cases, acted upon the defensive, yet they have never been the aggressors. And, judging from the approval of the wise and good, they have done right in cultivating this spirit, and in their quiet manifestation of it.

But have these factory "bleus" represented the factory operatives as a class? In truth it is such a promiscuous class that it would be impossible for any one magazine, or paper, preserving unity of tone, to represent them. It is generally conceded that they represent the more intelligent portion of them. The others are represented by the periodicals which they support by their subscriptions, and of these the name is Legion. Some are of a character which do their patrons no credit; others are every way excellent.

It would be a fortunate thing if papers, appealing to the lowest passions, and inflaming the most unworthy prejudices, with those which circulate mere gossip and falsehood, could be kept entirely from the young and easily influenced of our population. But the "freedom of the press" forbids that this can be.

Yet it may be asked, might not the Offering have been made more generally useful and interesting to them—more strictly devoted to the wants, duties, rights and wrongs of the female operatives. It must be remembered, that to give useful advice, or make valuable suggestions, one must show that their opinions are worthy of attention. This was the first aim of the Offering—to prove to others that we could understand, reason, reflect and communicate. To convince people we must gain access to them: to do this as universally as possible it was necessary that the magazine should be a neutral work. It was the design of its first editor, that it should conflict with but one error; that it should be perfectly free from sectarianism in religion, from party politics, and from the disputed topics of the day, as temperance, slavery, and so forth. Other papers were established for discussion and dissemination of thought upon these subjects, and our efforts were not needed. The writers could hardly feel restricted by these regulations, so little did they desire to enter upon controverted questions. There might have been an exception, but the majority felt that they were waging warfare upon falsehood and prejudice even in a quiet neglect of the misinformed and calumniators. This was the tone of the work when we took charge of it, and as no one came forward then to change it for the better, it has thus remained. Had any alteration been made it must have been done by ourself, and we felt too little confidence in our own judgment and infallibility to commence a strain of monition or invective.

Since that time there has been much written and said upon the elevation of the position of the laboring classes—upon the improvement of their condition—the redress of their wrongs—the amelioration of their sufferings, and the removal of all prejudice against the hardened hand and sunburnt brow. There is an increasing interest upon this subject, an awakening to a new dawn for the laboring community. Many periodicals and papers have been established to treat of this great subject, which underlies all other reformatory questions. These organs may be divided into two classes—not distinctly separated, however, but blending together, and partaking in different degrees of each other's characteristics. The first are those which treat the subject philosophically—which view society as progressive, and responsible collectively for the evils which have been entailed by ages past, and collectively called upon to remove them; which show that every age and state has its reformatory work, and while individual character is respected, so far as it has been necessarily influenced by educational circumstances, yet prove that individuals are responsible for the influence they can and do give the present and the future. What are our duties? and How can we perform them? are the questions of these reformers, and of these we would willingly learn. With such a character would we impress our work, if we were capable of so doing.

The other class of writers are those who indulge in low abuse, inflame low prejudice, pander to the base feelings of envy, jealousy, hatred and suspicion, sometimes perhaps thinking they are verily doing good service, but more often careless of the result, so that they secure a livelihood by their base employment. Of this work we were equally incapable. Our course may have appeared aimless and insipid to some, but it certainly has not been so. We feel confident that we have labored in the good cause, although we may have appeared to do our good by stealth. Those of the operatives who think differently can act in another way, and their task is now all the easier for what we have done for them. We do think that we have effected something, if we have placed factory employment, in the eyes of the community, upon a level with other kinds of labor.

H. F.

LOWELL OFFERING.

DECEMBER, 1845.

THE WINDOW DARKENED.

I HAD a lovely view from my window, but it was not of a level landscape, nor a group of towering hills; it was neither city nor country exclusively, but a combination of both. I looked from the central street of a city across a narrow strip of vacant land, divided by a quiet stream, to a slope, covered with the residences of those who prefer the comparative stillness of the suburb to the bustle of the heart of a city.

It was like a beautiful picture—that glittering panorama—when the sunshine flashed back from the whitened dwellings, as they rose one above another upon the green amphitheatre—the mansions more distinct and more splendid as they approached the summit of the hill, and but two or three magnificent dwellings graced like a radiant crown its verdant brow. Yes, it was beautiful in the glorious sunlight, when countless windows flashed forth a diamond radiance, but just as lovely, though more subdued in the influence of its charms, in the gray twilight, or at eve, or moonlit night.

I have watched the footsteps of Night, as she crept slowly up the hill, her dark shadow falling before her, until the roof-tree of the highest mansion lay hid beneath her shroud. And then the moon, like a gentle conqueror, stole placidly above the brightening horizon, and Night awoke to smiles and peace. She lifted her shroud from the fair earth, and a gentle day had dawned upon the world. Another day—yes, for that was no time to sleep—it was no night—while so soft, so exquisite a brilliance bathed that congregated mass of life and beauty.

My window!—it was my only constant companion. It told me of sunshine and of storm; it heralded the morn, and warned me of the waning light of day. It gave me, gratis, a ticket to that picture gallery, where my eye wandered on an involuntary, though oft-repeated, tour of pleasure.

My window!—it has taught me much in quiet pantomime; and its lessons did not weary, for they were ever varying, and ever new.

My window!—it gave me light for constant occupations—it gave me daily bread with the pleasure and instruction which it afforded me, and *my window was to be darkened.*

I have alluded to the narrow waste beyond the stream. My window told me that there was to be laid the foundation of a mighty structure. It

was a sad tale to hear, but, as if to make amends, my window each day exhibited an active, bustling and novel scene, such as it had not shown me before. There were shouting crowds of men, digging deep the trenches for the foundation stones, and boats came up the monotonous stream with the solid granite for their freight. This continued so long that I almost wearied of my window's show; yet its sameness was sometimes varied. Once a heavily laden wagon rolled backward into a newly excavated pit. I witnessed the struggles of the noble horses as they strove to resist the impetus which the vehicle gathered while descending the slope, and when that was gone there was a moment of frenzied strength as they endeavored to scramble from the crumbling earth, while their despairing efforts but hastened their destruction. I held my breath as they hung for a moment between life and death, and then *they were gone*. True, they were but beasts; but life was now extinct with those who had enjoyed it, while I knew of those who but bore it patiently, as a burden of which Death might kindly relieve them. But the horses—there was a useless running and shouting when they fell—crowds gathered around the pit, and gazed for awhile into its depths—then, if I rightly understood my window, spades were brought, and it was made a grave.

Such were the incidents which varied the monotony of my window scene, but after a time this was over, and the walls were commenced. Now boats came up the stream laden with brick, and huge red piles arose upon its banks. The red walls arose—*red*, the color of the conqueror—and they proclaimed a victory over my pleasures. With one story of the great fabric was screened from me whole streets of pleasant dwellings. The early sunrise was gone—the blush of morn—those brilliant clouds, the orphans of departed Night, and happy wards of coming day. The first, soft glance of moonlight was forever hid, and it seemed as though my best treasures were taken from me. But I clung more fervently to those which were left, and the more tenaciously as I saw them departing. This beautiful dwelling, and that majestic tree, were never to me so lovely as when they were shut from my window's view. Then I began to measure with my eye the scene, and to calculate how long I should retain this or that beauty, and what might remain at the last. The church spire—that I should always have—and those highest houses, and the brow of the hill. But no! I had not calculated wisely. They began to recede from me—for the huge building rose still higher and higher. Men walked around the scaffoldings, as of old they patrolled the ramparts of some giant castle, and at night the unfinished walls, relieved against the dark sky, might well remind a reader of romance of the descriptions of ancient chateaux, with their high massive turreted walls.

Higher, higher, still, arose the fabric. The mansions were gone—the church—the brow of the hill—and at last the very tip of the spire was taken from me. Oh! how was my window darkened!—but not quite dark, for there still was light from the skies above.

And thus, methought, it is in life. We look, with the eye of youth, through Hope's magical window, upon a fair world. Earth lies like a glorious panorama before us. Our own path leads on at first like the crowded street, amidst the hum of business, but it soon stretches forward to the place where lie combined the pleasures and leisure of the country. Yes, our anticipated life seems like that brilliant amphitheatre, crowded and exciting at first, but more quiet, more imposing and beautiful, as we

look upward. The minor details of the scenery are not carefully scanned. We look not at the narrow dusty paths through which we must thread our way, nor at the stones against which we may often dash our feet, nor the intruders who will dispute our way. We consider not that we may falter, or faint, or die; and there is always at the top of the hill some mansion which is to us the temple of riches, fame and pleasure. But while we look upon the scene, it sinks from our view. The stern realities of life rise before us like the brick-built wall, and we see the prose where we have before but witnessed the poetry of this world's scenes.

We know that some of our pleasures are passing away—that our window is darkening—but we think that the tallest trees, the highest mansions, the summit of the hill, will yet be left. But sterner and higher still arises the wall before us. One hope after another is gone—one pleasure after another has been taken away—one image after another, that has been beautiful to our eye, and dear to our heart, has forever disappeared. The church-spire, with its heaven-pointing finger, symbolical of the outward ordinances of religion, leaves us last. But finally it has been taken, and we must turn to whatever temple we may have prepared within.

How has the scene changed! How is our window darkened! Yet we grope not in utter darkness, for there still is light from the heavens above. We are subdued—with hearts rightly attuned not miserable. We look forward less, but upward more. We are more peaceful, if less joyful; and we transfer the bright pictures, which the window has Daguerreotyped upon our memories, to another and more enduring world. We think that had the wall been still higher—had it encircled us yet more closely, there would still have been light above; and, unless Heaven itself is shut from our view, there will be bright starbeams, and calm moonlight, and blessed sunshine, coming down, and struggling towards us through the *darkened window*.
ELLA.

AUTUMN WINDS.

AUTUMN winds, who sigh around us,
Tell us "beauty must decay,"
Youth must vanish, age o'ertake us,
And we all must pass away.

But, like winter, death's pale emblem
Must give place to sunny spring,
Who then from earth's secret chambers,
All her flowers and sweets will bring.

So this clay, the part immortal,
Must give up, when life is o'er;
Then 't will fly through death's dark portal,
To an ever-blooming shore,

Where no winds the flowers will wither,
Where no frosts the leaves will sere;
But they 'll bloom, and bloom forever,
Through a long eternal year.

MARA.

THE PARING (OR APPLE) BEE.

No portion of my life is imprinted so indelibly on Memory's tablet, as the early part of my girlhood, which was spent in the country, yet to sit down and write about the rusticity of those with whom one has been associated, seems to be a delicate task, as well as a pleasant one. Delicate—not because we are apprehensive old friends will recognize the author—in this respect we are unshackled and unapproachable while we withhold real names, and disguise our own good little selves by adopting such signatures as suit our taste—but we fear some nice reader, who has never lived in the country, may regard our humble effort with other feelings than approbation, and say, "I wonder the girls can't find something better to write about. It is decidedly out of place to tell such stories."

Our large, "almost *very* large," approbateness, gives us an irrepressible, and perhaps an inexcusable desire to cultivate good feelings and win pretty speeches from all the "pretty speakers." Indeed, they would be to my soul what the "emblem of truth" was to the thirsty children of Israel, when the great magician smote the rock in the wilderness. But my vocation is, to tell of country life in an unvarnished way, and also to present the most prominent features of rusticity. It sounds fine, and is certainly fashionable, to describe the home of affluence, and the appurtenances thereof, but to give a true picture of country life, one must "let himself go" naturally and without restraint, and talk of cheese-tubs, churns, goose-pens, duck-puddles, tobacco-trenchers and cat-holes. This apologetic commencement may seem superfluous to some, yet I trust I shall find sympathy with the benevolent.

The town in which I spent so many girlhood days, was a famous one for frolicking, or rather the folks who lived in it were so. Old and young, church-members and all, partook largely of the spirit of agrarianism and hilarity. We used to have sewing parties, tea parties, candy parties, sugar-camp parties in the wood, parties for cracking nuts and parching corn, huskings, quilting matches and spinning frolics. It was customary for some girl to give a party the evening after general muster, and also on town-meeting-day evening, which is the second Tuesday in March. These parties were "prime," for the boys would come with their pockets stuffed full of gingerbread and peppermints, and they were usually more lively at such times. We had prime sleigh-rides in the winter, and also sled-rides, which were equally good, for what they lacked in comfort, they made up in spirit fourfold. Perhaps you would like to know in what manner we enjoyed these. In the neighborhood there were ever boys, girls and hand-sleds in abundance, and every lady knows there are hills enough in New-Hampshire, and snow on them in the winter; so when there came a bright moonlight evening, we assembled ourselves together, and hied for some favorite hill, where sled-riding could be performed without horse-power or steam. In going to the place the boys would haul the girls on the sled, but we could all ride down hill, and then the boys would drag the sleds to the top again, and lead the girls by the hand, lest we should slip. There is a world of innate gallantry in the young country chaps.

Our spinning frolics usually took place in May, because then the days are long, and it was the time when we were in a post-haste hurry to get

the "sail cloth" done for market, so as to have our bonnets and white frocks made up by the first of July, or before. The paraphernalia for our spring attire was the proceeds of butter, eggs, and the socks we had knit through the winter, but we had to make tow and linen cloth to purchase our white dresses and summer bonnets. These spinning frolics differed materially in one respect from other merry-making scenes, and it was in not having males and females according to the laws of Eden. We used to dine early, so as to be on hand to begin work as soon as one o'clock. The wheels were brought together before dinner time, and every operator commenced at the same moment, and "spun like sixty," to see which could get her stint off first. I was a terrible spider for spinning in those days. However, I have been outdone at these times, but I don't know that I ever felt the vindictive spirit manifested by Minerva, the reputed inventor of the distaff, when Arachne, a lady of Lydia, offered her a challenge in the art of spinning. Indeed, I never smote a competitor "on the forehead with a spoke of the wheel," nor did I ever wish for the transforming power ascribed to the heathen deities, that I might turn her into a spider, that eternal spinner, as Minerva served poor Arachne. Good nice little me! After we had done our stints, which was a "maid's stint" for a day's work, we used to unband our wheels and clean up, and then take tea amidst the dulcet tones of laughter, the tinkling of little teaspoons, and a host of custard pies. After we had done justice to the good things on the table, we usually turned up cups, and told each other's fortunes therefrom, and then went to walk and pick flowers, while the setting sun was painting with ruby and gold the forest scenery around us.

I have headed my story with *The Paring Bee*, but I have wandered a mile from my original intention, so I will begin now at the beginning, and hurry along with it, for I expect to get very tired before I come to the end.

When we were about to have a paring bee, we sent out our invitations a day or two previous, and this was the first step. Then came the righting up of things in the parlor, where the dancing and playing plays would take place; and after this we had to make pumpkin pies enough to fill both of the huge rotary wheels in the dairy, and those we could not set on the wheels for the want of room, we used to set on the stone flooring beneath, the shelves being filled with pans of milk and cream tubs. Then we had to make about two bushels of doughnuts. Pumpkin pie, doughnuts and cheese was the usual treat for paring bees. The apples were to be picked from the heaps in the orchard, and before the night came the kitchen had to be cleared of every thing but chairs, and filled with such things as cheese tubs, wash tubs, kneading troughs, baskets, pans, churns, buckets, tin pails and a "beggarly account of old boxes," to hold the apples to begin upon. We generally commenced work about dark, and worked till ten o'clock "for life," while our tongues kept pace with our nimble fingers, and sometimes out-stripped them.

Two big boys in the neighborhood had machines by which they pared the apples with amazing despatch. These "labor-saving" operators took their stations in the middle of the long kitchen, and the rest of us filed on each way—first a boy, then a girl, till our line reached the opposite extremities of the room. First and second platoon the lines were called. There were others who waited and tended upon us, picking apples from the boxes for the machines, changing our pans, and so on. Stringing and hanging the apples over head, in good festoon order, was done by those

out of the platoon ranks. When the old house-clock struck ten, we cleared away in short order, and the tables were brought in and loaded with pumpkin pies, doughnuts, cheese, "hard cider" and tea.

After the repast was over, dancing commenced in the parlor, "tough and tight." We never had a fiddler at such times, but we often had "Uncle Peter," aided by other voices, to sing for us, which was about as good. Dancing was generally commenced by a four-handed reel, to the tune of "Crazy Jane." Uncle Peter would sing the words of the song fast enough to keep our feet flying like drumsticks on the floor. At this time we had not heard of the "Imperial waltz, imported from the Rhine," nor had we been instructed in the intricate changes of cotillon dancing by the Stentorian voice of a dancing-master shouting forth "First lady cross over and chaise to the right," "Balance at the corners, and turn partners," "Lady's grand chain," "Gentlemen's grand chain," "Grand promenade," "Grand right and left," "All hands round," and so on, but we could dance sundry four-handed reels, as well as veteran country dances, such as "Chorus Jig," "French Tour," "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Rural Felicity," "Soldier's Joy," and others; also, an eight-handed reel, and an eight-handed "hooter," as the boys called it, to wind up with. This was danced to the tune of "The girl I left behind me," and it did really seem as though we should be "left behind" indeed by the way the boys set us a-flying when they swung us round at the last of it.

Midnight usually changed the scene for plays. Pledge, or "Button! button! who's got the button?" took the lead. Then followed "The little word," "The lawyer," "Drop the handkerchief," "The Juniper Tree," "Blind man's buff," &c.

"Green grow the rashes, O—
Green grow the rashes, O;
Choose your true love that's for to be!
Come and stand by the side of me!"

When we were all in a ring, it was—

"Green grow the rashes, O—
Green grow the rashes, O;
Kiss him quick, and let him go!
Never mind the mitten, O!"

"Whirl the [pewter] plate," was surprisingly popular among us. Why it was so, I never could tell, unless, forsooth, it was because that so much kissing could be exacted in the performance of it. It was nothing strange for a girl to be judged to go round and kiss every boy in the room; and each boy was especially careful that his part of the work was "done to order," "good custom work," and if a little extra finish was put in, it was all the better. Sometimes we had to measure off twenty or thirty yards of tape, and clip every yard. Sometimes we had to kiss ten times through the cheese tongs, or the back of a chair. And then there was the making of skillets, haycarts, wheelbarrows and all sorts of things, but the making of a "nest" for an animal we will not name to ears polite, was the cap-sheaf. This was done by turning a chair down on the floor, back up; then we had to get down on our elbows and knees, one on one side of the chair and the partner on the other; then poke our heads under the back of the chair till our faces were in kissing proximity, and then "fire away," as the boy said to the country schoolmaster, till it seemed as though our necks would break a-reaching.

There were other plays that I have forgotten, besides the play of "Being married," which was not done by jumping over the broomstick, as some suppose. We had several ways of bringing about the "mimic marriage," but the favorite one was to get a large number up in a ring by singing,

"We're all a-marching to Quebec," &c.

Then we formed ourselves into lines, like a country dance, while one by the magic of "make-believe," was metamorphosed into a priest to perform the nuptial ceremony. He (the priest, I mean,) stood at the head of the set and married the first couple by discoursing to them in this sublime manner:

"By the wind, and by the weather,
These two have come together;
By the trencher and the knife,
I pronounce ye *man and wife*."

And so on till all were married, when we used to pair off home, especially happy, provided we got the right one to go with us. However, we were not very particular about having our husbands, for those connubial laws were not regarded as strictly obligatory by us.

I remember of once going to a paring bee where the old man who invited us, was the most niggardly of human beings to drill work out of any body that I ever knew. However, we were always on tiptoe for a start wherever frolicking was in view. We began work at the usual time and worked till ten, when the old fellow came into the room and asked us, very good-naturedly, to work a few minutes longer, as he had a few apples in the other room that he would be glad to have pared. We consented, of course. In came a basket of apples, which we cut; and then in came another basket; and then another, and another, till it seemed as though "the most last one" would never greet our view. Our hearts began to groan within us, and we gave evident symptoms of showing resentment, for we were working away the precious moments that should have been spent in dancing and playing. At length one waggish chap looked up to the old man, as he entered with a heaping basket of apples, and said, "Uncle Sam, when you get your apples all cut, fetch on your pumpkins and potatoes." Uncle Sam grinned all over his face, but little cared he for the witticisms cracked to his account, so long as they were no tariff on his income. However, there was an end to work, as there is to every thing in this mundane sphere, and then came the pumpkin pies, dough-nuts and cheese, and the old man went out and shut the door behind him. There were only ten or a dozen pies, a joke to the number we could have devoured had they been decent; but, alas! the crusts would neither cut, break, bite or *bend*, so we scooped the pumpkin out and eat it, and then piled the crusts up like a pile of plates, and set them on the dresser. But I have not told you about the cheese. This was a real "white oaker"—though, instead of settling together solid, it had taken a strange fancy for puffing up, till it was most as round as a ball before being severed, and remarkably white, consequently we called it a white swelling. We toasted this and strung it round on nails and the backs of chairs, which was capital sport. When we had danced and played "like spirits" two or three hours, the boys knocked holes in the bottoms of the flinty pie-crusts, and hung them on the huge crane in the fire-place to dry. We were now ready to go home.

M. R. G.

IDLE WISHES.

Oh, for the pleasant days of yore,
When life was not all real,
And gracefully fair Nature wore
The veil of the ideal!

When merry Zephyr, light of foot,
Ran through the woodpaths singing,
And from the haunted sea, the note
Of Triton's horn was ringing!

Forever from the glade has gone
The blithe and playful fairy;
Upon the sward by moonlight, none
May watch her gambols airy.
Long since was hushed the dryad's cry,
To woodman's axe resounding:
The naiads, when rude man came nigh,
From all the streams went bounding.

And 't is no wonder they have sped;—
The bright and happy creatures:
For from their ancient haunts have fled,
The old, endearing features.
On fairy circle, madly broke,
A factory's wheels are whirling.
Oak of the dryad! see thy smoke
From yon black engine curling!

Men laugh at Neptune's foaming rage,
And call all dreams deceiving:
The motto of the present age
Is "seeing is believing."

Witches and wizards, long ago,
Were scattered in confusion:
A ghost, will any school-boy show
An "optical illusion."

Both good and bad from earth are shorn
By Time, the great oppressor;
O, that I only had been born
My grandame's predecessor!
Then had I oft, in forests dim,
Met pensive wood-nymphs roaming;
Or heard the air-sprite's vesper hymn
Borne softly through the gloaming.

And yet the pranks of witch and fay
Wrought for our sires much trouble;
Sure, 't were not right, for idle play,
Their labors *now* to double.
'T is also said, these shapes went by
Ere Truth her bright lamp lifted;
As, in the dark, o'er childhood's eye
Wild phantom forms are shifted.

Well, if with goblin and with sprite
They will not *angels* banish;
And if, with Fancy's flickering light
Faith's glory may not vanish;
Still let me feel the spirit's ken
Soar far beyond earth's real;
And I'll awhile content me then,
Nor sigh for the ideal. L. L.

SOLITUDE.

"But now, where shall we find a place
For any spirit's dream?"

LOVELY Solitude! Sages have praised thee! Gifted tongues have sung of thee in their sweetest tones, and felt themselves honored by the theme. Yet, oh! accept the scanty oblation of an humble votary, the offering which a *factory girl* lays, fresh upheaved from her heart, upon thy shrine. And who, like the factory girl, can understand thy worth? The poets and philosophers of old might fly at once to thy inspiration-breathing groves, and in thy refreshing presence feel themselves "lapp'd in Elysium." But she who writes these lines, hath sought thee day and night, in vain. Hath she not chased thee from room to room, and as often as she hath for a moment caught a glimpse of thy charming features, hath not some invidious interloper chased *thee* yet farther away? O! to enjoy one short hour in the companionship of thee and thy sister, Silence!

And here have I found ye both. Here, upon the highest summit of—
not the hill of the Muses, nor even a White or a Green Mountain, but of

my boarding-house—yea, in this long, deserted attic have I met thee at last. Here have I seated myself in thine august presence, and wait for thee to inspire my pen with

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

Stay! surely that *was not* the sound of smothered laughter, and the door-latch did *not* tremble;—oh, stay! one moment!—but I hear thy departing footsteps—the door bursts, and thou art gone! Oh, for a spell to exorcise intruders! * * * *

‘Why, Sally! where *have* you gone to? and what are you doing up in this lonesome place? Here’s Kate and I been running “up stairs and down stairs” after you. But—O my! you—you—Kate, *she’s writing composition!* Sha’n’t I give up now! The next thing we shall see will be our Sally’s name signed to all the poetry and verses in the paper. Kate! Kate! what shall *we* do to “get up in the world?”’

‘O, Jenny! don’t say any thing about “getting up” higher than this! Three pair-of-stairs is high enough, in all conscience! But you *aint* going to be a literary character, are you, cousin Sally? What do you think that respectable man, your father, Skipper Jedediah Simpkins, and that worthy woman, Mrs. Jemima Simpkins, would say? Well! by the time you get your name up, I’ll climb up the Frigid Zone and hang my bonnet on the North Pole. That’s what *I’ll* do!’

‘Ha! Kate! and I’ll go with you and tie my pocket-handkerchief to a stick, and put it above your bonnet, and then, “who shall be greatest?” O! I forgot!—my venerated cousin Sally, I came to ask you if I might go to the Temperance lecture with Kate and Mr. —. Don’t blush so, Kate! Yes! I read permission in your face: it says, “Any where, only out of my way!”’ * * * *

Again the door has closed—the jargon ceased! Again I invoke thee, O Solitude! and thou appearest. I had thought to consecrate this lonely room as thy temple, where I might come secretly, as to an oracle! I had hoped that no foot save mine should desecrate its threshold. Hark! O! Aunt ‘Melia, is it you?

‘Law, yes! You see how I felt kind o’ lonesome like, and so I thought I’d take my knitting-work, and set down in your *chaamber* along with you a spell, ‘cause you know the other gals aint so kind o’ neighborly and sociable to old folks as you be. It’s all this ere new gownd, or that are new feller, and it seems just like Vanity Fair to me. But there—you’re a writin’, and I won’t bother you now.’

‘Never mind, Aunt ‘Melia, I can put it off.’

‘No, you sha’n’t *nuther!* You see I’m an old *womern*, and feel kind o’ lonesome, and jest like ‘talkin’ to somebody after settin’ so still “pickin’ waste” all day. But *I* like to get somewhere all alone once in a while, too; and have a good spell of thinkin’, and not have nobody come to plague me. It *reely* made me feel so dreadful bad, I thought I should have cried, old *womern* as I be, when the gals moved away the trunk that sot behind the bed, where I used to set and look out o’ the *winder*, and meditate. It seemed as though there wasn’t a spot under the sun left that I could feel at home in. I ‘spose you feel jest so, Sally; so I won’t bother you. Good night.’

The good old creature has gone. Now, sweet Solitude, art thou truly here? Shall I address thee once more? Alas!

'An' surely, Miss Sarah, there's a swate purty jintleman and lady waitin' to the door to see ye, that says they can't be stopping a minit! Please do be a coming down before me, and not let 'em see me agin, for I was jist cleaning up the supper, and the dishcloth's in the hands of me yet.'

Faithful Bridget! I come! Farewell to the hope of silent thoughts, of wonderful imaginings; and to *thee*, Solitude! a long farewell! SALLY.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

"OH, how perfectly beautiful every thing is, to-night!" exclaimed Flora Herbert, as she sat, with thoughtful brow and earnest eye, at the open window of her room, which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country. A brick building was in front, that extended the length of the street, from which many lights were glimmering; and the mingled hum of merry voices arose, blended, now and then, with the joyous laugh of some light-hearted being, and the low plaintive song from some sadder one. The continued passing on the pavement below gave to the scene a lively air. To the right was the canal, neatly walled up, and enclosed with a white fence, near which a row of trees had been set, that flourished in the luxuriant soil, and gave promise in time to shade the railway that ran beneath to the factory yard. Beyond were the factories and yard with its brick and gravelled walks, its grass plats and flower-beds. Farther on, across the Merrimack, were heights dotted with white dwellings, and, in the distance, a small school-house. There was the academy and boarding-house surrounded by trees; and still farther up, a large thrifty-looking farm-house, its gray sides all bathed in moonlight. Down the river was a part of the forest, that in days "lang syne" the red man called his own; but he was no longer there. The tangled wildwood remained undisturbed by his footfall; those dim old forest hieses were unbroken by his shrill whoop; his eye no longer sparkled with delight, as he saw in the changing foliage around him the workings of the Great and Good SPIRIT. Now, as then, the beautiful variegated forest lights the eye, and pale-eyed Luna, with her lovely retinue of burning stars, looks softly and sweetly down.

Flora gazed long on these, her whole soul wrapt in thought. To her, the past, like a funeral train, went slowly and sadly by. Dimly a half-remembered face gazed lovingly on her, and a pale thin hand twined her silken locks. Then came the hearse, the pall, the rattling of earth on the coffin, and the low sad tones of the silver-haired minister, as with choked and broken voice he commended the orphans to the care of the Father of the fatherless. Then the half-remembered dream of leaving the vine-clad cottage, and the heart-breaking grief for a never-to-be-forgotten brother. The thrilling tones of tenderness of that brother, as he strained her to his bosom, and wept over her burning tears, calling her his own poor little motherless one. Again she saw the new home, the good minister and his gentle wife who welcomed them, and the blue-eyed Mira that twined her dimpled arms around her neck, and kissed her, and called her sister. And the bright hours that flew over them as years rolled onward were all her

own once more. The moonlight rambled by the sparkling fountain, whose waters seemed like things of life and flashed like pearls on the dark jagged rocks below. Again she heard the voice of that brother as he spoke of God and Heaven, and pointed to those pure worlds on high. She saw undimmed the light of Mira's eye, as she hung in breathless silence on Earnest's arm, and drank in every uttered word. Again she seemed to listen as he gave out the hymn, and breathed out the deep earnest prayer; again the low tone, that swelled out deep and clear till it thrilled every soul in that vast assembly, as he depicted in glowing terms the Savior's dying love. The story of His meek, gentle life, His sublime and triumphant death greeted her ear like a long-remembered dream. Then came the thought of that brother's passage to the tomb; the hectic on his cheek, the unearthly light of his dark eye, the tottering step, the death struggle and the prayer, which even the last mortal agony could not suppress, that went up from his pale quivering lips for that more than orphaned sister; the heart-bursting agony of the last parting from that cold form; and then the leaving of that cherished spot for a stranger's home; the entrance to a boarding-house, and the beginning of a factory life; the strange faces; the curious glances bestowed on the stranger; the unceasing toil, and the home-sickness that came over her, till her full heart found vent in tears. All these, with their varied memories, passed in review before her, and she murmured,

"Oh, Earnest! I am a very child to-night; and I would that this weary form reposed as silently and sweetly as thine own."

Flora Herbert was an orphan. Her father, the noble and generous Capt. Herbert, perished at sea, and the mother faded and drooped like a sweet flower nipped by untimely frost, and died regretted by all, leaving Flora but four years of age, and Earnest ten. The kind-hearted Mr. Elmore took the homeless ones to his house, and treated them as his own. He marked the precocious talents of little Earnest, and resolved to educate him for the ministry, and well was he repaid by the rapid progress of the young student. He prosecuted his studies, which were in accordance with his naturally thoughtful mind, now subdued by the death of a beloved mother, with untiring perseverance, and at the age of twenty entered the gospel ministry, an earnest and truthful advocate for the crucified Redeemer. "None knew him but to love," and none heard that voice, as it breathed so fervently the sublime truths of Christianity, but went again and again to hear the eloquent teachings. But the star of that young herald was destined to go out ere it reached its zenith. Flora was like her brother—possessing the same dreamy eyes, the same glossy hair, that fell in wavy folds from her high forehead. Her form was light and delicate—too much so for constant toil. Yet she felt it her duty to labor, and no place presented itself so feasible as the factory. She thought of it long, and hesitated to leave her kind friends; but the death of Mrs. Elmore decided her in this preference. The parting from the kind-hearted minister, who had cherished her as a second daughter, was indeed painful; and from Mira, who had shared her every thought and wish, O it was almost more than she could bear; but she nerved herself for the trial, and went forth in the world alone.

We find her, after the lapse of three years, at the open window, thoroughly wearied in mind and body. The fell destroyer, that had laid her mother low, and her youthful brother in the grave, had already wound his

form around her vitals. The bright green leaves, all save those of the pine and fir, had faded and fallen to the earth; shorn of beauty, they lay in the pathway, and rustled to the passing foot, or were borne by the wind circling through the frosty air. Beautiful were they in their decay. Eloquent heralds of man's sure passage to that better world, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Flora, with a feeling of sadness akin to pleasure, watched their gradual decay. In them she saw a type of her own brief life; and as the last ones fell with a low rustling sound, leaving their parent branches bare, she laid her down to die. Death had no terrors to her. He came clothed in robes of purity, to lead her willing spirit home. The flowery pathway, all radiant with untold glories, burst on her enraptured vision; and, confiding in a Father's love, she trod with unfaltering steps the dark valley of shadows. The hour of her departure had come. She lay with her thin pale hands clasped together, and the "rose of death" beamed brightly on her cheek. A holy stillness reigned around as the good and beautiful went to rest. Anna Ellis, a sweet young girl, sat with her in the chamber of death. There was no fear in that hour to her. She knew that a pure spirit was going home, and silently she watched its upward flight. The dim light of the night lamp grew fainter and fainter as the morning rays that slowly crept along, fell on the cheek of the dying girl. The mellow light, for a moment, recalled the fluttering spirit, and she murmured, "Anna, dear Anna, lift my head that I may look out once more on the fair young earth." O! I have so loved, almost so idolatry, those beautiful stars. How calmly they look down upon us now, with all their sweet solemn influence. Soon my spirit will be soaring above them, and they will shine sweetly on my grave. "Anna, it is sweet to die at such an hour as this. Through life it has been my cherished wish to fade as calmly out from life at this hour, as they fade from the morning sky." She ceased to speak, her head drooped on Anna's bosom, her "gentle spirit grew mute and folded its wings," and Anna was alone with the dead. The morning dawned, and merry were the peals of the many bells that called to labor.

The girls gathered around the breakfast table. A sadness hung upon all; and few words were spoken; they felt that death was in their midst; and the thought came swelling up, "I too may die among strangers, with no kindred near." Flora was borne to the cemetery of —, and many were the tearful faces that came to pay the last tribute of respect to one whom they had learned to love. One by one they passed around the coffin, and the tears fell faster as they gazed upon that face, so calm, so peaceful in its death-sleep. A smile lingered on the slightly parted lips; and the dark glossy hair lay in waves back from the high transparent forehead. Anna came last, with clasped hands, and gazed long, and turned sobbing away. The lid was closed, the pall thrown over the coffin, and the sleeper was borne to her rest.

Two weeks after, as the girls were seated at the dinner table, a travelling equipage drove to the door, and an elderly gentleman of noble mien alighted, and handed out a young girl, clad in deep mourning. It was Mr. Elmore and his daughter, who had just returned from a southern clime, and received intelligence of Flora's death. The old man wept as he pressed the hand of the youthful Anna, and blessed her for her kindness to the stranger. "I loved her as my own," he said, "and why did I not know that she was dying. Alas! while I sought to restore one cherished

one with balmy air beneath a southern sky, the other drooped, a fragile flower, and died, but "THY will, not mine, O merciful FATHER, be done."

The remains of Flora were removed and placed beside her brother, in a lovely spot near the waterfall, their chosen retreat in early days. And, when spring mantled the earth, a tuft of purple-eyed violets, and the sweet (scented) briar grew together over their graves. At the holy twilight hour Mira, with a pale cheek and sad step, repairs thither, to commune with the departed. Unsought, she had loved as woman only can love, with a deep and fathomless tenderness. In her every thought and wish for happiness, a noble form and dark thrilling eye had shared a part. And when that form was stricken down, that eye closed in death, and Earnest borne to his grave, her heart was buried with him there.

He had not known the depth of that affection. It was too sacred to be revealed, and lived unspoken, within the holy of holies of her heart. No other love for a moment ever cast a shadow there, for this was of too high, too pure an order ever to be effaced.

J. L. B.

THE VISIONS OF LIFE.

O, THE beautiful forms that walk
In the vista of Fancy's eye;
O, the beautiful beings of light that talk
When no other beings are nigh.

They have come from the mossy glen
Where the fairies form their rings,
And they've brought us many a precious gem
From the tips of their golden wings.

They have come in an angel's form
To divest us of cackling care;
And they've sent away, on the back of the storm,
And stolen the rainbow there.

Though at times they may lead astray
The heart, with their siren song,
They are true to their trust, "it is only their way"—
They never premeditate wrong.

Their iris hues are seen
In the glow of a sunset sky;
But the fairest visions often teem
From the depth of a lover's eye.

They inspire each cherished shape
With a bright angelic mien,
Till the dead into breathing figures wake,
O, call it not a dream.

They make the barren soul
Put forth like the prophet's rod;
And they point us away to the shining goal,
Where the angels dwell with God.

M. R. G.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * I stood by her bedside. Her face—that beautiful face upon which I had so often gazed with love and admiration, was deathly pale; her fine dark eyes were closed, and her hands were meekly folded upon her breast. So still—so calm was all around, that for a moment I thought the spirit of the fair and gifted being before me, had already winged its flight to the regions of eternal bliss. I knelt by her side, took her hand in mine, and long and fervently implored that if it was the will of God, the life of my dearest earthly friend might be spared, and if not, that I might have grace to support me in my hour of need.

I bent over her and gently whispered her name. She opened her eyes and gazed upon me for some moments in silence, but the sweet seraphic smile that beamed upon her countenance, was more eloquent than the most impassioned language could have been.

“Mary! my own dear Mary,” she at length exclaimed, “I thank My HEAVENLY FATHER that my prayer has been heard, and that I am permitted to behold you once more. I can now depart in peace. Oh! I longed for this; it seemed as if I could not die without bidding you farewell.—Nay, dearest!” added she, observing my emotion, “do not weep for me. I wish it were so ordered that we might depart together; nevertheless, not my will be done, but the will of HIM that sent me. I love this beautiful earth, with its sunshine and flowers—with its blue skies—its silvery streams, its grassy vales and lofty mountains; but above all, I love it for the noble and gifted ones who tread its daily paths. But if it is sweet to commune with beloved ones here, how much sweeter will it be in Heaven. We must part; but we will soon meet again in that sun-bright land where sorrow and tears can never come.” Her voice grew more tremulous and low; she pressed my hand to her heart, its throbbings grew fainter and fainter. She threw her arms around my neck, kissed me, murmured my name, and her pure spirit returned to God who gave it.

I did not weep. My grief was too great for tears, but I knelt by the side of the holy dead, and prayed that I might die. My wild and sinful prayer was not granted. I remember standing by an open grave—of seeing a coffin lowered, and hearing the minister pronounce these solemn words—“Earth to earth, and dust to dust,”—more I remember not—reason fled. * * * *

It is now three years since the death of my dear Ellen, and I am convinced that my hours are numbered. But death has no terrors for me. I long for the time to come when I shall be summoned to cast aside this garment of clay, and meet my beloved friend in Heaven. M. A. F.

EDITORIAL.

CONCLUSION OF THE VOLUME. In bringing these labors to a conclusion, we can hardly ourselves realize that this is our "valedictory address." But of one thing we strive to feel fully sensible, that this only opportunity must be improved to refute as far as possible, all erroneous ideas with regard to "the factory girls and their magazine."

Once more, then, with regard to the operatives. We have endeavored to place them, in the estimation of the distant and uninformed, upon a level with other New England females. They are not a class by themselves—they have very little clanish feeling—they come from other parts of New England, stay here awhile, and then return to their early homes. The New England school girl, as portrayed upon our title page, grows up with the influences of the church, the school-house, the manufactory, and the labors of the industrious around her. From some or all of these her mind derives its hues, and thus she is generally intelligent, religious and industrious.

But, to describe her more particularly, we must remind our readers of the New England country homestead, of the farmer "well-to-do in the world," so long as he is faithful and diligent. But he has no wealth to distribute among his children. They must make their fortunes or their livelihoods, as he has done, by their own exertions. Early in life is this necessity impressed upon their minds, and perhaps too early are parental restraints and guardianship cast aside, and the homestead left for the busy, tempting and dangerous scenes of active life.

We will glance for a moment at the fortunes of such a farmer's daughters; and we will suppose there are half-a-dozen of them.

The eldest is, from the necessity of the case, taught in her childhood to "mind the house." She is assistant nurse, dairy-maid, cook, laundress and sempstress, and grows up "careful and troubled about many things." Her ideas and affections concentrate in her home—she takes little interest in the world without, excepting as it affects the interests of those immediately about her. Care, toil and exposure rob her of what she might once have possessed of beauty, and she becomes a "homely old maid;" yet, in her own circle, useful, honored and beloved.

The second daughter is a nice and dextrous sempstress, and has much taste. Her sister's industry allows her leisure, and, with some little assistance, she becomes the village milliner and mantua-maker. The third daughter is, at some little expense, sent from home, and learns to be a "tailoress." She rises early, and sits late at her hard task, which it may be is daily preceded and followed by a long tedious walk from her home to the families in which she labors.

The fourth grows up with more love of study than her elder sisters. She is, perhaps, also more delicate in physical appearance, and they wish to spare her the hardships of their lives. The spare funds of the family are made into a little purse, and she is sent away to some noted school. She becomes the village school-teacher, or perhaps a preceptress in her own or a distant section of the country.

The fifth grows up. She does not love study, or does not see the practicability of indulging a predilection for it—she has seen all the little annoyances to which her older sisters are subject, and wishing to avoid those, she looks to the factory as offering inducements for a few years of labor, with perhaps some ulterior prospect in view. She will return and be married; or she will educate herself with the money she may lay aside from her wages; or she will go to the West; or set up a little dry goods establishment in her native town, or anything, rather than stay there always. It may be that her hopes are never fulfilled. She may lose her health, or she may marry here, or she may find long years pass away, and her inclination for some other employment fail, or that her means seem never sufficient for the original design.

The youngest daughter becomes the successor of some one of her sisters, or she remains, a pet and assistant in the household, until she marries.

These girls have all been educated under the same influences, and the "factory girl" feels that she is still with her sisters. She has not fallen into another and lower class. She takes much pains to inform herself, and "keep up her respectability;" and they all feel that, so long as she retains her self-respect and upright character, she has neither degraded herself, nor those connected with her.

But not from a family like this are all of our operatives. It may be that within a few rods of this comfortable farmer's dwelling, is the dilapidated hovel of a poor, shiftless, or intemperate laborer. His children grow up half-fed and half-clad, and dependent for their few necessities upon their benevolent neighbors. The good clergyman's wife ascertains that the eldest is a strong, capable girl, and takes her into her family, to assist in rearing those "blessings," which are often a country minister's frequent and only treasures. At the age of eighteen, she is dismissed by the worthy matron for some more profitable service. With a small stock of clothing, partly new and partly "second hand," from the good dame, she comes to Lowell. She has also a trunk, a bandbox and umbrella, and a very few books. She has been to school whenever she could possibly be spared, and has received most excellent moral culture. Her next younger sister has not been so fortunate. She has been "maid-of-all-work" at the village tavern. At the age of eighteen she also is dismissed, and follows her sister to the factory. But she is ignorant, bold, wilful, of violent and unchastened temper, and perhaps only restrained from depravity by her good sister, and the stern discipline to which she is subjected. Though not vile, neither is she really virtuous. She is impudent to her overseers, troublesome to her landlady, an annoyance to her fellow-boarders, and a bad example to those still younger, and as careless as herself. She is perhaps turned away from her boarding-house for rude conduct, or lying, or stealing from her companions, and this leads to expulsion from the mill. Or it may be that she is first expelled from the mills. She has stolen there, or been impudent to her overseers, or disobeyed some of the factory regulations, for she has never been amenable to restraint, and now she "wont mind the old corporation rules, no! that she wont!" She changes her name, but not her character, and goes to some other place, to enact again the same wickedness—and at length some dark catastrophe closes the scene.

Her elder sister has been diligent, and successful in her plans. She has watched over the fortunes of the little ones, and prevented their becoming victims to the unhappy influences which have ruined their sister.

We will now suppose two other characters from the same village. The minister dies; he leaves no property, and the feeble widow is dependent upon her children. The eldest daughter wishes to engage in some profitable employment, for a few years, that she may assist to educate the younger children. She has no friends but their good parishioners, who have little but sympathy to bestow. She remembers the good girl who was their domestic in her childhood, and after consulting her upon the advantages of the employment, she also enters the factory.

The village merchant fails, and goes to "the West," leaving his family to shift for a time for themselves. The girls, after many misgivings, tears, and regrets, go to the factory, hoping for the happier time when they shall all be reunited in a new home.

Such are some of the different characters who meet and mingle here. It will be perceived that some are capable of exerting a happy influence upon those with whom they will associate, and that others may be the "bane and trial" of all about them. No parent should ever permit a young girl to come to this city without placing her in charge of some one of more experience, who will watch over and counsel her. There are no rules here so strict, and no surveillance so close, as to render ill conduct impossible. But when a young girl is sent here without any friend or adviser, her relatives are either very careless, or so utterly unfit themselves to have the charge of a young female, that she is quite as secure among strangers.

And now, what are those peculiar circumstances of factory life which must, in some degree, exert a modifying influence upon the characters of all those subjected to them? Females who come here find that they will be respected, if they respect themselves. They find here lectures, institutes, religious associations and social conventions open to them. They are met and treated according to their worth. This cherishes elevation of character where it exists, and often inspires it in those who were deficient.

The regularity and security of their payments all must acknowledge to be an advantage who have had experience in business where this is not the case. The freedom from care, the certainty of employment, and the neatness of the work, all concur to make the employment pleasant.

The pleasures of social communion are well appreciated by those who have formerly lived where there was no choice of associates, and often draw and keep operatives here when no other inducement would be sufficient to secure their continuance.

These, and others incidentally recognized in our tales, fragments, and so forth, are the advantages of factory life. But there are also its counterbalancing disadvantages.

Wherever the manufacturing system is known the length of its "working-day" is spoken of in terms of denunciation, regret, or apology. Its mitigations are these: the labor is not excessive—that is, it does not tax the strength, although, if long continued, it must the powers of endurance of the operative.

There are some divisions of the labor which allow the operative to retire several hours before "the wheel is stopped." We refer to dressers, warpers, drawers-in, harness-knitters, cloth-room girls, etc. Carders do not work so long as spinners and weavers. And these latter, by exchange of work, or giving up their own to a "spare hand," can avail themselves sometimes of an absence. In case of sickness, they can of course stop their work. Saturday evenings the mills are never "lighted up," and this in winter gives a goodly proportion of one week day to the operative. When these circumstances are taken into consideration, with the fact that most of the girls work here but few years, and that quite a majority make long annual visits to their friends in the country, it will readily be conceded that with proper care health need not be lost. This proper care is taken by very few of the girls. Some are too ambitious, some too covetous, some too thoughtless, some too ignorant, and some, doubtless, too poor to purchase all they need to preserve them from wet and cold—too poor because parents, children, or other relatives may be dependent upon their wages for support.

The confinement is another evil—one which unhappily admits of no remedy but that of high rooms, as well ventilated as the nature of the work will allow.

An unkind or negligent overseer is another possible evil—for although nothing like corporal punishment could be inflicted in an American factory, yet all can imagine that a harsh or arbitrary disposition could make itself felt by looks, words, or decided neglect. We have known as much pain to be caused here by a hasty or unjust word, as could have resulted from a blow where such treatment was known. Yet we believe the overseers here to be generally very kind, well-disposed men. Some of them are even as fathers and brothers to the females under their charge. And where an absolute quarrel arises between an overseer and one of his help—a quarrel in which the girl is not favored by the superintendent, we believe herself to be in fault. Girls with unregulated feelings are more common here than men who would be unjust and unkind to females under their care.

But the "premium" system has its modifying influence upon the overseers. As we understand it, premiums are awarded to those overseers who accomplish most in a given time, or at the least expense. That is, the weave-room overseer who has sent out the most cloth—difference of texture being accounted for—at the least expense of spare help, etc., is entitled to a premium; and he who is "next best" to a second premium, and so on. This is a beneficial system, so far as it tends to make the overseers faithful in their attendance, and ready always to repair a loom, mend a break-out, change a beam, or sew a band, with as little delay as possible. But when it leads to impatient or unkind feelings towards the slow or sickly girl, and makes favorites of the strong and dextrous, the other operatives have cause to regret the premium system. We have known tears to be caused by the sharp look of an overseer, who told a girl to "fly round, and mind her work," when she was doing the best she could with an aching head or hand.

Another evil has been permitted by the lack of firmness, or want of strict principle of the overseers—though this is now obviated, we believe, as far as possible in the construction of the looms—the difference in the thickness of the cloth. We will explain ourself more precisely by stating that we once took an overseer's microscope or counting-glass and examined the cloth of a girl who was too conscientious to take a wrench stealthily from the overseer's drawer, and loosen the screws of her loom. We then went to the loom of a "favorite," and found the difference to be one in ten—that is, one web counted nine threads where the other counted ten—one girl was paid six cents per day—or nine, if she had three looms—more than the other, for nothing—or rather for a dishonesty that was winked at.

Selfishness we have often thought to be a vice increased, if not engendered, by factory life. Where all are so isolated, so self-dependent, and so liable to be jostled by the bold and overbearing from their proper places, the degrading motto, "Take care of Number One" is too much regarded. Those, who elsewhere are the kind, forbearing and generous, sometimes seem almost to change their natures in a factory or boarding-house. We have known those whose "characters" were unim-

peachable, who were truthful, devout, and benevolent so far as public charities were concerned, to exhibit disgusting selfishness in the mill—to pout at an overseer for attending to another girl's work first, whose right it was to receive the precedence of this attention, to monopolize the size brushes, and snatch and hide away bobbins when they were scarce, and in many ways show that they had forgotten the injunction, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you," or conceived that it could have no reference to factory life.

And in their boarding-houses some are too apt to yield to feelings of envy, ill-will, and detraction. Scandal is wickedly propagated, and harsh feeling indulged. We remember hearing of a widow who wished to carpet and furnish a room for herself upon the corporation, for she had now no other home than a boarding-house, and wished to make her apartment in that as pleasant as possible. She did it, but so much uneasiness was created in the house by the idea that she was enjoying what they did not possess, that she was obliged to leave the house. And this was not the only instance where envy has brought about a similar result.

Fault-finding, with no occasion, or a slight one which should be overlooked, is not uncommon. Girls will come from homes where "alimentiveness is the organ most cultivated," where they have been brought up to think people should "live to eat, and not eat to live," and, not finding here all the delicacies to which they have been accustomed, they forget that these must be abandoned for the city wages, and behave at table in a most rude and unreasonable manner.

Said a boarding woman to us one day, "My girls made an outrageous bluster one noon about their dinner. I was weary of their clamor, and, without saying one word to them, slipped out of my back-door to the counting-room, and called in the superintendent. The squire came, began to carve, and as the rich juices followed the knife he told them to let him hear no more of complaint. He should be glad if he could find a piece of meat like that upon his table when he should go home to dine." The complaint was, that the meat was not sufficiently cooked to suit them, and the fault that it was too violently urged. We have heard of bold selfish girls, who, if there was a rarity upon the table, would divide it among themselves, and let the stranger, or the more gentle, go without.

We have heard of these things. They are probably as true as the more noble and lovely traits of character which we have portrayed, and we have related them because these are the girls who complain that we "do not tell all the story"—we are "one-sided." If we have often written of the good and the noble, it was because those characters were more pleasant to dwell upon—because we thought *they* might be allured to like goodness by the good example.

It is a truth that the injunctions of Christianity are not carried into the details of life, of factory life, as they should be. There are very many of the good, of the kind, and unselfish, but theirs is a harder lot than if there were more. They suffer and struggle where there might be sympathy and alleviation.

Had the number of our mill subscribers been greater, we might have treated of these subjects more frequently and minutely. But those who were our patrons needed not our advice or counsel. And those who might have profited, were the class who would not heed us.

We are happy in the belief that a work upon "The Rights and Duties of Factory Operatives" will ere long be issued from the Boston press, and we hope that mothers, sisters, guardians and friends will circulate it as a gift-book among their factory acquaintance.

Another evil, to which factory girls may possibly be subjected, is, that of "flirtation," or insincere courtship. There are hundreds of young men in Lowell, as shop-tenders, etc., who look upon the thousands of mill operatives in nearly the light in which the Creoles of Louisiana, and the grisettes of Paris, are regarded. Without one spark of principle, or just or kind feeling, they visit and gain the affections of simple unsuspecting country girls. And when it is remembered that these girls are afar from fathers and brothers, that they are ignorant of the gallantries, and even of the courtesies of city gentlemen, that they are young, guileless, and confiding, it may be imagined that much unhappiness—to use the gentlest term—is the result. This is a delicate subject for a young female to treat upon, but what benevolence and duty dictate, delicacy most surely will tolerate.

We do not allude to those errors where both are equally guilty, where there is no confidence betrayed; where there was no fall, because there was no elevation of character. But a simple, guileless, perhaps vain and pretty, country girl may

easily be misled by attentions, which in her own rustic home would only have been dictated by an honorable desire to win her affections. The wrong may go no further than the injury inflicted upon the affections, but it is no consolation to a heart writhing in the wretchedness of unrequited love, to hear that *she* "never meant any thing," "never thought of any serious attachment," "didn't intend to marry any one," "is very sorry for her," but advises her to place her affections upon some one more worthy of them, or to seek the aid of religion, philosophy, good sense, pride, spite, or anything that may support.

She who has been subjected to a trial like this can never be as she has been before. She may seek consolation from the true source, and be henceforth more strong, more wary and firm-hearted, than ever; but the trustfulness of her nature has forever passed away.

Yet too often may folly, crime and ruin be the termination of an attachment, innocently formed by a confiding girl for an unprincipled man. Between these it is not "diamond cut diamond"—the frail one may be warned, but she believes the testimony of her senses, which tell her that she is beloved, and of her own heart which admits of no doubt or suspicion. She may hear of those who have been deceived, but, if she hears of many, she still believes that she shall be an exception.

And if she falls through too strong affection, or too much confidingness, how wide the gulf between herself and her companion in sin. He may go on unrepenting and unreprieved; but though she may look back upon her past innocence, with the deepest remorse that she has forfeited its treasures, yet her repentance in the eyes of society availeth little. She may look forward to the paths of the virtuous with yearnings which were never felt before, but if she walk in them it must be alone. The strong, or the untempted, fear, shun and condemn her, and for associates she must seek the thoughtless and degraded.

Society commits a great mistake in making its broad distinction between the error or guilt of two who have thus offended.

But we would not frighten our readers with the belief that these things are frequent, and that the happy marriages, of which they hear so much among our youthful population, are unfrequent. It is not so; but we fear that the present tendency is to a worse rather than a better state of things. Superintendents, boarding-house keepers, and guardian sisters and friends, have need to be vigilant.

Another evil, but one not peculiar to our city, or to factory life, is the quantity of pernicious reading which is in circulation. There are publications which foster a love of low, miserable gossip, and also a spirit of anarchy, arrogance and presumption—which are filled with a wretched cant, peculiar to themselves, although affecting to eschew all cant. It was said to be an axiom in monarchies, that "*the king can do no wrong*," and these pseudo teachers would imply that *the laborer can do no wrong*—would inculcate the belief that the sweat of the brow is a holy baptism, cleansing from all sin.

Boldness has been complained of as a fault in some of our operatives. This arises from self-confidence, the result of self-dependence, unchecked and unsoftened by culture or native refinement.

There is no remedy for all this but education for the young, and consistency of character and conduct among those already educated. Too true is it that those, who are looked up to as "having authority," cannot always be looked up to for example, or even precept. But this is little excuse for the erring, for here the broad distinctions between right and wrong are universally known, the great truths of Christianity are freely taught.

But enough of this for our readers. We have looked long and sadly upon the dark side. Our friends will understand why we thought it necessary to give the shadow with the shine. And we must draw this long valedictory to a close. Our editorial labors are now to cease. They have generally been pleasant duties, and the sweet remembrances of kind words which have been given—of valuable acquaintances which have been made—of an interchange of sympathies with those who are otherwise unknown—of knowledge that we have acquired, and notice received—all these are ours as treasures for after life. Many of our patrons we know through kind visits or letters. We will love to think of them; and should any circumstances, a increase of ability, or revival of hope, to do good, again bring us, or our magazine, before the public, we will seek their acquaintance.

Our contributors we would not forget in this leave-taking. They have been a small part of the great whole which is comprised by our operatives, but their influ-

ence has been felt far and wide. They have been faithful, kind and valued friends to us, and we trust that the friendships thus formed may ever continue. And now we will give place to one in whose explanations, regrets and benison we heartily unite.

HARRIET FARLEY.

TO THE PUBLIC. Two years have elapsed since we, in connection with our associate, assumed the control of the "LOWELL OFFERING." We then pledged ourselves that it should "continue devoid of all *sectarianism*;" and we did not use the word merely in a religious point of view. We meant all questions wherein men *sincerely* differ respecting the *means* of promoting the one great end—the good of mankind—whether in philosophy, politics, or religion. And we did trust to go on our way without giving offence to any, and without involving ourselves, or magazine, in the thousand and one questions which are exciting the public mind. But, be it as it is: we have no disposition to quarrel with others. They may go their way, and we would humbly crave the privilege of going quietly ours. Yet this has been denied us. Politicians and reformers would drag us into the arena of disputed questions, and because we have refused to obey their behests, and by our conduct implied that we understood our own feelings best, we have been abused, our magazine belied, and our honesty and principles maligned.

To those who have done so, we have nothing to say. If they have been honest in their conduct, we sincerely believe them actuated by a fatal spirit of radicalism, which may destroy, but never can elevate. And if they have been incited by impure motives, may they see and repent of their errors. It was not our purpose to devote our magazine to the debate of questions, over which we have no influence, and of evils which, if complained of, it was not in our power to remedy. We started with no lance or spear to fight battles, not even our own—our aim was "to elevate the humble, and show that good might come out even of Nazareth." That we have accomplished something of our intention, we believe from the words of kindness and commendation, which have been bestowed upon the Offering from every section of our own country, as well as the hearty sympathy expressed for our enterprise in foreign lands. For this kindness, encouragement, approbation and patronage, we take the present opportunity to return our heart-felt thanks. Not one word of sympathy, nor an act of kindness, but is treasured deep within a heart which *never forgets*. And may it all be returned with usury to those who have bestowed it upon us; and like the gentle dew of evening, bring freshness to their own souls when parched by sorrow and affliction.

And may we be pardoned for taking the present time for stating explicitly, that *individually* we have no sentiments or sympathies in unison with that spirit which would reform its neighbor and leave its own heart the abode of every bitter, malignant passion—which devotes so much time to hunting the mote in a brother's eye, that it has no time to find the beam in its own, and which publishes upon the folds of its banner, that its aim is, to *level*, not to *elevate*. We would not pull down the superior to the position of the more humble, but would raise the humble to the elevation of the superior. And this, we feel assured, can never be done but by the moral means of education, and the all-pervading influence of true Christianity.

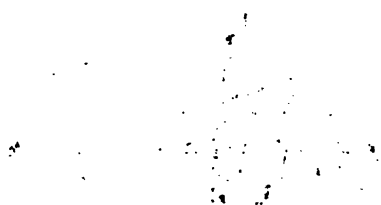
But to us it does seem that most of the leaders in all questions of reform, are actuated by a spirit diametrically opposite to the teachings of Him "who taught as a God"—that they mistake denunciation and abuse for reproof, and exhibit a spirit as much to be grieved over as the errors which they denounce.

Throughout the wide world there is wrong, injustice and oppression; and we have no hope but it will remain so, until sin and selfishness have ceased. But will injustice and unkindness beget love and equity? Are *these* reformers pure? Are their garments unspotted? And are they not exhibiting the very spirit which only lacks the power to become the very axle of anarchy and tyranny.

But we seek no discussion. We would not use the columns of our magazine as an expositor of our own peculiar views; and what we would not *take*, certainly could not be claimed as a matter of justice by others.

But the parting hour has come. We discontinue the publication of the Offering because— But our reasons are entirely of a private nature—those in which the *public* are not interested. And for us only remains to add the parting benison:—
FRIENDS, PATRONS, and FOES, (if we have any,) MAY GOD BLESS YOU ALL with every perfect gift. ADIEU.

HARRIOT F. CURTIS.





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